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THE REVIEW

A Monthly Magazine

...Published by the...

Students of the University
of Ottawa

VOL. X.

OCTOBER, 1907 TO OCTOBER, 1908



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THE REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY THE

STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY

OF OXFORD

VOL. X

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COMMENCEMENT SPEECHES.



COMMENCEMENTS resemble one another in their general features. THE REVIEW wishes, however, to place on record two notable speeches delivered at the fifty-ninth annual commencement exercises, held last June. Degrees of LL.D. were conferred upon Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Postmaster-General and Minister of Labor, and Senator Thos. Coffey, editor of the Catholic Record, of London, Ont. Hon. Mr. Lemieux and Senator Coffey, on that occasion, delivered the following addresses:

Very Rev. Rector, Gentlemen,

You have just conferred upon me the degree of Doctor of Laws, and I accept, with gratitude, your precious parchment. It is a title of nobility, the value of which I cannot over-estimate. It is an additional tie which binds me to the University of Ottawa, where I was fortunate enough to complete my course in 1883-84. Twenty-three years ago! It is a long stage in life. To me that seems almost a confession of decline, of old age; but, since I have stopped counting my grey hairs, I turn my thoughts, without regret, towards an already distant past. Shall I own it to you? Since the bustle of political affairs has brought me back to the Capital, I sometimes try

to break the monotony of my ministerial duties with the diversion of a stroll among the neighboring streets of the University. More than once before the calamitous fire of December, 1903, I found myself passing through the great gate of the play-ground and straying along the alleys, where of yore other students and myself used to walk away the recreation hour. I know nothing more refreshing than this silent communing of the soul with the things of the past, than this rereading of the eternal poem of the heart, which brings back the happy days of youth, when many voices, some grave, and some youthful, confusedly mingle in the memory. In the shade of the tall trees, where, by chance or habit, were usually grouped masters and pupils, it seems that I am going to see and hear them all. But, alas! this is a delusion. They have dispersed—some are gone forever.

Far from me be the thought of casting a sad note into this concert, where fresh and youthful voices already strike up the joyous Cantata of the holidays. But you will not mind if your senior in the field calls back, with tenderness, the young days which you suggest. Rather bless your star for this, that, notwithstanding the Conciliation Act, after a long strike against the Muses, I have not attempted to put before you my humble prose in rhyme.

This naturally leads me to say a few words as to the excellence of the teaching which you get at the University of Ottawa. I am proud to loudly proclaim, in the presence of our separate brethren, the respect and esteem of whom it is always wise to deserve, that here, in this great Catholic Institution, which, fortunately, was able to rise again from its ashes, higher instruction is in no way inferior to that given by any of its rivals.

Yes, Rev. Rector, you make of our sons Christians, mindful of liberty, strong in purpose, generous in soul, and enlightened in conscience. The principles which form the basis of your teaching kindle and develop in the student a liking for initiative, the spirit of solidarity, and the sense of dignity.

Erected on the border of the two parent provinces of Confederation, grouping in its teaching staff the elite of the two nationalities, the University of Ottawa sends forth over nearly the whole Canadian territory youths strongly armed for the battles of life.

The course of studies is, here, at once classical, and—if I may use the term—utilitarian. So that, while inspired by the great

classical tradition, without which your University would be but a vain name, it is thoroughly adequate to the needs of modern life.

Those who came before you, and you, yourself, Rev. Rector, have understood that it behooved our common future to implant and propagate this double ideal of a higher education at once classical and practical. Some of us, akin to the luminous minds of Greece and Rome, enamored of form and measure, will always, through temperament, be found cultivating grace, beauty, contemplation, dreams in the full degree consistent with the requirements of lives craving little empire over things material, for they find elsewhere more subtle enjoyment. Others, full of conquering eagerness, will relentlessly bend their energies towards consecrating the sovereignty of unadorned matter, harnessing by ingenious inventions the forces of nature; mastering nature and compelling her to yield all the bounties which she jealously withheld from our forefathers.

You have here felicitously and judiciously blended in your system of instruction the cultivation of letters with that of sciences. You have even given to mathematics and sciences generally a preponderant importance. You have realized that, in this young and beautiful country of ours, which is evolving and developing with such marvelous rapidity, that branch of human knowledge, far from being infecund and barren, was productive of results which but yesterday were still undreamed of.

Allow me, now, Rev. Rector, to offer a bit of friendly advice to the students of the University of Ottawa. Gentlemen, you have the privilege of spending the first years of your life in contact with two races, and you are receiving here a bilingual tuition. Let the English speaking students improve the opportunity which is given them for learning how to speak and write French. In Europe, and more particularly in England, there is no really well educated man who is not familiar with the French language. Read yesterday's papers; it was in French that the President of the Peace Congress at The Hague, a Russian, addressed his colleagues, at the opening sitting; and it is also in the French language that will be conducted the proceedings of that imposing assembly. This gives you to understand what a marvellous mechanism the French language must be for giving expression to the human thought, since it is adopted as the language of diplomacy. Now, to master the French language is by no means an easy task; but, tell me, is it not, at your age, the spring-time of life, that one must learn how to overcome difficulties? Bear in mind that French is the mother tongue of two millions of

your fellow-countrymen, and that the history, the literature and the ethnical temperament of those people claim at your hands more than a vague and indistinct knowledge.

Now, to the students of French extraction, let me say: Gentlemen, learn English; do not rest satisfied with a superficial study of that language, but master it. For every one of us to understand and to speak the language of the majority is a necessity, from an economical standpoint. If the history of the French language is a glorious one, remember, also, that the wealth of English literature is made up of such glorious names as those of Shakespeare, Byron, Tennyson and Macaulay, to cite a few only of its galaxy of great writers. Again, it is in the English text that you will have to read the masterpieces of parliamentary eloquence, in which you will learn, through the voices of Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, and, within a period less remote from our times, the oratory of Russell, Grey, Palmerston, D'Isreali, Gladstone, how flexible and subtle withal, how wise and liberal is that admirable British Constitution by which we are governed and our rights secured to us.

He would be narrow-minded, indeed, and lacking in true patriotism, the man who would try to discourage either of the two great races living in this country, in the study and knowledge of both official languages.

Canada is, beyond all dispute, a country with the greatest possibilities. To-morrow the younger generation, now sitting on the benches of our Universities, will be called upon to shape and to lead public opinion. Our country shall be what the educated classes will want her to be. Gentlemen, upon you devolves a noble duty, and that duty consists in accustoming yourselves, on the very threshold of your career, to the practice of justice and freedom in your daily intercourse, and in your dealings with your fellow-men.

You have religious convictions, do not be afraid to affirm them. But, at the same time, you should make it your duty to respect the convictions of other people; toleration, which harmonizes well with strong convictions, is a virtue to be practised in a mixed community like ours.

A last word, my young friends: We live, we are told, in a century which is essentially and thoroughly positive, a century where the search after the ideal is useless.

Take care you do not allow yourselves to be infected by such skepticism, a doctrine which is as demoralizing as it is barren. On

the contrary, you must ever look upwards and carry your ideal from lofty to loftier heights.

Do not forget that, in order to accomplish our journey through life—a momentous task we have to deal with—the first requisite is an ideal, with a lively faith, and the cult of honour, coupled with self-respect.

Senator Coffey also spoke on the occasion. He said:

Rev. Fathers and Students,—

I am deeply sensible of the honour which has been conferred upon me by the Faculty of the University of Ottawa. In our progress through life we find that one of its most cherished prizes is the thought that we enjoy the regard of our fellow-citizens, increased when this evidence of esteem proceeds from those whose ideals go beyond the things that pass away. It is a long span of time since I first began to realize and appreciate the splendid educational work undertaken and carried on with such zeal and perseverance in the capital of Canada by the Fathers of the Oblate Order. We have signs and tokens of the past when we look at the statue of your first Bishop on the grounds of the Basilica, and young and old may draw inspiration from the life-work of that great man, and young and old may, as they look upon his countenance in bronze, feel as if he were still speaking to them the words “Go on and on and fight the good fight;” and no less may we all, but especially the Faculty and students of the University, become possessed of an incentive to noble achievements by studying the life of that equally great man, Father Tabaret, who was ever a brother to his brother priests, and a wise, yet indulgent, father to the youth who came to the University to receive a training which would give us men whose lives would be as beacon lights to their fellows. When the history of our country is written, account will be taken of those who contributed of their best to bring it honour, to bring it glory, to bring it freedom, and to bring it prosperity, and surely it will be noted that the Fathers who conduct this great seat of learning had taken a splendid part in the work of nation-building; it will be noted that the men whose early lives were spent in its class rooms have, by putting into practice the lessons of their youth, become the exemplars of all that is good and true and noble in every walk of Canadian life. Herein the patient striving of the Oblate Fathers receives its reward. Believe me, I do not speak in this wise with the purpose of being merely complimentary on an occasion of this kind. Deeply do I feel the truth of what I have said. My acquaintance with men of affairs has brought me

into contact with graduates of the University of Ottawa, intercourse with whom tends to all that is ennobling. The stamp of truest culture is upon them, and their careers mean much for Canada. May I not view in the same light the hundreds of young men whom I see before me to-day— young men on the eve of the world's serious work. To me there is no shadow of doubt that you are the hope of the future, and you will be the champions of that course of action which will make Canada truly great, and when you take the places of those who are now in harness— when you enter all the avenues of trade and commerce and the professions and the political life of our country, your conduct will be piloted by a nobility of purpose which will bring honour to your Church, honour to your country, and honour to the names you bear.

May I not point to my honourable colleague, the Postmaster-General, as an example of how one may, by nobility of character, rectitude of purpose, and perseverance, attain a place on the top-most round of the ladder of distinction.

May your vacation be pleasant and proutable, and may your studies be resumed with increased firmness of purpose to carry to fruition those grand ideals which you have mapped out for your future.

RESTRICTION OF JAPANESE IMMIGRATION



THE influx of Japanese, since the Russo-Japanese war, reaching nearly 10,000 a year is greater than our most discerning statesmen ever dreamed of. Mr. Fisher, Minister of Agriculture in the Dominion Government, on his return from the Orient in 1903, told the country that Japan discountenanced emigration to Honolulu and to Canada, and the government knew it to be so. Therefore, in the passing of the late treaty, now the talk of two hemispheres, our great politicians, liberal and conservative, in response to public opinion, favored that alliance, with the conviction that not more than 400 or 500 Japanese would immigrate in any one year. They little thought that in promoting commercial relations they were to fetter the countries' physical and social welfare. But the unexpected has come to pass. The people immediately concerned rise with one accord. In a wave of indignation that overleaps reason, they act inconsiderately disregarding the privileges of citizenship, by their unjust violence.

Following this strenuous show of dissatisfaction the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress held in Winnipeg, telegraphed to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, asking for the abrogation of the treaty. To this the distinguished Premier of Canada answered that the government would enquire into the matter carefully and thus avoid any precipitate action that might afterwards be regretted. Now the Oriental Exclusion League has undertaken to petition the Premier. Already, however, both the Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior, and Mr. W. D. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration, are in the West studying every detail of the situation. There are puissant reasons for and against the move to exclude the Japs from the Canadian Pacific sea board.

The abrogation of the treaty between Japan and Canada would injure the ever increasing trade of the two countries, by cutting off those tariff privileges, which it grants. British Columbia would be the true sufferer. It must be admitted, therefore, that it is not alone racial hatred, which too frequently is born with us, inculcated or developed that arouses the westerners, causing them to sacrifice commercial advantages. They must fear, fear for their bodies, or for their souls, or for the country of their dearest love.

We will not be surfeited if we rely on Japanese commerce only, nor can we hope to be greatly favored by them. Very recently Hon. Eki Hioki, of their embassy at Washington, in an appeal to American capital, said, "There exists between Japan and Great Britain a political alliance in the East. Why can there not be a commercial alliance between Japan and the United States?" The Panama Canal, on its completion, will revolutionize the commerce of the Orient, and we can well imagine what will become of our treaty, if it withstand the present shock: we may, indeed, believe that the six months' notice may be granted us, but that the political treaty with Great Britain will last, and that Japan will still be bound to aid England in Asiatic warfare, and England will, in return aid her in any part of the globe, when more than one nation is in question.

The Japanese have been coming in ever increasing numbers and strangely, too, mostly from Honolulu. Naturally on the outbreak of trouble the Government foresaw no difficulty in being able to stop the rush of this undesirable immigration which did not come directly from Japan. Diplomacy avoided this resort until an investigation

would be made. Japan chose to view the case most agreeably, as is shown by the following extract from Count Okuma in the "Hochi" of September 13th: "It was an outrageous act, limited to laborers and unsupported elsewhere. The local authorities sincerely did their utmost to suppress the riot and protect our countrymen." It was an outrage limited to laborers, yet supported in spirit by every Canadian who places the character of his country above her commerce.

A despatch from Vancouver stating that Dr. Munro, the health officer there, had been instructed to refuse a landing to Japanese not having passports direct from Japan, has led the wily Jap out of his shell, and on October 1st, Consul-General Nosse, acting for the Government of Japan, informed the Canadian Government that any limitation of immigration would violate the treaty. In other words this country is asked to perform the last degree of Nippon's initiation into the ranks of a first-class power by extending to her the same immigration laws that we do to European peoples. Allow their students and travellers free accession, yes, but an unrestricted inflow of Japanese, never.

"Canada for Canadians," spoken by a Canadian to Canadians. And who may be a Canadian? Not nations differing from us in blood, religion, habits and color which make the difficulties of assimilation insurmountable; not those who take the bread from the mouths of English and French speaking Canadians in agriculture, in the mines, in the lumber camps and in the fisheries; not men who, like unto the birds of passage, come for a season, and by reason of a lower standard of living, grow fat, and return after having taken their fill off the kernel of the land. On the contrary, he who would be a Canadian, must have the qualities of assimilation; that he must not be one in name only but also in spirit. Canada's sons and daughters are doing most to populate the Dominion. The census of 1901 shows the Canadian born to be $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions out of $5\frac{1}{2}$ millions. And with the help of sturdy, honest white men, possessed of qualities in civilization and peace and unity in which the Orientals are deficient for the present at least, white men, who come in a steady stream from Great Britain and Ireland, a Canada is being built that Canadians will be even more proud of than the Canada of to-day.

W. GRACE, '11.

BEFORE ALMANZA.

(April 25, 1707.)

(At the battle of Almanza, in the War of the Spanish Succession, the English, Portuguese and Dutch forces, led by the Earl of Galway, were routed by the French and Spanish under the Duke of Berwick. An Irish cavalry corps in the Spanish service, the dragoon regiment of Count O'Mahony, distinguished itself in the encounter.)

'Tis the wane of night and the flush of dawn!
Ho, comrades, hand in hand,
Now, pledge me, ere break of the battle-hour,
A toast to the dear old land!
A thought and a sigh for the hearts we love!
A hope for a day to be
When the clans come home from the foreign war
To muster, where Irish hillsides are,
In the fight for Libertie!

A bitter black curse on the spoilers' heads
That drove us o'er the main!
Our keen sword-edges to mow them down
In the fray when we close again!
Our hearts' best blood for the Irish land!
A prayer to the God on high
That the right may win and the marching years
See her crowned a nation amid her peers,
And the Sunburst in the sky!

For the battle-hour, for the vengeance-hour
Are our souls and hearts aglow!
Drain a last bright health to Innisfail
And confusion to the foe!
And woe to the Saxon clan today,
As we crash through their platoons,
When the red revenge of the Gael they feel
In the steeds and the men and the cleaving steel
Of O'Mahony's dragoons!

HUBERT O'MEARA.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.



WE see now and again some emphatic protest made against the destruction of our woods and forests. Last winter the subject received more than usual attention, the Canadian Premier having been interviewed by a large delegation of representative men upon the subject. It is a scientific fact that the agricultural prosperity of the country, as well as the permanency of our sparkling rivers and great watercourses, depend upon the existence of our forests. The lumber enterprise throughout Canada is making annual incursions upon our forest domain, to the detriment of the agricultural and lumbering interests, and is gradually wasting the sources of fuel supply. Protests and representations to the Government will be of little avail unless followed by some statutory measure framed for the protection of the woods and forests. The fire fiend, which recently has been very wasteful of the forests in New Brunswick, is an element of great destructiveness, whose limits are almost impossible to be controlled by legislative enactments. But the actions of the woodman can be controlled so as to prevent his wanton destruction of nature's supply of a product so essential to the prosperity of the country from a national point of view. Laws can be enacted to regulate the lumbering operations in the great forests stretching along the rivers and bordering upon inland waters. Private ownership cannot, of course, as a rule, be interfered with, but there is no private ownership of some woodlands, which might not, perhaps, be subjected to Government regulations in the interests of the general public, and in some cases to the advantage of the private owner himself.

Regardless, however, of the difficulties to be overcome in the case of attempting to control the rights of private ownership of woods or forests, those difficulties do not seem to present themselves in the case of large areas that are annually denuded of forests in this country. Reforestation of bared areas should be made compulsory. Limits should be set to the operations of the lumberman and of lumber companies. The utility of forests and their indispensableness from the point of view of the country's best material interests should be made a subject of regular teaching in our schools. The full realization of the evils resulting from deforestation would thus be more adequately impressed upon the minds of the rising generation. The knowledge of the actual extent of Canadian forests, their value as an industrial asset, the annual rate of depletion of the same,

and the consequent calculation as to the time required to exhaust them altogether, their effect scientifically upon the soil and climate, etc., as well as the best and most adequate measure of reforestation needed to supply this annual diminution, would be much more practical and useful than some giddy fads which are being daily stored into the minds of pupils of both sexes in our schools. The destruction of forests is becoming yearly a greater menace, and the urgency of a remedy therefor a more serious problem.

There is also what may be called a sentimental side to the subject. It might be designated the poetical equation. It would be a lifework to collect the poetical literature relating to trees and to the pleasure of the pathless woods. In the summer nature herself presents a strong plea against the ruthless destruction of the forests. That plea can be heard in the soft-whisper of the mountain pine. It speaks to us in the fresh green glades sheltered from the burning heat of a midsummer sun by stately elm or maple groves. It reminds us of nature's sanitariums of restful shades, cooled by the mountain breezes, or recalls the crowning glories of the autumnal woods in their mellow beauty.

The destruction of the forests is too often a species of vandalism, worthy of the pen of a Dickens, or the muse of a Burns.

It was the latter that made "Bruar Falls," in Athole, Scotland, whose striking picturesqueness and beauty are, in some parts, greatly marred by the want of trees and shrubs, petition the "noble Duke of Athole" as follows:

Let lofty firs and ashes cool
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool
Their shadow's wat'ry bed:
Let fragrant barks, in woodbines drest,
My craggy cliffs adorn,
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn!

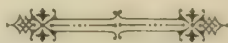
It was the same poet that gave voice to the river Nith to scathingly denounce the destruction of "Drumlanrig Woods." While strolling on its banks one day, the "Genius of the Stream" sang to him as follows:

There was a time, it's nae lang syne,
Ye might hae seen me in my pride,
When a' my banks sue bravely saw

Their woody pictures in my tide;
When hanging beech and spreading elm
Shaded my stream sae clear and cool;
And stately oaks their twisted arms
Threw broad and dark across the pool;
When, glinting thro' the trees, appear'd
The wee white cot aboon the mill,
And peaceful rose its ingle reek,
That slowly curling, clamb the hill,
But now the cot is bare and cauld,
Its leafy bield for ever gane,
And scarce a stinted birk is left
To shiver in the blast alane.
'Alas!' quoth I, 'what ruefu' chance
Has twin'd ye of your stately trees?
Has laid your rocky bosom bare?
Has stripp'd the cleeding aff your braes?
Was it the bitter eastern blast,
That scatters blight in early spring?
Or was't the wil'fire scorch'd their boughs
Or canker-worm wl' secret sting?'
'Nae eastlin blast,' the sprite replied
It blaws na here sae fierce and fell,
And on my dry and halesome banks
Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell:
Man! cruel man! the genius sigh'd,
As through the cliffs he sank him down:
The worm that gnaw'd my bonie trees,
That reptile wears a Ducal Crown.

The above lines, applied by the Genius of the stream to the destroyer of the trees may be too forcible for application to our Canadian lumber barons or other forest enemies, so that the milder words, "Woodman, spare that tree!" may be repeated.

RAY.



MACAULAY'S ESSAY ON HASTINGS.



ON the sixth of December, 1732, was born Warren Hastings, the son of a descendant of the illustrious family of Daylesford, who was to play a most important role in England's empire-making. Owing to a series of unfortunate accidents, young Hastings was forced to leave school at the age of sixteen, with a very meagre education. We next find him in the secretary's office at Calcutta, at the time when China was driving the French from the Carnatic, and fastening the chain binding India to the empire. Troubles and disorders provide the stepping-stones for the success of men of genius, and such was the case with Hastings. The chaos and confusion resultant from intrigue and war furnished the rounds by which he was to mount to what was, during the greater part of his rule, the dictatorship of the British possessions. For thirteen years he remained governor, and then returned to England, where he suffered impeachment. After a trial, which lasted upwards of seven years, and during which he had as prosecutors such men as Burke and Shheridan, he was acquitted. The major part of his fortune was spent in his own defence, and he passed the remainder of his life a pensioner of the company whose coffers he sacrificed his fair name, and blighted an otherwise illustrious career to fill. He died in 1818 at the ripe age of eighty-six.

In order to form a correct estimate of the administration of Hastings, we must place in one scale of the balance the good which he accomplished; in the other the means which he took to do it, and his arbitrary domination over the weak, though treacherous, Bengalese and other tribes.

That he was mainly instrumental in saving to the empire the original possessions in India is generally conceded. That he was solely instrumental in adding to these possessions is history. But not upon the preservation of the Indian Empire from a formidable combination of enemies; not upon the fact that despite this combination, he was able to acquire new territory, does the fame of Hastings chiefly rest. He went to India, a youth with scanty education, far from all association with men educated to government, his only training for his future life obtained in a counting-house, and from his own fertile brain he originated a system of government which deduced order from chaos, peace from anarchy. Of few men, indeed, has it been the lot to frame a system of government with such prim-

itive instruments, and few attempts, if any, have been attended with such a measure of success as that of Warren Hastings.

The position of Hastings was, to say the least, unique. He knew that the favor of his employers depended chiefly upon their dividends. It would have been, indeed, difficult for him not to know this. "Govern leniently and extort as much money as possible," was the general nature of their instructions to him. He was ambitious, both personally and for the state. He wished to reinstate his family in the ancestral seat of Daylesford. This scheme originated, the essayist tells us, "when, as a boy, he lay on the banks of the rivulet which flows through the old domain of his house to join the Isis." We are safe in saying that it spurred him on in after life. His moral calibre was not such as to enable him to resist this double goad, the company's demands and his personal ambition. Again, we are safe in saying that when the base Sujah Dowlah wished to enslave a brave and comparatively enlightened people, whom he, with his immense number of troops, feared to attack, it was this ambition which stifled the sense of right, and prompted Hastings to make of British soldiers, mercenary butchers. The same reason was responsible for his acquiescence in the hanging of the Nuncomar, and for his finding a pretext by which he could give the semblance of justification to the disgraceful intrigue which accompanied the expropriation of the treasure of Cheyte Sing by him in the name of the company; for, forcing Asaph-ul-Doulah to disregard, not only the ordinary laws of humanity and justice, but even the laws of filial respect, by robbing his mother and grandmother of possessions and treasure, theirs by every right. These examples are but a few of many.

Macaulay's essay is an endeavor to justify Hastings, but of itself, it defeats its purpose. The conviction forced upon the reader by his subtle attempts to minimize the most disgraceful events of Hastings' long administration by hustling the chief actor behind the scenes, while the minor ones are placed in the limelight of his abusive pen, is that he was, perhaps, unconsciously imbued with admiration for the great work which the empire-builder accomplished, neglectful of the means used for its accomplishment. Naturally, the reader will refuse to accept the essayist's judgement, but will look behind the scenes and form for himself an estimate of the character of Hastings.

C. J. JONES, '07.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

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OTTAWA, ONT., OCTOBER, 1907.

No. I

PROLOGUE.

The editors for 1907-1908 make their initial bow with this issue of the REVIEW. Naturally, they feel diffident in accepting a responsibility so ably and brilliantly shouldered by their predecessors. These latter, it is but just to recognize, did their work nobly and well. They have plainly shown how it is possible to be entirely devoted to the interests of the student body; how to follow its movements with unflagging attention, encouraging the budding efforts of freshmen and applauding the carefully garnered successes of the seniors. The volume of the REVIEW completed with the June number is proof how laboriously and unerringly its editors noted the pulse of college life. They earned the distinction of having been equal to the task of upholding the literary standard set for the REVIEW from its inception. For them a place on the editorial staff of the college organ meant, not a mere perfunctory honor, but hours of

constant, loving and enlightened service. To those editors honor and gratitude without stint are due. The REVIEW was safe in their hands. Will the same be true of the present staff? Time will tell. But if the matter depends on good will and determination the REVIEW for the ensuing scholastic year should not fall short of its former splendid record. Its columns are open to all the students. Contributions, such as class or the various literary and scientific societies necessarily call for, should be numerous. Papers which may have been prepared for debates or prizes should be invariably handed over for printer's copy. Modesty, under the circumstances, is reprehensible. Men are in college to produce the highest possible results in literature and science. Our students are numerous enough and brainy enough, surely, to reach such results. They must allow their official organ to judge of that, to help them and make their work known and appreciated, instead of holding back, and instead of giving their attention to things of lesser moment. The fellow who abstains from literary effort through a "swelled head," or the deluded idea that he can afford to be independent, or that he is not sufficiently appreciated, has only himself to blame when he is unable to express his knowledge in coherent form, either by writing or public speaking, later on in life.—*Carpe diem.*

WELCOME.

The scholastic year opened very auspiciously, with the students still flocking back in large numbers to Alma Mater. As might be expected, several old faces are missing from campus and classroom. The vacancies, however, are more than filled by the "new ones," who, as their shyness wears off, show themselves intelligent and hard-working students, bidding fair to test the capabilities of old 'Varsity to the utmost, and apparently intent on reaching the top-most round of the ladder of fame. To all these a hearty welcome is extended. The machinery of college has never, since the Fire, been running more smoothly: not a cog is missing. All the courses in the arts and commercial departments are in perfect order, and fully manned. In all, the outlook for the year's work is most promising. The professors are delighted with the fine type of students it is given them to deal with. And the students are showing every confidence in their present preceptors. To acquire an education under such

auspices is a blessing for which the recipient might well be forever grateful to kind Providence, a task, moreover, to be undertaken with sentiments expressed in the historic slogan: "God wills it."

BISHOP LORRAIN'S SILVER JUBILEE.

The Right Rev. N. Z. Lorrain, D.D., celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration as Bishop on September 21 at Pembroke, amid great festivity. Besides the religious services, appropriate to the occasion, there were addresses, entertainments, and a reception, in which all the citizens of the town paid their respects to His Lordship. A beautifully worded address was presented by the North Renfrew Ministerial Association, to which Bishop Lorrain returned a touching reply. Mr. Thos. McGarry, M.P.P., of Renfrew, and Mayor Martin, of Pembroke, read addresses, which were accompanied by a purse of money amounting to \$15,000. No pains, in fact, were spared by the different denominations and classes of the community to make this notable event a magnificent success, and to demonstrate the esteem and affection in which the eminent prelate is held "in this part of the country, perhaps one of the most beautiful in our grand Dominion." The University was represented at the function by the Rector, Rev. W. J. Murphy, O.M.I.

"NEVER-FORGETS" FOR ATHLETES.

Study and Athletics, apart from ease of abuse of the latter, are quite compatible things. The oft-repeated saw, *mens sana in corpore sano*, represents as fittingly today as it did centuries ago, what ideal manhood is expected to be. If a thing is beautiful or perfect in so far as its several parts are in proportion one to the other, it follows that a mere combination of one hundred and sixty pounds of bone and muscle, however highly developed, does not constitute the perfect man, any more than the splendid cranium plentifully supplied with brains and tapering off in a rickety physique by any odds approaches the standard. There is a pitfall against which young men in college, especially if they are physically gifted, must sedulously guard: it is the tendency to exert and develop their bodily

limbs, not only beyond all need, but to the total neglect of their mental faculties. All young things as much delight in motion and physical exercise as they detest enforced inactivity. The true college man loves athletic games and generally becomes proficient in them; but he loves his studies better, not so much from inclination as from a sense of rigid duty and a wise foresight with regard to his future usefulness. He recognizes the necessity of making athletic activity subordinate to intellectual training; the former he properly regards as sugar and sauce, imparting savor to the drink and solid food of the latter. Fails he in this, his course is dwarfed. The student cannot be too firmly convinced that to derive permanent benefit from athletics he must do at least as much brain-work as foot-work.

The following are a few "never-forgets" intended as stimulants to be taken by our footballers, both senior and junior, before, during and after the game, in a teaspoonful of good-will:

BEFORE THE GAME.

Never forget that the game has rules: learn them!

- " " that a mouse-hearted man will never make a lion.
- " " that the coach is coach.
- " " that practice makes perfect.
- " " that the signals must be learned.
- " " that in "unity lies strength." Team play is essential.
- " " that condition tells. Forget the pipe!

DURING THE GAME.

Never forget that the referee is human; humor him.

- " " that "Steve" took a chance.
- " " that you play till the whistle blows.
- " " that five-yard rule.
- " " that you represent our Alma Mater; be a gentleman.
- " " that the spectators see others besides you.
- " " that stars shine above: don't try to scintillate.
- " " that others may make misplays: you've made many.
- " " that you seem to have brains. Prove it!
- " " that a player on the field is worth two on the bench.
- " " that the captain was chosen to do the talking.
- " " that your opponents are as tired as you are.
- " " that possession is nine-tenths of the game; hold the ball!

AFTER THE GAME.

Never forget that the game is over.

- “ “ that your next opponents are the “I told you so’s.”
 “ “ that they forgot to tell you.
 “ “ that you’ll ask them before the next game.
 “ “ that a boasting mind bespeaks an ignorant one.
 “ “ that some were pleased with the result: it might have
 been worse.
 “ “ that a true sport knows how to take defeat.
 “ “ that it is contemptible to blame the “other fellow.”
 “ “ that tons of talking wouldn’t remedy matters.
 “ “ that we have had good footballers in the past.
 “ “ to forget it.

Exchanges.

The August *College Spokesman* is an unusually fine number. It contains a cut of the Class of '07 and three or four articles tinctured with a deep religious spirit, “College Boosting” lays down some practical rules for college men in behalf of dear Alma Mater. “If we are to be successful, we must make that which makes for success most successful.” “Our corps of professors are second to none in the land.” “We are up-to-date in our equipment. What we lack in some features we more than counterbalance by what we excel in others.” “Question not the worth of the *College Spokesman*.” “Grasp every opportunity of saying a good word for St. Joseph’s, etc.”

The current *McMaster University Monthly* is the graduation number of '07. And certainly there is nothing lacking in its make-up. Each professor and graduate receives a flattering half-tone and delightful write-up. Rah! Rah! Rah! Ski-u-mah! Hoorah! Hoorah! Oski-wow-wow! Razzle-dazzle! Gabble-zazzle! Ki! Ki! Kar! McMaster!

Shake hands, *Niagara Index*, old boy! We must look up our mental philosophy and acquire some of the “spirit” But hist! soft about “plagiarism” or we’ll scare the boys away from the

apple-trees. The theft of the productions of a man's intellect must be venial, oh, do not say no! How can the raw recruit be original? He must see and be taught how the other fellows drill, before he is able to manœuvre himself.

The *Bates Student* is on hand and showing us how well organized it is for the work of the season. Its pages are like brandy sauce.

Xavier, too, is back to the old stand. Its articles bear the imprint of originality, and for that reason they are not, perhaps, of universal interest. However perfection is not expected in the first number.

We welcome a new comer, the *Whitman College Pioneer*, of the breezy West. breezy. Whitman is styled "The Yale of the West."

The *Ottawa Campus* for September is a "staff number." The issue is very neat and attractive. Already we are sitting back and enjoying every page. The plan of introducing the editors to the readers commends itself.

Young Eagle is well decked out and fair to look at. The convent monthlies are all good, while the organ of Santa Clara is one of the best.

THE REVIEW offers most friendly greetings to all its exchanges, old and new. It welcomes them, and it hopes that they will be regular visitors. If it should fail itself to appear as expected in their sanctums, it will be thankful if informed of the discourtesy. Its work is, of course, displayed for the honest and judicious criticism of the ex-men.

Book Review.

"The Mirror of Shalott," by Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. Ben-siger Brothers, New York. Price, \$1.25.

Though the Rev. Father Benson belongs to a literary family, he has won enviable fame for himself by the uniform excellence of his published works. "The Mirror of Shalott," a collection of tales told at an unprofessional symposium, is in Father Benson's best vein.

These tales, being excursions, for the most part, in the unknown, might be read with profit by those who, besides being amused, wished to have their curiosity satisfied.

"Melor of the Silver Hand, and Other Stories of the Bright Ages," published by the Benzigers, is in an attractive little volume, containing some very good spiritual reading. That Rev. David Bearne, S. J., is the author, is sufficient voucher for the excellence of this literary treat. The article entitled "Sheer Pluck" goes back to some "ultimate causes." The book is well worth the price, 85 cents.

"Hunter's Elements of Biology." American Books Co., New York. Price, \$1.25.

This volume combines, in excellent proportion, text-book study, laboratory experiments, field work, and work for oral recitation. It should be a useful text in New York State, as, in selecting material the syllabuses for elementary botany, zoology, and human physiology given by the New York State Education Department have been followed. Herrick's Laboratory exercises in General Zoology, priced 60 cents, is a smaller book, going over much the same ground.

"Sampson & Holland's Written and Oral Composition," price 80 cents, by the same publishers, appeals to the pupil by giving him subjects within his grasp. The lessons bearing on exposition and argumentation should teach the scholar to think in terms of good composition.

"Sterrett's Homer. Illiad. First Three Books and Selections." Price, \$1.60; "Plato's Apology and Crito," by Dr. Flogg, price \$1.40, are published by the American Book Co. These books initiate the learner into the secrets of the best literature of the world. The results of archaeological research have been utilized.

Other books from the American Book Co. are: "Gaskell's Cranfed," "Le Chevalier de Maison-Rouge," "Newton's and Treat's Outlines for Review in History," "Demmon's Shakespeare's As You Like It," "Holder's Half-hours with Mammals."

Among the Magazines.

The Labour Gazette, edited by the Labour Department, Ottawa, describes the conditions of employment as very active throughout Canada during August. Transportation employees of all classes had a very busy month. The Atlantic fisheries had an exceptionally

The Catholic World, for September, contains an illuminating article, "The Italian Press—Its Partial Perversion." In the October number a long and careful study is devoted to "Aubrey de Vere in His Prosework." "Arnould, the Englishman," an historical romance of the thirteenth century, bids fair to be interesting and instructive. Some pages are devoted to theology, the subject being "Sanctity and Development." Some hagiography is furnished under the title "Helen Keller's French Sister." Puck and Ariel, two of Shakespeare's imaginary supernatural agents, are the basis of a very readable article.

The Electric Journal, while mainly devoted to practical problems of electricity, also deals with questions that come more within the range of students seeking general knowledge. Thus "Study Men" is a serious treatment of the subject, "Sales Contracts," already noted in THE REVIEW, is concluded in the October Journal.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

Rev. John Meagher, '93, and a former editor of THE REVIEW staff, recently called at the sanctum. This staunch friend shows his enduring interest in the work and gave real encouragement to the present editors by helping them with the "sinews of war." He talked over the old days, when he was one of the foremost wearers of the Garnet and Gray. The treasurer of the O. U. A. A. is also deeply grateful to him for a liberal contribution.

Jno. Harrington, A. Dooner, H. Letang, O. McDonald, A. Reynolds, all from "Up the Creek," in company with R. Halligan and V. Meagher, spent a pleasant evening in visiting "Old O. U." on their way to the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

Rev. Jno. Quilty, '97, Rev. Geo. Prudhomme, '97, and Rev. J

R. O'Gorman were welcome visitors at the *Sanctum* during the month.

Rev. T. W. Albin, '00, paid a short visit to Alma Mater, on his home way from a trip to Ireland.

Rev. W. J. Collins, O. M. I., '03, has returned to Alma Mater as one of the staff in the Senior Department. Rev. G. I. Nolan, O. M. I., '03, has been appointed to the professional staff of Holy Angels College, Buffalo, N. Y.

R. Halligan, '04, and V. Meagher, '04, paid the *Sanctum* a visit on their way to the Grand Seminary.

Canon Corkery '76 called the other day and the Review, made somewhat the richer by his visit, hereby expresses its thanks.

Of last year's graduates, Chas. J. Jones, J. E. McNeil and W. Seguin have entered the Grand Seminary, Montreal. J. R. Marshall and W. H. Veilleux are following the science course in Queen's University, Kingston, and F. C. Hatch has registered at Columbia University, New York.

Mr. Arthur B. Cote has sought the seclusion of the Seminary of Philosophy, of Montreal. Arthur will be very much missed from our circles. He was a general favorite during his five years' residence and always took an active interest in various college events.

ATHLETICS.

With the commencement of another college year the student mind naturally turns to football, justly regarded everywhere as pre-eminently the great college game. Speculations are now rife as to the candidates who, during the coming season, will uphold the distinction of the garnet and gray. A large number of new students, who are quite familiar with the game and at the same time robust and fearless, have already demonstrated their ability to score against all opposition. Of the stalwarts of last year's team still in the game are, Filiatreault, Smith, Joron, Harrington, Bawlf, Whibbs and Courtois. Filiatreault, who has played with college for the last six years, is half a team in himself and his presence will be especially felt. Smith is in excellent form already and with little practice will

develop the speed shown in last year's meet, Harrington in the scrimmage means that the position is filled. Bawlf, Joron and Whibbs are sustaining their reputations for effective work, while Courtois is bigger and better than ever.

The old-time enthusiasm and fire have evidently been infused in no minor degree into our present footballers. For many years the practices have not been so faithfully attended and the spirit in which everyone is going into the game indicates a most successful season.

The only vacancy occurring on the Board of the Executive this year was that of corresponding secretary. This position was held by Mr. J. M. Lajoie, and upon receipt of his resignation a general meeting of the U. O. A. A. was immediately called for the purpose of electing a new official. In a few words President McCarthy explained to the members the object of the meeting, and cautioned them to exercise their best judgment in choosing the officials as a result of the election Mr. A. C. Fleming was chosen for the position. The director, Rev. Father Fortier, then gave a few words of practical advice and encouraged all the students to assist the Executive Committee in every way possible. Mr. T. Clancy, who was present at the meeting, added a few well-chosen words of exhortation and expressed the hope that great results would be attained during the approaching season. It was then unanimously agreed upon to reduce the athletic fee for externs from three dollars to half that amount. The advisability of this step has since been proven. The meeting adjourned with a lusty V. A. R.

A private meeting of the Executive was shortly afterwards called and Mr. McCarthy was appointed manager of the first fourteen with Mr. Lambert, chieftain of the Intermediates. With these two energetic men at the helm matters are progressing favourably and practices are occurring with unusual frequency.

Rev. Fathers Fortier and Stanton have undertaken the task of coaching the teams and under them hard systematic work is the order of the day. A few praiseworthy rules for training are laid down, and are being strictly adhered to. The players realizing that in order to accomplish anything a certain amount of self-sacrifice is

imperative and everything possible, must be done in order to be in the best of trim.

The following is the schedule of the Senior football games for 1907 :—

Oct. 12—Queen's at Ottawa ; Toronto at McGill.

Oct. 19—McGill at Queen's ; Ottawa at Toronto.

Oct. 26—McGill at Toronto ; Ottawa at Queen's.

Nov. 2—Queen's at McGill ; Toronto at Ottawa.

Nov. 9—Queen's at Toronto ; Ottawa at McGill.

Nov. 16—Toronto at Queen's ; McGill at Ottawa.

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

The number of freshmen this year is unprecedentedly large. We welcome them to our midst, and hope that an industrious and successful course will be theirs. The older heads have almost all returned, and, of course, amuse themselves, from the vantage point of previous experience, watching the new students accommodating themselves to the singularities of college life.

The following story is told of a professor of English in one of our western colleges: He was noted for being very absent-minded. It was his custom to call the roll each morning before the lecture. One morning, after calling a name to which there was no response, he looked up and, peering over his spectacles, he asked sharply:

"Who is the absent boy in the vacant chair I see before me?"

The capacity of the spacious dormitory was not equal to the overflow, consequently the Seventh and Fifth Class rooms have been transformed to furnish sleeping quarters. The members of the final year now receive *arrectis auribus*, the instructions of *Summa Philosophica* in the Reading Room of the senior department, while in the junior literary sanctum the class of No. 5, wrestles with the sine and cosine.

The recent encyclical of Pius X regulating marriage between Catholics will add spice to news items such as this: A justice of the

peace in Milwaukee thinks he has the record for marrying people in two minutes, but he hasn't. There used to be an old justice in Angora who did it by saying: "Have him? Have her? Hitched. Ten dollars."

That Cecil Rhodes was not a lover of the "bookish" student is evident from the provision in the requirement of an applicant for his scholarships: "Regard shall be had as to the student's fondness for and success in manly outdoor sports, such as cricket, football and the like." No doubt the great African millionaire had in mind the great college game when he said "cricket," and by "football" he meant "playing the game" which he liked. This incentive, however, has brought to the Oval every evening a host of ambitious aspirants to mingle in the fascinating scrimmage in order that they may qualify for Cecil's favors.

It always affords us pleasure to welcome former students. Among our visitors during September we are pleased to chronicle the names of Messrs. J. Harrington, H. Letang, V. Meagher, B.A., D. Halligan, J. N. George, B.A., T. J. Sloan, B.A., A. J. Reynolds, T. J. Callighan, T. M. Costello and M. T. O'Neill. We understand all these gentlemen proceeded hence to the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

The Debating and Literary Society has organized for another year. This early organization combined with the enthusiasm displayed at the annual meeting, predicts a most successful year for the Society. The officers elected are :—

President, M. Doyle,
 Vice-President, W. Grace,
 Secretary, M. J. Smith.
 Treasurer, V. O'Gorman.
 Councillors { J. Corkery,
 C. O'Gorman.

Our much-frequented Reading Room, containing, as it always does, an abundance of the choicest literature, is again in full operation under the energetic direction of Rev. Father Fortier. On September 29th, the students assembled in the recreation hall for the purpose of appointing a committee, and selected the following officers for the present year :—

President, F. McDonald,
Secretary-Treasurer, H. Lambert,
Librarians, J. Conaghan and A. Couillard.

Owing to the skillful manner in which he coped with the difficulties of the office last year, it was no surprise to find, upon our return, Rev. Father Fortier once again occupying the Senior Prefect's chair. His assistants are Rev. Fathers Stanton, Finnegan and Collins.

One of our facetious seniors, after having some difficulty explaining the rules and regulations to new comers, thought he would make the situation clear by reciting the following lines :

Everybody works but the Senior
And he loafs around all day
With his eyes upon the Freshman
Smoking his pipe of clay,
The freshman must keep matches,
Do favors all he can
To make the time more more pleasant
For the Senior man.

Prof.—(After elaborate preparations for first experiment in light).

We have everything now but a star.

P-che.—I am here.

Remember, remember,
The fourteenth of December,
Exams. do then begin.
For your life you must cram
Or you'll fail in exam.,
Which would be an awful sin.
English and Latin,
You must become pat in,
Nor history notes must leave.
Don't forget your psychology.
Work hard at biology,
Or soon you will surely grieve. *Exchange.*

As usual the clerical state is claiming a large percentage of the graduates of Ottawa, no less than four of the class of '07 choosing the service of the Church. These, Messrs. C. J. Jones, B.L., J. E.

McNeil B.A., W. R. Smith and A. Houle have gone to Montreal, accompanied by our best wishes. Messrs. Verbeke and J. R. Marshall intend to register at Queen's.

The Annual Retreat for the students was concluded on Thursday morning by a general communion. The Director of the Retreat, Rev. Fr. Fitzgerald, P. P. St. Mary's, has won a permanent place in the estimation of the students. His sermons were substantial, practical, and presented in excellent literary form, while his evident piety and unction reinforced his exhortations.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

The small yard was the first to fill up. All our old "young" friends have returned, accompanied by a host of new-comers. There was a general feeling of satisfaction among the old-timers when they discovered that Rev. Father Turcotte, their beloved Prefect of last year, was again in charge. His associates are Rev. Fathers Veronneau and M. Murphy.

The opening football game of the season was played on Saturday, Sept. 28th. The first team of the little yard, under its sturdy captain, W. Perreault, succeeded in making the score 12 to 6 against a chosen fourteen from the juniorate, chieftained by J. Killian. Rev. O. Filiatreault acted as referee, to the entire satisfaction of all.

It is a source of deep regret, as well as surprise, to all the small boys to learn that Leslie and Percy have entered the senior ranks. It was recently decided by the small-yard union to present a special petition to the proper authority, requesting their return.

The Junior Athletic Association has held its annual meeting and elected the following officers: Director, Rev. Fr. Turcotte; President, O. Sauve; 1st Vice-President, A. Derosiers; 2nd Vice-President, W. Perrault; Secretary, G. Slattery; Treasurer, A. Legris; Councillors, H. Leblanc and L. Chantal; Managers, B. Copual and W. Murphy.

It is plain, from the way Paul stands with his back against the eastern wall, that he likes to be back to college.



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THE GOLD MEDALIST'S SPEECH.

In the Prize Debate last June the following speech was awarded the palm for elocution :

Mr. Chairman, etc. :—

I am sure you must all regret that such an eloquent effort as the last speaker has just put forth should have been wasted in the support of so unworthy a scheme as that which he advocates here tonight. He evidently recognized from the beginning that it was a pretty bitter pill he was asking you to swallow, and he tried hard to sugar it up with nice words in order to facilitate the operation. But, coat it as he may, the bitterness remains unhidden. The defects of his scheme are too many and too great to be cloaked behind even the fine language with which he has clothed it.

To judge from his remarks, one might suppose that Washington had a civic administration beside which we in Ottawa should hang down our heads in shame. Now, sir, nothing could be farther from the truth, and to support this statement I have taken the trouble to procure several copies of the leading Washington papers, so I would like our opponents to understand that I am not talking from hearsay. From the editorials in these papers, and from the many objections raised through their columns against the present method of government, one cannot but conclude that few cities, even in the U. S., where partyism usually interferes with proficient

civic administration, few cities can have much less satisfactory municipal conditions than Washington. I regret that owing to the very limited time at my disposal, 20 min., to treat this vast question, I cannot go into many details on this point, but I will be glad to hand these papers over to our friends opposite after the debate, that they may enlighten themselves a bit on this matter. Suffice it to say that it is pointed out that the extravagance of the administration of Washington is notorious. \$64,000 a year is spent in an assessment office, with 34 clerks, while \$23,000 is enough for a city of the same size like Buffalo, and \$8,000 for Ottawa, $\frac{1}{4}$ its size. The city is full of citizens' associations continually demanding reforms regarding the inequality of the assessment, the inadequacy of the fire department and police service, the construction of pavements and sewers, and so on, but their protests are seldom heeded, for those to whom they make them are in no way responsible to the people. In the *Times* of Dec. 13 we find that Mr. J. B. Reynolds, a personal friend of President Roosevelt, who was specially appointed to investigate the housing and sanitary conditions of Washington, reports that it contains more typhoid and tuberculosis, and that its slums are more degraded and unsanitary than any ever before found in New York. His report is expected to bring a special message to Congress. Yet, sir, in the face of all this discordant and mal-administration our opponents would have you infer from conditions at Washington that by the adoption of a similar plan here they would make of Ottawa, Hull, Janeville, etc., a little heaven on earth, if such a thing could be imagined. To say the least, their position borders on the ridiculous. I do not wish to say that Washington is any worse governed than other cities under a different system, but I do say that her people are living in no such state of civic bliss as our friends opposite would have you believe they are. There is now a prominent citizen of Ottawa well acquainted with the conditions in both cities who puts the case: "If I heard as much kicking in Ottawa in six months as there is in Washington in six days I would want to get out of the city tomorrow."

Now, at the outset, I wish to deny most emphatically the statement that Washington and Ottawa are anything like parallel cases. In support of this assertion I will quote you an extract from an article on Washington in the *Encyclopædia Americana*, one of the most up-to-date works of its kind. It says: "The District of Columbia was established under the authority and direction of Acts of

Congress in 1790 and 1791, passed to give effect to a clause of the Constitution of the United States"—mark you—"giving Congress the power to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever over such district as may become the seat of the government of the United States."

Now, in the constitution of Canada there is no such clause as this contained. Consequently the Dominion Parliament can not, by a bill, take over Ottawa, nor can the Province of Ontario, by a bill, divest itself of any portion of its territory. And, bear in mind, sir, this is no idle statement, for I make it on the authority of one of the most prominent legal gentlemen in Ottawa. Now, although this is the very foundation on which the whole question rests, the last speaker has not even seen fit to allude to it. The only conclusion to be drawn is that he sees no way out of the difficulty, and so prefers to keep quiet. Of course, the only solution to it is the passing of addresses to the King by the Dominion Parliament, asking the Imperial Parliament to amend the British North America Act, so as to make this scheme possible. But until these two gentlemen have convinced the Canadian House of Commons, the Senate, and the Governor General, the British House of Commons, the House of Lords, and the King, that such amendments to the British North America Act are necessary for the salvation of Ottawa, Hull, Janeville, etc.—until then, I say, their scheme is absolutely impossible. And, sir, I venture to predict that before our friends opposite have succeeded in doing this they will be older, wiser, and, perhaps, sadder men than they are today.

Now, as to the financial aspect of the question: The last speaker was very anxious to impress on you the fact that were his scheme adopted the government would have to contribute the same amount as the people towards the civic revenue, while at present it pays nothing. From this he concludes that the revenue would be increased and the burden on the people lightened. This is all very nice in theory, but let us see how it works out in practice. First of all, bear in mind that this federal district proposition of his embraces, not merely Ottawa, but an area ten miles square, of which Ottawa is only a part. Now, take a small portion of this district, Hull, for example. Its area is 4,000 acres, while that of Ottawa is 3,365. In other words, there is more civic territory to improve in Hull than in Ottawa. But what is the respective revenue? Ottawa's assessment is over 41 millions: Hull's is under 6 millions.

Thus Hull gives a revenue of less than 1-7 of that of Ottawa. Join the two cities and you more than double the civic area, but you add only 1-7 to the revenue. And not only is the Hull area larger than the Ottawa area, but everybody knows that Hull's condition is the most desperate civic problem in Canada. Now, suppose our friend's government commission takes from us the right to govern ourselves, do you suppose they will be able, or have they the right, to spend less on the Hull area than on the Ottawa area? And Hull is but half a dozen square miles out of the hundred which their federal district implies. I would like to know how far will the revenue go towards keeping this vast area in a condition anywhere approaching the present condition of Ottawa? The idea is absurd. Yet, sir, this is the plan on which our friends intend to build up a modern Utopia here in Ottawa. To say the least, it is extremely difficult to see on what ground they stand.

And now a word as to taxation: My partner will quote you figures to show that the average tax per head in Washington is about \$19, while in Ottawa the average tax per head is about \$16. In other words, the people of Washington pay, per head, 20 per cent. higher taxation than the people of Ottawa. And yet our opponents would have you believe, from comparison with Washington, that, were their scheme adopted here, the tax burden on the people of Ottawa would be lightened. No comment on my part is necessary.

Again, Washington is avowedly a social and residential centre, while the future of Ottawa is intimately bound up in her industries. Now, you all know how quickly these industries would go to the wall under a government commission. Do you suppose, then, for a moment, that the people of Ottawa would ever consent to such an arrangement? Most decidedly not. Again, I would like to ask our opponents how will they arrange the school question? It has been the great source of difficulty in Washington, and will it not be infinitely more complicated here, with our public and separate school system? I would certainly like to hear their solution of it. Then there is Ottawa's debt of 4 millions of dollars. Do they think the other provinces will shoulder this without a whimper? If they do I'm afraid they are mistaken. And, again, I would like to know what right anyone has to assume that any government would care to undertake the immense responsibility that this plan would involve on it? Have our friends opposite received any private assurance

from Sir Wilfrid Laurier, or any of his colleagues, that the present government would be willing to undertake this responsibility? These, sir, are only a few of the objections that can be raised against this scheme, but I think they are sufficient to afford our friends opposite considerable food for reflection.

Now, I would like to ask them who, in Ottawa, wants this change to a federal district? I defy them to mention the name of a single prominent public man in Ottawa who has advocated this scheme before the people. And why should they? Nearly everyone is satisfied with the present form of municipal government. The men in whose hands the affairs of the city have been placed are discharging their respective duties in a very capable manner, the best evidence of which is the excellent financial condition of the city to-day. Mention might be made of the fact that within the last few years the civic tax rate has been reduced, the water rates have been reduced, and a number of special taxes, such as street-sprinkling and snow-cleaning, have been abolished entirely. The civic assessed value has increased from 25 millions in 1901 to 41 millions in 1906, while the civic debt is about stationary. From figures taken from "Municipal Debt Statistics of Canada," published in December last, my partner will show you that Ottawa has the smallest net debt per head of population of any city in Canada save two: that Ottawa has the smallest net debt in proportion to civic taxable assessment of any city in Canada save three, and of the eight largest cities in Canada he will show you that not only has Ottawa by far the smallest net debt per head of population, but also the smallest debt in proportion to assessment. Such, sir, is the happy and flourishing condition of affairs in Ottawa under the present system of municipal government, which our friends opposite would have you cast to the winds for the adoption of a scheme of theirs, which is at best a tissue of theories, and which, I have shown you, by depriving the people of a voice in the management of their civic affairs, has resulted in all kinds of discontent and dissatisfaction in Washington. Once again, no comment on my part is necessary.

Now, I do not wish to imply that our present system of civic government is perfect. It has some shortcomings. But I would like to know what system of government has not. However, I do maintain that its defects are not 1-10, no, not 1-100, as many or as great as are those in the scheme of my opponent. And, supposing the present system has some defects, have not the people in their

hands the power to remedy these defects at the polls each year? And this, sir, is the crucial point of the whole question. According to the proposition advanced by the last speaker, the people are to be stripped of this power. Their franchise is to be taken from them. The administration of their civic affairs is to be handed over to three commissioners; in other words, three creatures of the party in power in the Dominion Parliament. These men will continue to levy taxes on the people of Ottawa, but the latter shall not have a word to say in the spending of these taxes, or in the administration of things generally. In a word, we are brought back to the days of "taxation without representation." Now, sir, that any British citizen should have the audacity to get up and publicly advocate such a scheme in the age of democracy in which we are living—such a thing, I say, is almost incredible. Yet, that is what our friends opposite are doing tonight. I ask them, then, in all sincerity, are they not ashamed to stand up here and ask the people of Ottawa to surrender a principle—a principle which involves all the great power that accompanies the right to vote—are they not ashamed, I say, to ask you to surrender this principle for a mere money consideration? What sort of a nation would they make of Canada when they wish us to sell, for dollars and cents, that which is most cherished in our hearts, and for which our ancestors fought for centuries? We are all proud of British institutions. But, I ask you, what is left of them if we take from them the privilege of the franchise—that privilege on which is based all that is noble and lofty in British liberty? Such is the scheme our opponents would have you adopt. Such is the scheme the adoption of which we so strenuously oppose. It certainly should not be difficult for you to decide which is working for the best interests of the people of Ottawa. Advocates of this idea are very anxious to impress on you, also, that what they really want is not money, but better civic administration. Let us apply a simple test to this: Suppose the proposition were submitted to the people, that in order to secure better civic administration we should ask for a government commission to rule us—without government money, of course. How many in Ottawa would say yes? Not one in a thousand. What happens our friend's argument then? It falls to the earth. Money, then, is what the question hinges on; not better administration, and I have shown you that Ottawa would lose money by the change.

Now, one last word on the condition of affairs in Washington:

Permit me to quote you another extract from the article before mentioned in *Encyclopædia Americana*. It says: "The District of Columbia enjoys a unique form of government, which is seemingly at variance with all republican principles. The President of the United States and the two Houses of Congress are to Washington what the mayor and council are to other cities. The commisisoners have no power to appropriate the money used in the government. Congress determines upon all public improvements, and nothing can be done, not even so little a thing as the purchase of a box of friction matches, without authority from Congress." This is the arrangement our opponents seek to have introduced into Ottawa, but the introduction of which we strongly oppose, for, sir, we maintain that the larger affairs of the country in general are exacting all the energies of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his cabinet, and that these men have neither the time nor the inclination to experiment in local municipal government. Just think for a moment all the cumbersome machinery of the House of Commons and the Senate through which every little item, even to the purchase of a box of matches, would have to pass before any action could be taken. If the people had any grievance their only source of redress would be through Parliament. Now, the experience of Washington proves that the great majority of the members take practically no interest in the manner in which the city's municipal affairs are managed; so that the people's chances for redress would be but slight. I am sorry to have to tell my friends opposite that there is nothing in this arrangement to recommend it to the people of Ottawa over the present system. On the contrary, they have everything to lose by it. I can't even imagine them ever adopting such a scheme. In fact, what happened when this proposition was submitted to them in January last? It was repudiated by a majority of over 800 votes. Now, sir, I ask you in all sincerity, who should know what is best for the people of Ottawa—the people themselves, or these two gentlemen on your right?

The last speaker has endeavored to confine this issue by making it simply one between the present system and an arbitrary government commission. This may suit his purposes, but the real issue is something far wider. There is no necessity for Ottawa to adhere to the present aldermanic system. It was good in its day, and even yet it is infinitely better than slavery to any tribunal appointed without the voice or vote of the people of Ottawa. But it is not necessarily here to stay. If the people want to change it into a comm's-

sion tomorrow, they can do so. There is no necessity for them to throw their franchise at the government in order to get government money. I ask our friends opposite why would not a scheme by which Ottawa would be governed by an elective mayor and a board of control, composed partly of representatives elected by the city, and partly of appointees of the government, with the government contributing towards the civic revenue—why, I say, would not such a scheme embody all the advantages of the Washington proposition, and none of its disadvantages? It is surely by some such arrangement as this and not by any such absurd proposal as that of my friend opposite, that the present difficulty will be gotten over.

Another argument in our favor is that the fine results, from a standpoint of beauty, that have been obtained in Washington are largely due to the fact that the city is under the supervision of a corps of the United States army engineers. In Ottawa there is no such body to which the city could be turned over. Again, where Washington has, and always had, a great advantage, is in the splendid civic plan outlined over 100 years ago by the French engineer, L'Enfant, and along which improvements have since proceeded. Had Ottawa, with her greater natural beauty, had the same intelligent conception of the future applied to her conditions and possibilities at the time of Confederation, we have not the least doubt but that today she would be quoted to Washington as an example of the greatest of civic success. And, sir, we are confident that if in Washington the same civic revenue as has been available there owing to government assistance had been administered by civic representatives, instead of by government satraps, Washington would be a finer city than she is today, while her people would have a full title to the respect of the rest of the continent, instead of occupying, as they do, the disgraceful position of being the only community of English-speaking people in North America who are political slaves.

J. E. McNEILL, '07.

CANADIAN STREAMS.

O unsung streams—not splendid themes

Ye lack to fire your patriot dreams!

Annals of glory gild your waves,

Hope freights your tides, Canadian streams!

ONE OF CANADA'S ASSETS.



THE forest, as a natural feature, is rapidly disappearing. As a source of wealth it bids fair to be closed in a short while if more vigilance and care be not exercised in regard to it. The forest is a matter of interest to every class of men, from the lumberer, the mechanic, the laborer, the invalid in search of health, to the farmer, the lover of nature, and the geologist.

A forest is not a mere clump of trees. It has been aptly described as a community of living things, the most important of which is the tree. Other organisms, like plants and animals, being set aside, this article will be wholly devoted to explaining the utility and necessity of forests. That forests, converted into lumber, play a most important part in the industrial arts and in the commercial world is a matter which needs little attention in this short article. Other views of the subject are numerous, and, perhaps, more interesting from a student's point of view.

If forest protection of itself has no immediate end, nevertheless, in connection with forest origin and growth, it contributes largely to the picturesqueness and greatness of our fair Dominion. The best minds in the country are at work, and are forming powerful societies, the aim of which is to fight the reckless inroads made upon this valuable national asset. These societies, with the sanction of Provincial and Federal Governments, are actively engaged in searching for the best means of preserving the last vestiges of our forests. The worst foe of woodlands is fire; through its destructive agency large tracts are annually left bare. The loss in valuable lumber, pulp and fire wood is incalculable, apart from the irreparable damage done to the soil in being robbed of its rich, mucky element, its seeds and its vegetable growth. By one conflagration last year huge sections of western Ontario were converted into desolate wastes.

Persons guilty of carelessness in setting out fires should be condignly punished. The chief offenders in this respect are campers, hunters and railroads. If no penalty be found effective, stringent measures to prevent access to the forest districts might well be adopted.

The student of geology sees in the forest a mighty agent for controlling and modifying the forces of nature. By its process, slow,

but adequate, vast lakes and swamps become fertile plains. The forest is, indeed, a soil-producer. The waste falling from the trees litters the forest floor: it there decays, gradually accumulating into layers of humus, or detritus. Eventually the trees themselves undergo the same process. After a life ranging from three or four score to five or six thousand years, they die, leaving their woody fibre to decay and to be incorporated into the layers of new soil. But trees seldom meet with a natural death. Presenting an increasingly greater surface to gales as the years pass, many are blown down, whereupon they are seized by moisture, which is generally present, and quickly converted into humus. Bye-and-bye the layer stands exposed above the water-mark, and the seeds, drifting into the sediment, proceed to grow and to furnish matter in their turn. So marked has this formation been in some southern States that what was a great swamp of a few years back is now a wooded region, higher than the surrounding country. Borings into the mucky soil revealed shells many feet beneath the surface, whereupon it was concluded that sea and vegetation had alternated in forming this land.

The forest is also considered a soil-improver. The fertility of virgin soil is unsurpassed. The forest humus, containing the very essence of plant food, is, in addition, extremely porous, open, therefore, to the full play of sun, rain and atmosphere. It is adapted to hold moisture and oxygen in abundance, while it resists the washing away, by heavy rains, of the nutriment required at the plant roots. In accordance with these principles, the Canadian Forestry Association favors the scheme of buying up worn-out farms in order to reforest them. It is believed that these can be reclaimed to agriculture. There are districts in Ontario where land has ceased to be cultivable. Reforestration, it is hoped, will make such land as productive as it was at its first clearing.

In consequence of the destruction of forests, floods have grown more frequent and disastrous. Recent landslides and avalanches are attributable to the same cause. No doubt the extent of rainfall, the steepness of slopes, the nature and surface of the soil must be considered. No doubt the stripping of hills of trees permits quantities of loose earth to be set in motion by accumulations of water from heavy rainfalls. Even where this danger does not exist the lighter and richer soil is swept into the near-by rivers. Not only in Canada, but in every agricultural country, fields have become un-

productive in this manner. To replant the high places would tend to stay the rush off of water and hold down the soil. The trees, with their roots, embrace a large area and grasp the shifting particles of earth, forming the bottom into a clinging, spongy mass, capable of absorbing large amounts of water. Thus natural reservoirs are provided for the rainstorms, and sloping regions are no longer exposed to floods, landslides and avalanches.

Forests are also effective against the driving sandstorms that fairly obliterate country-sides and villages. In Canada dry winds have ruined crops in a single day. Belts of trees afford a sufficient barrier. In western Canada it has been found impossible to cultivate orchards without the protection of forest groves to the north and west.

One of the more attractive elements of health-giving surroundings is a well-preserved forest. The ideal country in this respect is that in which there is a suitable proportion of woodland and prairie. The forest near health resorts, such as those of the White Mountains and the Adirondacks, is worth more, far more, than its value in lumber, in fact, is beyond price. Is it not providential that our country is so diversified; that it has hills crowned by beautiful forests, while in the valley are smiling fields and irrigated meadows? And thus what comfort and facilities the sections more favored in this regard afford to hundreds of men, women and children who annually flock thither from the more populous centres for the benefit of their health.

Much more may be said on the subject of forests, but our readers are sufficiently familiar, doubtless, with the many reasons there are, not only for deploring the destruction that has been wrought, but for taking practical measures towards the guardianship of one of the greatest of national assets—our forests.

A. STANTON, '09.

SOVEREIGN MOMENTS.

Life has two sovereign moments;
One when we settle down
To some life-worthy purpose,—
One when we grasp the crown.

A MIDNIGHT CALL.



IN a little town of Varnes, in southern France, lived an aged priest. For a number of years he had curates, but he had long since been left alone to do the whole work of the parish himself. But this was not so very great at this time, because the population, which had once been fairly large, had been steadily decreasing for several years. At the time of my story there were only about one hundred families attending the church.

The old man lived a very lonely life, there being but two others in the house besides himself, an old housekeeper, a distant relative of his own, and an orphan boy, who had lately taken up the position of chore-boy.

One cold night of December the whole house was suddenly awakened by a terrific hammering at the hall door. The priest immediately arose and threw it open. Almost simultaneously a senseless form, wrapped in black, fell forward over the threshold. The old man stood there in a bewildered state for a few moments, but soon grasped the situation. Having lifted the almost lifeless body, he conveyed the woman, for such it was, to his sitting-room, where the fire had not yet completely died out. Throwing a few fagots on it, he had soon a blazing fire. By this time the housekeeper and the boy had arrived on the scene. The former then set to work to restore life into the seemingly lifeless body. Very soon the woman opened her eyes, but could not collect her thoughts for a while. But then, in a terribly excited voice, she implored the priest to go to the bed-side of her dying husband. Receiving the directions, the brave old man set out cheerfully on his laborious journey. The woman wanted to accompany him, but he would not think of such a thing.

This night was the worst ever heard of in the annals of that country. The snow was coming down in sheets, and the keen north wind was blowing it hither and thither into multitudinous drifts. The old priest plodded his way but slowly through these. Time and again he had to stop either to gain breath or to rest his weary limbs. Piles of snow were being formed right in his pathway, and he dared not leave this, for fear he might get lost. Sometimes he even almost gave up hope of ever reaching his destination. But the hope of receiving a lost sheep back to the true fold was the only thing that goaded him on.

At last he reached the house of the dying man. He recognized him as one who had long since left the church for the debased principles of freemasonry. Gladly giving absolution to the poor penitent, he prepared him for death. He then started on his homeward journey.

He had gone but a few miles when the fierce onslaught of snow compelled him to seek some retreat. Wandering for a few hundred yards from his path, he came to the ruins of an old abbey. But before he had entered very far he heard the voices of men in a deep discussion. Wondering whom these might be, he crept as closely as possible. He could not make much out of the first part of their conversation, but gleaned from the rest that they intended robbing some place. This aspect interested him, and he drew nearer to see if he could find out their destination. It did not take him very long in discovering that it was against his own church and himself that they were plotting. Waiting for no more, he softly glided away.

The storm had now somewhat abated, and the servant of God made his return journey much more quickly. When he had gained the house he imparted to the inmates the sacrilegious crime that was about to be committed. He sent the boy for the help of a few of his parishioners, and with these he softly entered the church. After offering up a prayer before the high altar, they made ready for the assault.

It was not long before they heard a slight noise at the sacristy window. They then thither hastily repaired, and stood in readiness for the burglars. Very soon the window flew open and two midnight marauders leaped down. Almost immediately they were bound hand and foot by the faithful followers of the priest. The third one, who was on guard outside, hearing the noise of the struggle inside, hastily made his retreat. Next morning the two would-be plunderers were tried and sent to prison for several years.

It was truly God who sent the woman on that eventful night. She was not a Catholic herself, but the pleadings of her husband and her own conscience forced her on her journey. The priest, always willing to do the Divine Will, helped to frustrate this most sacrilegious burglary. From that day to this he has always thanked God for making him the instrument of defending His Church.

V. K. O'GORMAN, '09.

ATHLETES AND ATHLETICS.

THE distinction between the words amateur and professional originated among the Greeks. With them the paid contestants of the arena, or *agonistai*, belonged to the lower classes, and engaged in the public games for a livelihood, while amateurs, or *athletai*, were persons of rank and wealth, and took part solely for the honor and diversion derived therefrom.

The English, essentially a race of athletes, were slow in acknowledging the term professionalism. As time went on, however, conditions changed and a place was made for professionals, as they were called, who competed in the sports and received compensation for the hours they gave. These, as of old, were of the poorer classes. They thought little of any ideal in sports, and cared less what the elevating influence these were supposed to exert on the community. At one period the two elements mingled together, and the term athlete was applied indiscriminately to both. This state of affairs was, however, of short duration; the old rivalry and antagonism broke out afresh. The conception of athletics for their own sakes continued to gain adherents, who firmly held that bodily development, not livelihood, was the true purpose of this department of human activity.

It can hardly be contested that physical sports are eminently useful in developing the body and in recreating the mind, making a man fit for great things. The momentous victory at Thermopylæ has been attributed to the Olympic games. The strenuous exercises to which the Roman youth gave themselves helped to supply the Republic with an invincible soldiery. The triumph at Waterloo, in the opinion of Wellington, was prepared on the cricket lawns of Oxford and Cambridge, though Mr. Dooley may not be far from the truth in saying that Waterloo was won on the potato fields of Ireland.

Professionalism has been the bane of all honest sport, by placing it in control of a limited and inferior class of athletes. Professionalism became the resort of low characters, who, more gifted physically than intellectually and morally, engaged in this pursuit because it afforded them a maximum of gain for a minimum of exertion. Their ranks are swollen, also, by promising young students, who, forsaking useful careers for an all too brief athletic success, find themselves forced, in the day of defeat, to become hang-

ers-on and loafers, subject to poverty and vice. Is it at all wonderful that men of self-respect and genuine sportsmen refuse to participate in whatever may associate them with grafters, crooks, and idlers? Amateurism would obviate these abuses and throw athletic games open to all who were competent, and cared, to take part in them.

Men, who seek proficiency in athletics solely for the beneficial exercise and emulation they afford generally have no desire to excel at the expense of fair play, or to the material injury of opponents, or of those who promote these things. But when mercenary interests predominate the door is opened to all sorts of dishonest trickery and to the foulest, nay, often murderous practices. The waning athlete, to retain his value in the market, seizes every opportunity to maim and disable his rivals, and to increase his receipts he will not refuse a bribe inducing him to betray his employers. An athlete of this type very quickly degenerates into the criminal.

The object of athletics is to train up stalwart and robust men. The years of youth are, above all, the time for physical development. Sports belong properly to this period, and, if properly conducted, they will then produce best results. But professionalism, looking only to its purse, sees no return in the initiatory stages of training. It hires the seasoned veteran, who is more disposed to rest than exercise, and it requires him to maintain his superiority even as he ages and stiffens. This he does by recourse to methods very questionable, but, unfortunately, effective in fending off possible successors. The young generation of athletes, neglected, discouraged and attacked, grow up weak and untrained, content at last to adopt the role of passive onlookers.

The public is clearly in favor of clean sport, nevertheless it finds that it must bargain with professionalism. Are games arranged, or the time approaches, the country is scoured for available material by the respective associations interested. The ablest athletes are the object of most extravagant offers. Immense expenditures are made. The merits of the various competitors are canvassed and advertised, the chances of victory recounted, and interest excited to a fever heat. A rare spectacle is promised. And generally the outlay is far exceeded by the gate receipts.

Evidently, if athletics are to be reduced to their proper sphere admission prices and high salaries must be strictly tabooed. If charges are necessary let them be so imposed as to cover only legi-

timate expenses, and not to enrich beyond measure the officers or members of the clubs.

Open professionalism is bad enough. Still, as long as it is conducted according to legitimate business methods and the public patronise it, it will exist. The same cannot be said, however, of a species of concealed professionalism, wherein athletes, while claiming to be amateurs, are known to demand and receive directly and indirectly emoluments for their services. It is this element that is causing confusion in the athletic world today. Praiseworthy attempts are being made to remove this taint from our midst, not always with success. Associations are formed to preserve and promote the amateur ideal. Men of spirit, who have at heart the physical welfare of their sons in school and college, are giving their earnest support to the reforming movement.

EDMUND F. BYRNES, '09.

PATIENCE.

It takes a heap o' week days
To prepare for Sunday's rest;
It takes a heap o' ripenin'
Till the fruit is at its best;
It takes a heap o' practice
Till you learn to sing a song—
A lot o' patience is required
To push this world along.

It takes a heap o' weather
Goin' every kind o' way,
Before we see the plendor
Of a truly perfect day.
An' it often takes long sorrow
Ere you earn the right to smile,
But it sure is worth the waitin'
To be happy for awhile.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. X.

OTTAWA, ONT., NOVEMBER, 1907.

No. 2

THE DEBATING CLUB.

The debating season is on. The first meeting mustered but a fair attendance. Why so many of the seniors, interns and externs, show what seems to be contemptuous indifference towards the work of the most meritorious society in their midst is incomprehensible. Scarcely any discipline marked in the curriculum, save perhaps philosophy and theology, is of greater use after leaving college than the trained ability to speak in public. The mastery of this art ensures a decided advantage to the possessor in no matter what profession. In public life and in all large gatherings, it is the man who speaks his mind clearly and forcibly who forges to the front. Rarely is oratory an inborn gift. Great speakers candidly confess that any proficiency they exercise is due mainly to painstaking toil, to efforts in a large degree taking the form of first attempts to speak in public. Mere reading and committing the speeches of masters to memory does not dispense the tyro from the preliminary painful

experiences of fright and other difficulties, as was evinced in the case of Demosthenes himself. The debating club puts its members through the initial stages. Impartial, but kindly, criticism notes the prominent defects which subsequent speeches will be freed from. The time spent at debates is not wasted, especially if sensible extemporaneous remarks contribute to the general fund. The favorite with his mates, or the much-lauded athlete, will soon wane if he ignores this accomplishment. The aim is not, indeed, vain applause, but the manifestation of sterling worth, of intellectual strength in the defense of right, truth, religion. There are too many men, clever and eminently cultured, before the public advocating in church and secular matters pernicious doctrines almost without let or hindrance, because those who love the truth and would die for it are helplessly dumb. What a vast field there is for men who are valiant and who have trained themselves for the defence of the right. They may go into scientific circles, into parliament and before political assemblies, into meetings of working men and into various fraternal organizations, there to meet erroneous teachings triumphantly. The student who neglects any of his regular studies and who ignores the benefit of the debating club will not qualify for much of the success marked out for his more diligent classmate.

Book Review.

Among the new books of the past month are three from the pen of "A Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus." They are especially adapted for youth. In "The Gift of the King" we have an explanation of the history, doctrine and ceremonies of the Holy Mass. It is written in a simple, pleasing style, and interspersed with entertaining anecdotes. The book is nicely illustrated, as also are its two companion volumes, "The Miracles of Our Lord" and "The Friends of Jesus." They are suitable Christmas gifts for the young folks. Benziger Bros., New York. Price, 60c each.

The "Catholic Home Annual" for 1908 is a splendid number. Benziger Bros., 25 cts.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

D. Collin, '06, and G. Lamothe paid the College a short visit when up with the National football team, of Montreal.

M. Conway, '01; T. Harpell, '03; Hugh Macdonald, '04; R. Byrnes, '05; J. Lajoie, V. McFadden, N. Fleming, J. B. McDonald, P. P. A. Smith, and J. McCool were among the number of our "old boys" to give the College team a hearty welcome on its recent trip to Toronto.

Rev. M. F. Fallon, O. M. I., '89, Buffalo, was an interested spectator at the College-Toronto 'Varsity game in Toronto. No doubt but that it brought back many pleasant memories of the days when he himself was the coach of our College teams.

Wm. Kennedy, one of the mainstays of the Queen's fourteen, renewed old acquaintances when up with his team.

Rev. Fleming, P. P., of Chesterville, was a welcome visitor to College Halls during the past month.

Rev. N. Nilles, O. M. I., Mattawa, made a short visit on his way home from the Superiors' retreat at Lachine.

His Lordship Bishop Pascal, O. M. I., Vicar Apostolic of Saskatchewan, paid a short visit to the University during the month.

THE REVIEW recently received an interesting letter from Francis Burns, '02. He is now a successful lawyer in Watertown, N.Y. N. Y.

F. French, ex '05, managed to purloin a short holiday from his professional duties and came down to see College beat 'Varsity. Fel. is now practising dentistry in Renfrew.

"Larry" Brennan, a prominent member of the football squad a couple of years ago, is visiting old friends in Ottawa after spending several months prospecting up through the Cobalt mining district.

Jno. Walsh, '05, now in charge of the school at Plantagenet, was a welcome visitor to the "Sanctum" when up to see the Toronto 'Varsity-College game on Thanksgiving Day.

THE REVIEW was glad to hear from an old editor, Rev. Jno. Macdonnell, '02, now curate in Cornwall.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. H. Boyer.

On October 28th, after a long and trying illness, borne with Christian fortitude, Mrs. Hubert Boyer died at Montreal, aged 57. Left to mourn her loss are her husband, four sons, Joseph and Thomas, of Montreal, Raoul, of S. & H. Borbridge, Ottawa, Rev. J. B. Boyer, O. M. I., of the University, and two daughters, Mrs. Jos. David, Westmount, and Miss Yvonne, at home. THE REVIEW extends to Rev. Fr. Boyer and the afflicted family its sincerest sympathy in this their hour of sorrow.

ATHLETICS.

Queens vs. College.

The College fourteen have opened the series with a win, defeating Capt. Williams and his stalwarts by a score of 13 to 9. The Queen's representatives journeyed from Kingston to Ottawa determined to open the season with a victory on the Oval, but for the third successive time they have met defeat on the local gridiron.

The day was an ideal one for football, and a large crowd, including a numerous contingent of Queen's supporters, occupied the stand and bleachers. Queen's won the toss and defended the south goal, with a slight wind in her favor. Shortly after play opened College secured its first score on a pretty drop by Bawlf. The locals seemed to have the best of the fight until about five minutes before half-time, when Queen's advanced the ball to College 5-yard line. In vain did the wearers of the Garnet and Grey try to hold back their heavy opponents. Macdonnell was sent over the College line for a try, which Williams failed to convert. A couple of long punts from Williams caused the College backs to rouge twice. The score was now: Queen's, 7; College, 4, when the half ended, with the ball on Queen's 20-yard line.

The second period opened auspiciously for Queen's, College being forced to rouge twice within the first five minutes. But now the locals braced up and said to themselves we will have this game or die. The punting at this juncture between Williams and Bawlf was startling, but as College had the wind, Bawlf generally made

the better of the contest. Among the forwards Filiatreault, Joron and Smith were the most conspicuous, tearing down upon their opponents like panting tigers. This onslaught weakened somewhat the nerve of the red, yellow and black, and on a long punt from Bawlf, Williams fumbled the leather, which Smith promptly fell upon for a try. Bawlf failed to convert, and the score was now 9-9. The College yells and songs, which presently resounded from hundreds of throats seemed to give the locals new strength, for from this until the whistle blew they outclassed their heavy opponents in every point of the game. Point after point was added, until, when the game ended, the score-board read 13 to 9 in favor of the Garnet and Grey.

The College team:—

Bawlf—Full-back.	Street	} Scrimmage.
O'Neil—Centre.	Chartrand	
Whelan—R. half.	Courtois	
Hart—L. half.	Filiatreault	} Middle.
Dean—Quarter.	Smith	
Harrington	Troupe	} Outside.
Higgerty	Joron	

'Varsity 7—College 13.

The College cup of happiness was filled to overflow when her sturdy fourteen defeated the 'Varsity aggregation by 13 to 7 in one of the best exhibitions of Rugby football ever witnessed in Toronto. It was a glorious victory, as it was the first win away from home since her initiation into the Intercollegiate Union.

It was a very silent and determined band that journeyed to the Queen City on Friday night to do or die. The teams lined up on a field in perfect condition, soft, dry, and level. An enormous crowd had assembled, the great majority of whom wore blue and white ribbons, and the field was literally bounded by a sea of faces. On the west side some hundreds of 'Varsity student rooters were assembled in battle array, led by a gentleman with a huge megaphone and a musician with a cornet. The splendid singing and cheering of this evidently well-practiced body formed one of the features of the match.

College won the toss and decided to play down hill, with a slight breeze blowing. The team was the same as on the previous Saturday with the exception of Conway, who replaced Hart, and

McDonald, who replaced O'Neil. A duel of punts between Kennedy and Bawlf was the first feature of the game. On a long, low, twirling punt from Bawlf the forwards followed fast and downed Kennedy on 'Varsity's 5-yard line. On the third down 'Varsity lost the ball, which was given to College, and McDonald went over for a try, Bawlf converting. The play was now very fast, and on a scrimmage on 'Varsity's 25-yard line Bawlf tried a drop, which went low, but McDonald captured the pig-skin and went over for another try. Bawlf again converted amid great applause. College was now forced back, and Kennedy kicked for a touch in goal. The ball now travelled up the field, Joron making a 20-yard run, and on being tackled had his shoulder dislocated. Joron had been playing a star game at left wing, and was replaced by Hart, who did noble work. Ottawa was now forced back to her 5-yard line. 'Varsity, seeing that it was useless to try to buck the College line, had to kick on the third down for a point. The whistle blew shortly afterwards for half-time, with the score 12 to 2 in favor of Ottawa.

The second half opened with a good run by Dean, and on the third down Bawlf kicked for a touch in goal. College seemed to tire somewhat, and the result was that five rouges were marked against her in this half. But towards the end of the game the team once more struck its pace and brought the ball down to mid-field. Harrington's runs around the left end in this half were conspicuous, his encouraging words also being very timely. Shortly afterwards the whistle blew for full time, and the score was 13 to 7 for Ottawa. The supporters of the Garnet and Grey, overjoyed, under the leadership of Fr. Stanton, sang that old refrain, "Hurrah! Hurrah! We are Champions Again."

Queen's 15—College 15.

The game between Queen's and College will long be remembered as one of the closest and fiercest battles fought out on the Queen's campus. As the weather and field were all that could be desired, the game was one of the cleanest and snappiest exhibitions of football seen for a long time in the Limestone City.

Those who saw the teams start at such a snappy pace little thought it could last through two halves, but not a whit did either team relax till the whistle blew. It was anyone's game, as the score at full time indicates. College won the toss and decided to play up hill, with a slight breeze in her favor. A great punting contest en-

sued between Williams and Bawlf. College scored her first two points on rouges. Then Queen's tallied one. This was the standing until just a minute before half time, when Ottawa lost the ball on her own 5-yard line. On the second down Queen's pushed Chart-rand over for a try, which Williams failed to convert. A few seconds after half-time was called.

Queen's, in the second half, soon added another point, when Bawlf kicked the ball into touch behind his own goal line. College now braced up, shoving the red, white and blue all over the field. The ball was scrimmaged on Queen's 10-yard line, and on the third down Filiatreault was rushed over for a try, Bawlf converting once again. Queen's tied the score by a rouge, but College again took the lead by a touch in goal. Then came Bawlf's penalty goal for two more, and he followed it up with a neat drop from the field for four. It was now 15 to 8, and everything looked Garnet and Grey; but College got into difficulties and Bawlf had to rouge twice. A minute later Ottawa lost the ball on her own 5-yard line, and Chart-rand, of Queen's, was sent over for a try that Turner failed to convert. This ended the scoring, although College had Queen's on her 10-yard line during the last couple minutes of the game. When time was called the score-board read 16 to 15 for College, but the referee's decision was 15 to 15. Had College known this she could have easily made the winning point on a kick, but, "although we did not win, nevertheless we were not defeated," was the story. The team journeyed home on the special Saturday night, and, when recalling fond recollections, each one thought that he had done his duty and done it well.

The College Seconds have been admitted into the City League. The league is comprised of four teams, viz.: O. A. C., Civil Service, National and College. The league promises to make good, and Mr. H. Lambert, manager of our youngsters, is President of the said association. Two games have been played. College shut out the Civil Service on the Hill 11 to 0, but she met defeat from the Nationals on the Oval, 16 to 1. The Nationals are much heavier and should not be allowed to play against such light men as comprises the College squad.

Fr. Stanton has made a reputation this fall, which places him second to no one as a coach of Canadian Rugby football.

Each and every man of the College team is playing great and

scientific football, and it has been proven this year that it is not the weight which counts, but system, speed and determination.

The Trip to Kingston.

Ever since October of 1906 many of our students have been patiently looking forward to the trip to Kingston, which is fast becoming an annual affair. A glance at the schedule showed the date, and funds for the occasion were carefully protected since the beginning of the season. One more factor in the preparation and the "coast was clear." This was permission from the proper authority. Although it had been repeatedly calculated by analogy and by the laws of probability that this permission was forthcoming, yet we were not sure. On the evening of the 25th October, when Rev. Fr. Finnegan made the anticipated announcement that "All were free to go," the vociferous applause which followed clearly indicated that the number choosing the alternative was greatly in the minority.

The next morning the sun rose gloriously, giving promise to all our expectations of a pleasant day. We arose early, for we expected to make a long and happy day of it. Everybody was in fine spirits and eager for the trip. This could be noticed in the chapel, for the prayers in common were said with more fervor and devotion than they usually are. I doubt not but that each one offered up a short prayer privately to the Master of all nature, asking for a pleasant day. Immediately after mass we ate our breakfast, and we were hardly through with the meal when the Rev. Prefect tapped the bell. He well knew that it was none too soon for us, as we were all anxious to start.

About seven o'clock we all arrived at the depot, having secured mouth-organs with horn attachments, rattles, bean-blowers, etc. At the station we found a large number of the supporters of the Garnet and Grey ready to take advantage of the excursion to Kingston. Arrangements had been previously made for a car to be placed at the disposal of the first team and coaches. "James" was wisely constituted guardian of the door, and when any one except a player attempted to enter therein his gentle voice was heard, "Private car." At the appointed time, 7.15, the train started, and thus began the "trip" which has been the topic of discussion for several weeks in College circles.

The whole time on the train was occupied in singing and giving the College yells. One young fellow—Bay Richards—was so anxious to be first at the Limestone City that he hung on the car steps the whole time going. Eddie Leacy had many funny stories to tell us about the good times he had when he was with his papa on the farm. "Jim" recited amusing experiences in riding his ponies to water under extenuating circumstances, and John Corkery spoke frequently and fluently about the fascination of playing euchre with Father K.

It was nearly one o'clock when we reached our destination, all feeling happy and gay. At the station we met a number of our college friends of other days, such as O'Meara, Veilleux and Overend. Those three at once proceeded to entertain on a royal scale, pointing out the chief places of interest in the historic city.

About 2.30 we all marched to Queen's campus to watch the game and cheer our men to victory. Throughout the game the cheering was intense, and one would think the onlookers were a crowd of fanatics. The score-board across the campus showed us all through the spectacular game that victory pointed towards the wearers of the Garnet and Grey. The final score read 15 all, and since this was our third game without a defeat, were we not justified in singing "We're Champions Again?"

At 9.30 we embarked on the homebound voyage. The trip back was enlivened with songs and College yells, which apparently greatly agitated the ancient equanimity of the villagers of Smith's Falls. We reached O. U. after midnight very fatigued, but thoroughly satisfied with our "Trip to Kingston."

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

En Roulant for Garnet and Grey.

The Washington Club is again organized. On the evening of October 16th its members were summoned for their first meeting of the year. The following executive was elected to look after the interests of this social club, the object of which is to foster and guard that spirit of patriotism so strong in the hearts of its members:

Rev. Moderator—P. J. Hammersley, B.A.

President—J. Edward McCarthy.

Vice-President—F. Matthew Deahy.

Secretary—James J. Gallagher.

Treasurer—W. Clyde Troupe.

On Tuesday evening, November 5th, a social was given by the club, and a few very pleasant hours were spent in conversation and happy union. About 9.30 they were favored with a light lunch, which was heartily enjoyed by all, even by * * * and * * *. After luncheon the happy and enthusiastic crowd assembled in the recreation hall, where many of the members broke forth in song and speech. All who contributed to the evening's program reflected great credit upon themselves. Rev. Fathers Hammersley, Stanton and Kunz participated in the banquet, and their words of good cheer and encouragement were thoroughly appreciated by all present. The melodious strains of the Star Bangled Banner brought to a close what all considered "A jolly good time."

The first meeting of the Literary and Debating Society was held on the evening of October 25th. The question at issue was: "Resolved, that professionalism is injurious to the character of public sport." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Byrnes and Grace, while Messrs O'Gorman and O'Gara argued for the negative. The four speeches were of a very high order, and reflected the greatest credit upon the debaters. The judges decided in favor of the negative. Between the speeches two vocal selections by Mr. H. Lamothe were well received, and an instrumental duet by Rev. Father Dewe and Mr. Derosiers was heartily encored. The meeting was marked by the presence of Mr. Grierson, President of the C. S. A. A. After the judges had given their decision, Mr. Grierson favored the students with an address relevant to the question. A vote of thanks to the visitor was moved by M. Doyle and seconded by A. Fleming.

The annual meeting of the Inter-University Debating League was held at Queen's on October 31st. Mr. M. Doyle was the representative of the local Debating Society. A few slight amendments to the constitution were sanctioned, and for the ensuing year the following schedule was decided upon:

Toronto at Queen's on December 5.

McGill at Ottawa on December 5.

The winners debate for the championship on January 29.

Mr. John Flautt has the sympathy of his friends and classmates for the death of his brother, which took place recently at Buffalo.

It would be an agreeable surprise to the ordinary man around the University to drop into an orchestra practice and see what progress this organization is making. Under the skillful supervision of Rev. Father Dewe it has already reached an advanced stage in the art of dispensing choicest music. Henceforth the students will look forward to an occasional musical entertainment in the recreation hall.

Prof.—Man is the only being gifted with reason.

C-n-g-n—Alas! Poor woman.

Photo orders! Where? Ground floor, developed by Six in the morning and delivered by Six in the evening. A fancy Comb will be always present in the studio and free instructions on posing by H-ck-tt.

Les—You've a great appetite.

Jim—Yes, I'm taking things for it all the time.

Pud's continual question—"What's the lesson in French for today?"

Mr. J. C-n-gh-n has just completed an illustrated and exhaustive treatise on "Effective Tackling." We promise to publish it next issue.

McK-nn is constantly worrying about how to get rid of his surplus avoirdupois.

Toast:

Here's to the boy who curls his hair
And keeps his face in good repair,
And oft while walking, the folks declare,
Why, there is Larry, the debonnaire.

Kenn.—Why doesn't Austin like to play second wing?

Glen—Because he doesn't like to have Mike's arms around him.

One of our clever captains succeeded fairly well in deceiving the opposing team when he produced the following lines for signals:

O haste thee! Haste! We'll be all in,
Albino loudly cries,
For should they catch us in the glen
My blood would crystallize.

The Sanctuary Society held its first meeting on October 16th, for the purpose of reorganization and election of officers. The following were chosen for the year: Director, Rev. W. J. Collins, O.

M. I. ; President, John Corkery, '09; Vice-President, Allan Fleming, '11; Secretary, P. Conway, '12; Master of Ceremonies, A. Stanton, '09; Sacristan, Frank Corkery, '11.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

"Br-nn-n, B-rk and D-hy this afternoon for mine!"

On Thursday, October 18th, the third team of the Senior Department played a very strenuous game with the best fourteen of the J. A. A. Although the Juniors all played their positions well, they were outclassed, and when time was up the score stood 18-4 against Captain Gallagher's amateurs. W. Perreault, the most aggressive player for the small yard, attributes the low score to the decisions of the referee, Mr. Fleming.


On Thanksgiving Day a chosen team tried conclusions with the famous Snowflakes, who were generated by Jos. Audette. This was a signal victory for the Juniors, the score being 5 to 1. In the line-up for College were noticed M. Rousseau, A. Lamarche and W. Chartrand, the latter in the pink of condition, and chiefly instrumental in winning the game. Rev. Father Binet made an acceptable referee.

Again, on November 2nd, the second team played against the second team from the Juniorate. They succeeded in scoring five points, but their opponents scored three times as many.

,The junior choir is reaching an advanced stage of perfection under its director, Rev. Father Lalonde.

The small yard welcomes back little George S. Costello to their ranks after his extended holidays.

The schedule for the pool and billiard tournament is already prepared, and great interest is centred in this form of amusement.



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CHRISTMAS FAIRIES.

Oh, the Christmas Fairies are in the air !
They're flitting about us and everywhere.
There's the Fairy of Peace and of Good-will ;
And the Fairy of Love that bids no ill
Come on this Christmas Day.

Oh, the Fairy of Cheer sings in the heart,
For the Fairy of Gifts has played its part,
And has brought the Fairy of Gratefulness
For the Saviour's dear Gift of full redress
On that first Christmas Day.

The Fairy of Laughter goes hand in hand
With the Fairy of Feast throughout the land ;
And the Fairy of Song its music brings,
While the Fairy of Bells its rapture rings
On this glad Christmas Day.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ELECTRICAL SCIENCE.



LECTRICITY, like any other preponderating idea, requires volumes to treat it adequately. All this article claims to do is to give a modest sketch of the progress made in this mysterious, but most active, agency, and point out a few of the steps taken to turn it into wealth-giving results. For the last decade or two so great have been the strides made in this department that a complete revolution has resulted in methods of trade and in means of communication. Previously, the power stored up in our great rivers was going to waste, but now, through the agency of the electric motor and the dynamo, this energy has been utilized to run our machinery and to light our cities and towns. Little did the scientists and inventors of a few generations ago picture what has been achieved to-day, much less did they think of forecasting what bids fair to be accomplished in the next ten or twelve years.

It was in the sixth century, before the Christian era, that the existence of this mysterious, though widespread and active, element began to be discussed. Thales, a Grecian philosopher, observed, in some of his experiments, that amber, rubbed by a bit of silk, exhibited the property of attracting light bodies. In fact, it is from the Greek word for amber that the term electricity is derived. The knowledge of the ancients stopped here. No more discoveries were made before the sixteenth century, in the latter period of which an English scientist noticed that not merely amber, but other bodies as well, such as sealing-wax and glass, possessed this property of attraction. This led to the method of producing electricity by friction.

In the year 1752, Benjamin Franklin, a name illustrious in statecraft and philosophy, demonstrated his theory of the analogy between lightning and electricity. His experiment consisted in flying a kite provided with a metal tip, which, if his theory were correct, would attract electricity from the clouds as soon as the kite had soared to a sufficient altitude. To the cord of the kite was attached a latch-key, insulated from the ground by a silk thread. According to his theory, the touching of the key with the hand should elicit a spark. For a time, to Franklin's utter dismay, no spark rewarded his efforts. The scientist was almost in despair when rain occurred, moistening the cord, which thereupon became a good conductor, and the expected spark resulted. So the theory

of the electrified condition of the clouds in stormy weather was shown to have a basis. It was then easy to surmise that electricity was no insignificant element, and that in time much might be achieved by means of it. This, and some little knowledge picked up about pith-balls and electric sparks, included all that the eighteenth century knew about electricity. Not until the following century was any really important advance recorded.

Galvani, an Italian scientist, led the way towards the production of a continuous current by showing that bodies might be electrified by means of chemicals. His experiments suggested to Volta, in 1850, the electric cell, the same as is used to-day, with but few alterations. At the same period another important step was made in the discovery of the relation between electricity and magnetism. Previous to this scientists had been quite well acquainted with the use of the magnet and its property of attracting bits of iron and steel. But it was never thought that this property might become a titanic force, capable of setting in motion the machinery of great cities. To the genius of Oersted is due this discovery. He found, on passing an electric current through a wire conductor, that the latter was surrounded by a magnetic field, such as encompasses the ordinary magnet. Thereupon he reasoned that magnetism was a property of the electric current. About ten years later Joseph Henry and Michael Faraday found a second relation between the two, which made it possible to produce electricity by magnetism. This was magnetic induction, as it is called, and is the method now used in the manufacture of electricity for commercial purposes. The two discoveries soon lead to the invention of the dynamo and motor, which, at the present day, assist in the centralization and distribution of electric power. In 1834 the electric telegraph, evolving from the principle that electricity causes magnetism, was invented, and ten years later the telephone, employing the principle discovered by Henry and Faraday, was constructed. The importance of these discoveries may appear from the fact that they rendered possible all the electrical contrivances and machines that are indispensable for the commercial world of to-day.

When Tyndall came over to America, about the middle of the nineteenth century, to deliver a course of scientific lectures, he used to light the hall, in which he spoke, a current of electricity supplied by a battery of ordinary cells. The preparation of them required nearly the whole afternoon before each lecture, not to speak of the

poisonous gases given off by the chemical action of the cells. When we compare this method of electric lighting with our modern system, in which the current is let loose by the mere touching of a button in the room, we can conceive the wonderful progress made in the last fifty or sixty years. The modern method in use for the transportation of people in our cities, namely, the electric car, also affords an example of what electricity has accomplished. Electricity is not yet applied, to any great extent, on railroads, yet in a few cases, where the electric motor has supplanted the steam engine, the advantage is so apparent that it is only a question of time when steam power will be entirely done away with. The transmission of electrical power over great distances has contributed to its use in all our great cities. The engines, which only a few years ago spouted steam from every workshop, have, in large numbers, yielded place to electric motors, supplied with power from a central station. If abundant water-power exists near by, it is a simple matter to instal a dynamo to transform it into electrical power.

, Thus, by the many discoveries made in electrical science, and by the wide and cheap utilization of this great natural force in our times, much has been achieved for the material advancement of society. Spurred on by the hope of still greater things, men are everywhere devoting themselves with ardor to this department of activity. Whether it is safe to say so much, it is at least flattering to think that we are only on the threshold of things far greater than any yet accomplished.

J. R. CORKERY, '09.

REVENGE.

"Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges."

SHAKESPEARE'S "Twelfth Night," v. 1.

A king, to fawning courtiers, spake with pride:

"What is yon ragged rhymster's fame to mine?"

Centuries ago, the royal braggart died—

Forgot, save in that poet's deathless line.

—In the *Rosary Magazine*.

TOMMY'S CHRISTMAS EVE.



CHRISTMAS Eve came at last, accompanied by lots of frost and snow. The snow was whirling down in heavy drifts, transforming, as it were, everything to white. But, in spite of the cold and the snow, everybody was out, from the rich banker, with his furs, to the poor little street arab, with his ragged clothes. Many were purchasing things for Christmas Day, while others, who were not so lucky in having money to spend, were looking about to see where they might be able to earn a few pennies for delicacies in behalf of the half-starved little ones at home.

Among the last named was a young boy of about twelve. He had a fine, open face, blue eyes, brown, curly hair, and everything about him proved him to be a perfect little gentleman. But he had not the appearance of such, because he was clad in a garment that was full of holes and rents. His feet were almost bare, and he kept his hands in two holes, which served as pockets, not being able to boast of mitts or gloves. In spite of all this, he seemed very cheerful in the hope of earning some money to buy his little invalid sister, a waif like himself, a modest Christmas present.

Now, these two children lived in a down-town tenement with a woman who was supposed to be their guardian. This woman had faithfully promised their dying mother to treat the children with kindness, but she had children of her own, and so did not like the intruders over much. However, she left them alone most of the time, much to the pleasure of the two orphans. Though the little girl was an invalid from her birth, the boy was a sturdy young Hercules.

These two had been building up fond hopes of having an enjoyable Christmas with the money the little lad would earn that day; but, when he came home empty-handed at supper, nothing but disappointment could be seen on their youthful and innocent faces. However, after supper, the young girl proposed a prayer to the Infant Jesus to send them something for Christmas. They prayed long and earnestly, and when they arose none of the former disappointment could be seen, but faith, that faith, which, even in innocence, was vastly greater than what most people possess.

The youth once more set out. The snow was still coming down

more heavily than ever, and a cold wind was blowing from the north. But, in spite of the weather and his torn garments, the brave little fellow was determined to bring something back to his anxious little sister.

Though he passed many on the streets, none even deigned to look at him standing there shivering in the cold. Crowds were hurrying to and fro, some making for their warm firesides, others to obtain presents for the children at home. The stores were all crowded with people, and the show windows were overflowing with toys and with everything so dear to the hearts of the little ones. Longingly he stood looking in at the windows. How he wished he were rich! He would then be able to buy everything he desired. Once he nearly got a chance of earning a few cents, but another boy pushed in before him. Though he wandered from street to street, he could find no means of obtaining even a few pennies. At last, while standing at a corner, a passing lady happened to drop a parcel, which rolled into the gutter. The boy immediately handed it to her, receiving for his pains the small, though welcome, sum of five cents.

It was now growing late. The poor little fellow had almost given up all hope of ever earning enough to make Christmas Day pleasant for his little sister. Looking in at the window of a confectionery store, he was debating what he should get with his five cents. The window had a certain fascination for him, so much so that he could hardly force himself to leave it.

While standing there in rapt admiration, he was brought back to the reality of this world by the words: "Well, my little man, what are you dreaming about?" The boy was so astonished at this that he stood rooted to the place, unable to say a word. Seeing his astonishment and embarrassment, the gentleman, for such it was, took him into the store. With a little persuasion he found out what the little fellow desired most, and then ordered everything for him.

At last, when all were parcelled up, he ordered a meal for two. Though he was not very hungry, he could plainly see that his young companion was nearly starved. During the meal he saw the boy putting some of the things off his own plate into his pocket, but did not say anything till it was ended. He then asked him what he did that for. The poor little fellow, seeing that he was found out, began to cry, and, amid his tears, he told the gentleman about his poor little invalid sister at home. The gentleman was silent for a few

moments after this recital, for he had once a little baby sister, who, as far as he could remember, resembled in every detail the youth's sister. There was also a little brother, who was only a few years old when he left home. He had been away seven years, and had now come back to find these two. So far he had not been very successful, but he made a resolution to find them at any cost. Looking intently at the boy for a few moments, he demanded his name. "Tom Deil," answered the boy. "And was your father's name John Joseph?" "Yes," said the boy. "Then," said the gentleman, "you are my long sought for brother," and that was a "Merry Christmas" for the two foundlings.

V. K. O'GORMAN, '09.

THE YELLOW PERIL.



HE Yellow Peril, as it is styled, has, since the Russo-Japanese war, ousted other scares. In that unpleasantness one branch of the yellow race scored a decisive fall over a great section of the white race. Since then, what the yellow race could do, by sheer weight of numbers, should it rise against the whites, is giving rise to some disquieting speculations.

The two people most to be dreaded are the Chinamen and the Japanese. In the event of a rising, China will be the main factor, by reason of a population which is more than one-quarter that of the globe. Inferior the Chinaman may be in most respects, but scientists agree that he makes splendid material for a human avalanche once it is started. Intelligent enough to be trained into a crack soldier, all he needs is self-reliance, for he possesses the other ingredients of a powerful nation, namely, blind patriotism and a certain unity of religion. This heathen is apparently unconscious what a menace he is to the peace of the world. A movement to make him break away from his rudimentary civilization, and a leader to fire him with an ambition for world-conquest would be the signal for a fearful upheaval.

This problem remained in the background until the Russo-Japanese war. Japan, it is now recognized, has taken the lead. Having reaped the benefits of emancipation for herself, she will

awaken China out of her slumbers, infusing into the pig-tails that vigor and alacrity which rendered the Mikado's armies irresistible.

Years ago talk of the Yellow Peril was ridiculed. The prospect is greatly altered since the little brown people shot to the position of a first-rate power by driving back their once formidable rival. The San Francisco school affair, the recriminations of the "whites" along the Pacific seaboard, cannot but open one's eyes to the fact that the danger is not wholly imaginary. Further, are we in a very different position from Rome when she lost control of the semi-savage northman hordes, to be finally overwhelmed by their onrush? This modern overflow is slower and less apparent, the invaders themselves not being aware of it as yet. It is like the boy whistling in the dark to make believe that he is not afraid, in us to say: "Johnnie Chink lives in ignorance and filth, and doesn't know he is a peril."

The only true remedy, it would appear, is the positive exclusion of all Asiatics, on the ground that they are injurious to our country, and to our society at large. Some, indeed, claim that is not according to justice to bar these unwelcome invaders from immigrating to Canada and exploiting its resources. This is certainly a novel form of justice, much like letting a stranger walk in on the property of a citizen with the intention of taking possession of and exploiting it for himself. Canada belongs to Canadians as much as other kinds of property belong to their owners. Therefore, it is to be hoped that both the Canadian and American governments will take adequate measures to protect their subjects, as much in totally excluding Orientals as in inviting to Canada's lands our brothers of either Celtic or Teutonic blood. Thereby society and morality will be best subserved.

S. A. COUPAL, '11.

THE ADVENT TIME IS HERE.

Though earth and sky look drear,
And Penance takes command,
Still do our souls expand
With gratitude sincere,—
The Advent time is here,
And Christmas is at hand.

—In the *Ave Maria*.

THE MORAL MARK OF MAN.

I.



ELL deserved and sincere thanks are offered to the REVIEW for the kind welcome it gives to this present essay, which is not scientific, but purely ethical. If I write from a moral standpoint, it is for the sole reason that ethics teach men how to live. Live we must more or less time; hence, of paramount importance is it to learn the art of living. That real men, men worthy of the name, men endowed with lofty ideals, are few is the constant cry of the age. Quite otherwise would it be if, instead of following blindly the leading string of their misdirected inclinations, men were to take resolutely in hand the education of their will and the formation of their character.

Theoretically, a man's character is susceptible of formation and betterment. There is no one who carries not within him the nucleus of a hero, as well as that of a scoundrel. The rose and the nefarious weed may spring up from a same soil. Practically though, limited indeed is the number of those who will courageously breast the difficulties inherent to the arduous task of self-culture and self-mastery, for man is, and always will be, his own, his most tyrannical and persistent enemy. "*J'aime encore mieux forger mon âme que la meubler,*" said Montaigne. May, then, the first part of this essay, which is more or less the adaptation of a masterly little book published in French, prove helpful to my readers of "good will" who feel the laudable ambition of "forging their soul" in order to acquire the most desirable of accomplishments, the most telling of all virtues—virility of character.

What is Character?

The word, etymologically considered, signifies to engrave or to etch. Though numerous are the acceptations of the term under consideration, yet it maintains the same sense of its primitive origin. The first idea it conveys to the mind is that image, vivid and clear, of those Grecian artists deeply furrowing tablets of marble and of bronze to inscribe thereon some national exploits, or to commemorate the mighty deeds of mighty men in indelible characters. Again,

it designates the obvious mark that speaks to the eye; or, it represents the instrument that leaves the imprint. Thus it is that, when one applies a seal to soft wax, the word character is interchangeably used to mean the imprint produced and the instrument that produced it. Indifferently, then, may the word be used to mean the outward expression of man as well as man himself.

In all walks of life a man's character is a matter that receives much attention; it is discussed at length, and in discussing it one generally restricts himself to the moral make-up of man, to his qualities of heart and mind. It is, moreover, in this restricted sense that the word character is taken, for, as often as we speak of a man's dispositions, it is always of his moral aptitudes and tendencies.

Thus determined, the word character is yet susceptible of other meanings, presenting, as it were, three other aspects, which we will view in turn. If man's exterior characteristics are analysed, character becomes his distinctive sign, his moral trade-mark. But, if we probe the innermost intricacies of his heart, character shadows forth his moral constitution. Again, if we desire to throw into action the main spring that sets in motion a man's greatest value, character becomes his moral energy.

Character the Moral Mark of Man.

Needless is it to observe men very long in order to discover, in spite of the long established unity of human nature, how much they differ morally, even more than physically. However apparent be the physical differences in man, more striking still are the differential moral traits. The distinguishing signs, the moral brand that mark each one of us is, then, our character. Such man, for instance, has high and noble aspirations, full of disinterested self-devotion, the happy possessor of a gentlemanly bearing, and of an inviolable sincerity: it is a good character. On the other hand, such is known to have vile tendencies, gross appetites, inordinate passions; he is coarse and uncouth of manner; he is selfish, either tramples on his conscience, or has none: it is a low and despicable character.

But let us admire this man, whose soul is all generosity, zealous and enterprising, firm in his resolutions, unconfounded by obstacles and unsubdued by pain and trials: it is a rich character, from which

we may reasonably expect a generous output. Again, see this other one; his soul is spiritless, he lacks that which our cousins across the borders so aptly term "push," he is easily overcome by labor, incapable of facing adversities, suffering and deceptions, losing countenance in sight of opposition: it is a poor, resourceless and unproductive character.

Such a one, for instance, creates in you an agreeable impression; his affable manners please you; he is agreeable, always jovial, kind and open-hearted; accommodating, yet dignified; conciliating, though firm; his acquaintance is not a burden to you, but a light, a joy: he is a man of sterling character. The very presence of this other one, on the contrary, is painful and disagreeable; in him everything offends: his speech, even his attitude and general bearing. He is gloomy, uncommunicative, harsh, though weak; timid, yet importunate—a thorny bush, presenting on all sides a prickly surface: it is an unbearable character.

This moral mark is stamped on the entire exterior of man: in the carriage of his body, dignified or heedless, modest or pretentious. It is stamped on the very face, whose responsive and expressive outlines portray so accurately the innermost impressions, and whose trained attitude foreshadows the habitual will-power and feelings. It lies in the very eyes, animated or listless, transparent or dull, frank and fearless, timid and uneasy. It accompanies the speech; brisk or sluggish, precise or vague, original or commonplace, not to say vulgar. It lurks in the handwriting; graceful or shapeless, like the thoughts; vigorous or weak, like the soul. In a word, the imprint of the moral character accompanies a man always. Everything in him bears its indelible, personal marks. And what gives greater importance to these exterior marks is the fact that they mirror the very interior.

Ready are we to admit that such marks are at times difficult to read, and of a delicate interpretation. Their language is so complicated and teeming with intricacies of varied hue that few men, indeed, are capable of giving us a fair sight-translation of it. Be it due to over-hastiness, or lack of discernment, many self-styled mind-readers commit egregious errors of appreciation. Hence, ever true is the time-honored adage: "Do not size up men solely from appearances."

So undecipherable, however, may it be for the many, the moral imprint of man is faithful, and stands as the undeniable expression

of the soul. "Physiognomy," says a modern philosopher, "is the picture of the soul, the permanent reflexion on the flesh it inhabits and vivifies." Oftentimes, unaware, are we betrayed by these imprints, and by them do the secrets of our life cover us as with a garb of honor or shame. Centuries ago, the Spirit of God, made manifest in Holy Writ, said: "A man is known by his looks, and a wise man, when thou meetest him, is known by his countenance. The attire of the body, and the laughter of the teeth, and the gait of the man show what he is." When we say, then, that character is the moral mark of man, we are all the more on the path of truth, since those visible signs lead us onward into the depth of the soul.

"IGNOTUS."

LIFE AND STYLE OF ADDISON.



JOSEPH ADDISON is described by Macaulay as one of the foremost English essayists, not only of the eighteenth century, but also of the centuries following his appearance. Doubtless the proud distinction will be conceded to him for all time, owing to the uniform excellence of his literary output.

This great and noted writer was born May 1, 1672, at Milston, in Wiltshire. He was the son of a clergyman, and received his education at the University of Oxford, entering this institution of learning while yet a mere boy of fifteen. Such was his diligence in his studies and his application to classical lore that he acquired an elegant style of Latin composition long before the age in which most boys dream of undertaking to read and write successfully their mother tongue. At the age of twenty-two he addressed some verses of his own to Dryden, and for them received the greatest praise from many of the chief literary critics of the time.

In the year 1697 he made a visit to the classic soil of Italy, and soon after his return published his "Travels in Italy," which Dr. Samuel Johnson severely criticised, asserting that probably they would have been far better written had the young author remained at home to write them. Catholic readers will take objection to the religious bias displayed in some parts. Certainly, the experience

was not encouraging for a student who was just embarking upon a literary career, with the hope of making a living thereat, and gaining a reputation as a man of letters. Adverse criticism, pouring from different quarters, did not, however, deter the young writer, but rather quickened his ambition to become the master of expression in English. Very soon the product of his pen compelled the attention of the public.

Addison's work appeared in various publications. In quick succession 274 essays were published in the *Spectator*, 42 in the *Tatler*, and 53 in the *Guardian*. All these essays were not composed by Addison alone, considerable assistance having been rendered by others, notably by intimate friends, chief of whom were Richard Steele, Thomas Tickell, and a gentleman by the name of Budgell. Thus, by indefatigable industry, Addison not only silenced adverse criticism, and compelled the admiration of the reading public, but, what was, perhaps, more to his material advantage, he secured patrons among the most influential men in England, in consequence of which he was offered, and he accepted, the important office of Secretary of State.

It may be of interest to note here that Addison marked his essays by certain signs to specify the periodical in which they were to appear. Those contributed to the *Spectator* were designated by letters, while contributions to the *Guardian* were indicated by the figure of a hand drawn on the outer margin.

These essays may be classified as humorous, serious, and critical. The humor of Addison is of a peculiar quality, his satire easy and delicate, and his moral tone, in general, good. The writer, in No. 10, or thereabouts, in the *Spectator*, declares that it is always his aim "to enliven morality with wit, and to temper with with morality." In fact, it is in combining these two factors, which, in other authors, are so often so disastrously opposed, that Addison shows his versatility and rare charm.

Addison's more serious papers are characterized by beauty, propriety, and elegance of style. It must be remembered that he wrote, besides essays, a tragedy, entitled "Cato," which is strictly classical in form, but rather disappointing in substance, excepting, of course, a few well drawn characters. This play, on its appearance in 1713, owing to party feeling, was greeted with unbounded enthusiasm, but its success was ephemeral.

Addison made some excursions into the poetical realm, but

clearly he was not at home there. His poetical effusion addressed to Lord Halifax was one of his best. Dr. Drake pronounced it a work of merit, as being remarkably sweet and polished; in passages it is pathetic and sublime, while in description it is new and clear.

There is no doubt that the possession of a varied, smooth and graceful style renders Addison an inspiring and finished model to the English student. Allibone declares that, perhaps, no other English writer has more successfully blended together so many discordant tastes into one harmonious whole, notwithstanding writers and difficulties without number. Dr. Johnston very soon acknowledged his ability. In politics, Addison was straightforward, and made no distinction of person, thus winning for himself the love and respect of all political parties. Among strangers he had very little to say, while, on the other hand, in the company of friends he conversed easily, familiarly and fluently.

Towards the end of his life, Addison was a sufferer from asthma and dropsy. His death, which took place in 1719, at the Holland House, occasioned universal gloom. The honor shown him then and since was a fitting tribute to a long and useful literary career. England had learned to regard him as one of her most distinguished sons, and sincerely gives him her esteem.

EMMETT MURPHY, '13.

A VISIT TO THE CAVES.



THE day broke beautifully clear, surpassing all our expectations for our contemplated excursion to the caves. Having procured all requisites for the journey, particularly the lunch baskets, we departed, our hearts gay and happy. Who could not but be happy on such a day?

It was a beautiful morning in September, and nature was at her best, having donned her autumnal robe. For miles around stretched a variegated scene of green and gold. One would not need to be an ardent admirer of nature to be struck by the unsurpassed beauty of the scene; and, as we drove merrily along, we drank in its extreme loveliness. The sun had not yet come out with sufficient brilliancy to divest the blades of grass of the dew of the previous night, and

the myriad little drops glistened and sparkled like priceless gems. The little birds sang sweetly in the trees above our heads. The sound of dropping nuts could be heard, and, now and then, the frightened chatter of a squirrel, as, at our approach, he sought refuge in the branches of a neighboring tree, where, in full view, he sat, as if defying his pursuers to follow.

After speeding merrily on for about three hours, passing away the time in speech and song, we arrived at the first cave, at which point we had decided to leave our conveyance. Having alighted from the carriage, we unhitched the horses and tied them to a tree nearby. Then we were ready to commence our explorations.

There were five caves to visit, all connected; and, as they were in a continuous line, we thought it better to take the lunch baskets along with us, in case we should desire to use them before our return. Before entering the cave we noticed dark clouds appearing in the sky, and we commenced to fear that the weather might not prove as favorable as we had expected. Assuring ourselves that our fears were groundless, we, one after the other, crawled through the small aperture which served as the mouth of the cave. Inside, the darkness was intense, but we were prepared for this emergency, and had brought a lantern with us. Just as we had lighted our lantern a gust of wind blew through the aperture, extinguishing the light. We lit it again. This time we were more successful, and proceeded on our way. We had spent about an hour exploring this underground passage, when suddenly a stream of light appeared in front of us, and from this we knew that we had reached the exit. From time to time, as we explored these regions, we could hear distant rumblings outside; but our investigations were so interesting that we paid but little attention to them. Now, as we approached the opening through which we had to pass in order to again view the outside world, we discovered that a severe storm was in progress, and that we were doomed to remain in this dark, gloomy dungeon until it had spent its fury. We could no longer keep our lantern lit, for the wind blew with terrific force through the opening, continuing through the many winding passages and deep recesses of the cave, making many weird sounds, which were not pleasant to the ears. But a light was not then necessary, for flashes of lightning appeared almost every moment, followed by tremendous claps of thunder, the like of which none of us had ever before heard.

As time passed and the rage of the storm increased instead of

abating, we commenced to feel afraid, and a thousand fears flashed through our troubled minds. What if the entrance of the cave should become blocked by the displacing of the great boulders which we noticed when we entered it. The same catastrophe might occur at the exit, and then we would be doomed. There we stood, in mortal dread, clinging to each other in our fear. The lightning leaped, hissed and blazed; the rain came down in torrents; the wind howled. For one, for two, for three hours this continued, ever increasing, and all this time we stood shivering, awaiting what the next moment would bring forth. At last the lightning became less frequent, the thunder died away in distant rumblings, the wind subsided, the rain ceased.

Glad to escape from the dungeon which we thought was to be our tomb, we hastily made our exit from this underground passage, and each could not help heaving a fervent sigh of relief, and sending up a prayer of thankfulness for our deliverance from what, we thought, was certain death. Hastening to our horses, we found, to our surprise and delight, that, although they were shivering with fright, they were otherwise unharmed. Soothing them with gentle words, we succeeded in putting them to, and made preparations for our return journey. Our recent experience had taken all the heart out of us, as far as continuing our explorations was concerned, so we decided to return home immediately.

When we had accomplished about half our journey and could at least think of something else other than our experience, we realized the fact that we had had no dinner. After a vain search we discovered that, in our excitement, we had left the lunch-baskets behind us, in the cave. We reached home safely, very much fatigued after our day's experiences. C. O'GORMAN, '09.

THE ARGONAUTS.

To Bethlehem, to Bethlehem,
The magic move and on with them,
Along the self-same road,—
Still following the Star of Peace,
To find at last the Golden Fleece—
The spotless Lamb of God.

FATHER TABB.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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Vol. X.

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No. 3

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is celebrated at the anniversary of the Saviour's birth. At the anticipation of this festival, the most joyful of the year, troubles and worries are thrust aside. The jingling of bells and the laughter of children makes one feel that winter is, indeed, a glorious time. As a matter of fact, Christmas is essentially a home feast. The cold winds and snows render going abroad unattractive, and incline the members of the household to rest in the warmth of the family fireside and contribute each his or her share to the domestic joys, the purest, the safest, the most humanizing that exist. Those joys are enhanced and supernaturalized, so to speak, by the part which the Divine Infant has deigned to take in them. So strongly, indeed, has He marked social intercourse with His gentle influence that harsh words and quarrels are, to a large extent, dropped during this time at least. With Christmas, too, comes the

holidays so dear to the student's heart. After months of most trying mental labor, returning to loved ones for a short while is a great relaxation. What pleasure is anticipated in resuming the innocent pastimes of childhood, in conversing about gone-by days, and in describing to proud parents, brothers and sisters the newer and fuller life that has been lived in old 'Varsity. Moreover, as the mariner, going on his course, makes sure to scrutinize the compass and the stars, that he may not go astray, so these periodic homecomings serve to fortify the young man against his own irresolute and impatient self. He renews acquaintance with the lofty views and hopes his parents entertain in his direction, and with the sacrifices they joyfully undertake to procure their dear boy the inestimable advantages of a college training.

A MODEL FOR CATHOLIC WRITERS.

A certain number of scholars and writers within the Fold present the sad anomaly of a few unauthorized individuals endeavoring to reform and reconstitute Christ's infallible Church. Instead of receding from their false position at the reproof of Pope Pius X, they hold to their evil course, and are even claiming the great Cardinal Newman as the real founder of the now completely unmasked Modernist sect. It is contended that he stands, by virtue of his essay on the "Development of Christian Doctrine," in the same condemnation as the Modernists. In a contribution to *Rome*, Rt. Rev. John Vaughan reveals the great English writer as far from being an apologist for disobedience and revolt. In a new edition of his famous essay, published after his reception into the Catholic Church, Newman gives every evidence of a child-like and ready submission to the Church's authority. He writes:

The first act of the author, on his conversion, was to offer his work for revision to the proper authorities, but the offer was declined on the ground that it was written and partly printed before he was a Catholic, and that it would come before the reader in a more persuasive form if he read it as the author wrote it.

Writers, of whom Father Tyrrell is typical, show themselves very reluctant to submit their books for revision. Newman is quoted further:

It is scarcely necessary to add that the author now submits every part of the book to the judgment of the Church, with whose doctrines on the subject of which it treats, he wishes all his thoughts (observe: not only his words, whether written or spoken, but even his mere thoughts) to be coincident.

In reference to a case in which the Pope interfered, Newman writes:

It is the decision of the Holy See. St. Peter has spoken; it is he who has enjoined that which seems to us so unpromising. He has spoken, and has a claim on us to trust him. He is no recluse, no solitary student, no dreamer about the past, no doter upon the dead and gone, no projector of the visionary. He, for eighteen hundred years, has lived in the world; he has seen all fortunes, he has encountered all adversaries, he has shaped himself to all emergencies. If ever there was a power on earth *who had an eye for the times*, who has confined himself to the practicable, and has been happy in his anticipations, whose words have been facts and whose commands prophecies, such is he in the history of ages, who sits from generation to generation in the chair of the Apostles as the Vicar of Christ and the Doctor of his Church. . . . From the first he has looked through the wide world, of which he has the burden; and *according to the need of the day*, and the inspirations of his Lord, he has set himself now to one thing, now to another; but to all in season, and to *nothing in vain*.

In spite of his great intellect and authority, Newman was content to sit like a little child at the feet of the teacher appointed by Christ, and would scarcely put forward a view of his own, or as much as express an opinion, on any theological subject without submitting beforehand to any judgment the Holy See might think fit to pass upon it. Catholic writers could hardly ask for a safer or more perfect model in style and doctrine.

Exchanges.

"Not for an age, but for all time, our myriad-minded Shakespeare," is the text of a thoughtful article in the *Agniân Monthly*. The work of the dramatist being the impersonation, the embodiment and revelation of character, it is shown how Coriolanus is better revealed to us by the English master artist than he was by his earlier historian, Plutarch, from whom much of the material of the play is borrowed. A second article points out Tennyson's art in word painting.

"Shylock" secures a long study in the *Partrician*. The whole

of this review is very attractive, the mechanical work being very good.

The *Academic Herald*, the *College Mercury* and the *Queen's Quarterly* are almost forgotten, so long have they been missing from our table. We had almost resigned ourselves to the conviction that they had gone the way of some good papers and ceased to be. It is a pleasant surprise to find them turning up, quite jaunty, indeed. No hint is vouchsafed of the reason of their truancy. Could it be that easy-going clerks, mistaking them for advertising refuse, took the liberty of shying them out of the flying mail car upon inhospitable landscapes. No wonder tracers return baffled.

The *Nazareth Chimes*, from a monthly, has become a quarterly. The current number is replete with good things. The historical personages of St. Rose of Lima, Mary Queen of Scots, and Madame Roland, are portrayed. "Timon of Athens" is an instructive criticism. For so large a book, a table of contents is needed.

From the Neepawa High School comes the second number of a new school paper. We welcome it for its own sake, for it bears the evidence of brains, taste and enterprise. You have our best wishes, *Oracle*.

A serious article, entitled "Electricity and Matter," appears in the *Columbiad*. There is also a brace of good stories.

We have a grudge against the *Manhattan Quarterly* for non-appearance marked against it in our last year's exchange list. Well, we are thankful, even for small favors, though the present number is a very large and complete one. "Galileo and the Church" is, we think, a fair and documented presentation of this vexations question. The relative ineffectiveness of The Hague conference is pointed out in another article. In "The College and Success in Life," the writer shows that neither the reluctant, the athletic, the frivolous student, nor the "grind," or "plugger" denotes the true collegian, with whom studies come first, sport in moderation next. Students are advised to make their Freshman year a success by laying in it all the foundations requisite for the easy assimilation of knowledge in classes that follow.

Book Review.

"The Training of Silas," by Rev. E. J. Devine, S.J. A Catholic novel of the highest order. The story in itself might simply be styled the history of the foundation of a circulating library. But in and about this simple history the author has woven a most interesting tale. It inculcates the teaching of the Church regarding some of the obligations of the wealthy, and also most clearly shows the attitude of the Church in regulating the reading material of both young and old. The grave danger which lies in our uncensored free or public libraries is forceably brought to our minds. It is a book of the people, for the people, and can be read with profit by all: in fact, it is the most ideal book for reading in the family circle that has appeared in a long time. The Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart, Montreal.

"The Guild Boys Play" and "New Boys at Ridingdale" are two new books from the prolific pen of the Rev. D. Bearne, S.J. They are good, wholesome, boys' stories, telling of the pastimes and college life of boys in the old land across the sea. Benziger Bros., New York; price, 85c.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

Rev. J. O. Dowd, '03, formerly of the editorial staff, has been appointed P. P. at Cantley, Que.

F. Johnstone, quarter-back of the McGill team, renewed old acquaintances when up with his team. Frank played quarter on the College team a couple of years ago, and showed all his old cunning learned on the Oval.

P. Labrosse and "Roddy" McDougald, '06, called on their College friends when up with the McGill team.

R. Halligan, '04, and V. Meagher, '04, will be ordained to the priesthood, on December 21, by Archbishop Gauthier, in the Cathedral, Kingston, Ont.

Several of the "old guard" managed to get to Ottawa to see College defeat McGill for the Intercollegiate championship. Among

the number were Revs. J. O'Reilley, '00, and J. H. McDonald, '03, Kingston; Revs. J. Quilty, '97, and J. Breen, '01, from "up the creek;" Rev. G. Prudhomme, '97, Gloucester. Their stay was short, but they went home happy in the thought that their old Alma Mater holds the Rugby Cup for 1907.

THE REVIEW wishes to acknowledge the receipt of two interesting letters, one from E. P. Gleeson, '98, now a successful lawyer in our fair Capital, the other from C. O'Halloran, Jr., in far away Pavilion, B.C. It is encouraging to see the interest the old students continue to take in their Alma Mater.

ATHLETICS.

'Varsity 10—College 13.

'Varsity came to Ottawa for the return match determined to win, but again she met with the cold hand of defeat. College chose to play with the sun banking upon its setting for the second half. The weather was all that could be desired, but the footing was poor, on account of heavy rain-falls previous to the day of battle. Nevertheless, the College line followed fast, and before a Toronto man had time to think he was downed like a ton of brick. The fast pace which College struck out on the start almost dazed the 'Varsity fourteen. The College team played together like clock-work. Every man knew where the ball was going and everyone knew what to do. Before 5 minutes had elapsed, Filiatreault, in a mass play, was sent over for a try, which Bawlf converted amid great cheering. 'Varsity seemed to regain new strength, and her fast following up caused Ottawa to rouge twice. But here College said it would stop. The long, twirling punts of Bawlf were too much for Captain Kennedy, and time and again 30 and 40 yards were gained. Steadily, steadily, yards by yards, College made her downs, and from a scrimmage on 'Varsity's 5-yard line Filiatreault was again sent over for a try, which was not converted. Shortly after the ball was kicked off Bawlf was making a beautiful run around the right end, when he was severely tackled by three of the Toronto heavyweights, and had his collar bone broken. The loss of such a valuable full-back was a hard blow to College, but she was accustomed to such misfortunes, and continued to play the game as she did before. This was proved

when Byrnes went on to complete the team, for 'Varsity was forced back, and just a minute before half time Ottawa made a forced rouge. Thus the first period ended 13 to 2 in favor of the Garnet and Grey.

The commencement of the second half looked bright for Toronto, College being forced to rouge twice within the first five minutes. But now she began to play ball, and on different occasions held Toronto on her 5-yard line for the three downs. Play being forced back to mid-field, College began to play the game of "holding the ball." However, a hole was found in the Ottawa scrimmage, the visitors going through for a forty-yard gain. On the second down 'Varsity used the fake tandem, permitting Coryell to dash round the left end for a lovely try, which was not converted. Ottawa was again forced to rouge, but Toronto's spurt was too late, for before the blue jackets could get within striking distance the whistle blew, with the score-board reading 13 to 10 in favor of College.

McGill 24—College 0.

Saturday, Nov. 16th, the colors of the Garnet and Grey were lowered for the first time this season, in Montreal, on McGill campus. The home team ran up a large score and prevented our boys from crossing their goal line; still, there is credit due to the team from the Capital, as McGill outweighed our boys by thirty pounds to the man, and every member of their team was in excellent condition. The team that lined up against this aggregation was in anything but suitable condition for a hard, gruelling battle. Three of the regular players were nursing injuries received in the previous contests, and, moreover, the team had not one practise since the previous match.

In spite of these tremendous odds, Ottawa displayed wonderful spirit and pluck throughout the entire sixty minutes of play. This is shown by the score, which read 12-0 at half time, and 24-0 when the whistle blew for full, thus showing that College played steady ball throughout the entire match. The attack of the McGill players was of the whirlwind brand, and our crippled team was unable to withstand it. McGill brought into requisition about every play that is known in football, and used them successfully. Ballantyne, or the locals, was well protected, and his long sky-scraping punts were

a feature of the game. Had we Bawlf to handle the punts from Ballantyne the story would have been of a somewhat different hue. Nevertheless, the wearers of the Garnet and Grey took their defeat like good sports, and said that they would change the tables when McGill would come to Ottawa for the championship game.

McGill—College.

Champions again! Hurrah! Hurrah!

College won the championship of the Inter-Collegiate Union on Saturday, Nov. 16, by defeating the McGill fourteen by a score of 12 to 9, in one of the most exciting matches ever played on a local gridiron. The weather and field were all that could be desired, and both teams were out to win. Judging from the showing that College made on the previous Saturday, McGill came to battle confident of winning. On the other hand, College had to win to be champions, and with this in view her sturdy fourteen went on to the field determined to do or die. A section of the stand had been reserved for the supporters of the Red and White, who, at half time, were filled with joy, thinking that they would go home champions, but when the tables were reversed to 12-9 in favor of the Garnet and Grey and just a minute to play, their hearts sank into a state of melancholy.

McGill won the toss and elected to kick south, with a slight breeze in her favor. College played the fastest ball that has been witnessed on the Oval for many years. The first five minutes were very exciting for the supporters of the Garnet and Grey, for the fast following of her forwards had McGill on the defensive all during this period. The first score was made by College, Ballantyne being forced to rouge. Shortly after Harrington fell on the ball across the line for a try, which was converted by Dean. McGill struck her pace now, and College was forced to rouge twice. Ottawa muffed one of Ballantyne's high punts, and the McGill forwards, being close at hand, fell upon the oval for a try, which was not converted. McGill shortly after rallied a forced rouge. Five minutes remained of the first half, and College played desperately. Very soon the ball was on McGill's 20-yard line, and on a kick from Whaley Hastings was forced to rouge. Thus, when half-time was called, the ball lay on McGill's 10-yard line, and the score-board read 9 to 8 in favor of the visitors.

At half-time excitement reigned high, as the score was close. Everybody knew that it would be a fight to the finish, and in this they were not deceived. For, as the players filed out for the last time, the enthusiastic supporters of the Garnet and Grey whispered in each one's ear, "You know what we expect of you: we must have this game at any cost." And this the players kept in mind, for when play commenced you could see that the College boys were out to win, for everybody played to the best of his ability. Shortly after Ballantyne was forced to rouge. The score was now 9—9, and the excitement which raged on both sides cannot be expressed in words. But when another one was marked for College the songs and yells from hundreds of College throats re-echoed for miles around. One by one was counted until 12 to 9 was marked in favor of College. There still remained ten minutes to play, and on different occasions McGill looked dangerous. Twice College held McGill on her own 5-yard line for the three downs, thus showing that no vent was left unguarded. Gradually time elapsed, and when the whistle sounded for full, that good old refrain was sung by thousands of voices, "Hurrah! Hurrah! We are Champions Again." Nothing was too good for the players, and both young and old showered abundance of congratulations on each one as he passed by. When the news of Ottawa's glorious victory was heard abroad the pleasure it brought to old supporters was clearly demonstrated by the numerous telegrams which were received.

Notes.

Ottawa College has been the most unfortunate team in the Inter-Collegiate Union, having to play twenty-one men during the season on account of injuries.

Capt. Filiatreault, the star of many a hard fought battle, has played his last game.

Smith is the fastest second-wing in the Inter-Collegiate Union, and the opponent's backs are afraid of his fond embraces.

Joron has first-wing down pat, his tackling and following the ball always demanding applause.

Troupe can tackle to perfection, shooting through the air like a dart.

Hart has found his place at first-wing and figures prominently in every play.

Harrington and Higgerty at inside wings allow no one to pass them on the line, and often the opposing quarter is given a hearty shake.

Street, Chartrand and Courtois were the best in the business, generally having the advantage.

Costello, the best center-scrim of last year's squad, came back to help win the championship, and was always there with the goods.

Bawlf at full-back has proved that he is the fastest, headiest and most scientific playing the position.

Murphy made good at full, and Lambert was always there when work was to be done.

Byrnes and Gillick are comers for next year's fourteen.

McDonald is one of the star center-halfbacks, always on the ball and hitting the line like a battering-ram.

Whelan is always in the game, and can kick the long, low, twirling punt with the best of them.

Conway is always through on the line, and the tandem plays meet with destruction.

Dean has proved himself the "find" of the season, and his friends across the line eagerly watch his advancement.

O'Neil just played one game, on account of his injured knee. But Chump was a valuable man on the back division.

Fr. Stanton has more football tricks in his head than you could learn in a week. His coaching this season has proved to the public as well as to the champions themselves that he is a master of the game.

To both Fr. Fortier and the worthy manager, E. A. McCarthy, is due a great amount of credit for the winning of the championship, for all needs were seen to and all favors granted.

The team is deserving of great praise because of the spirit displayed by it. The old proverb says, "You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink."

Rev. Fr. Prudhomme, an enthusiastic supporter of College through thick and thin, banqueted the team at the Russell House on Thursday evening, Nov. 21. Fr. Prudhomme played for some nine years with the Garnet and Grey, his energetic work helping in the winning of many championships. The champions wish to thank the Rev. Fr. Prudhomme for the great honor he has shown them.

The *Lion* was good, but he had to crawl back to his den after the game on Nov. 16.

The annual meeting of the Intercollegiate Rugby Union was held in the Russell House, on Saturday afternoon, November 23, Rev. Fr. Fortier and Mr. E. A. McCarthy representing College. Prior to the meeting excitement raged high on account of Bawlf being declared a professional by McGill, but an affidavit signed by Bawlf being presented before the meeting, all charges were withdrawn. Secretary Turner then declared College champions, and handed over the cup. The most important business was the revision of some of the rules. A goal dropped from the field is to count three instead of four. A goal from a free kick will count three points, while a goal from a free kick by way of penalty will only count two. If 20 yards is lost on the first or second down the ball goes to the opposing side for a scrimmage. Off-side interference is to be penalized by a free kick, or a scrimmage 5 yards in advance of where the off-side is committed.

On Wednesday, the twentieth of October, the Intermural League series was ended, Captain Connaghan's team inflicting a defeat on M. Rousseau's band of warriors, and thereby carrying off the championship honors.

The final score was 6—0, indicating that the game was a keenly-contested one. Great rivalry had existed between the two fourteen-teams, and Captain Rousseau's aggregation were anxious to retrieve their former defeat at the hands of the champions. Both teams were very evenly matched, and the betting was about even. Rousseau's team had an advantage in weight, but lacked the science which characterized the play of their opponents. Time and again Lamarche, the burly quarter-back of the losers, made fierce onslaughts, only to find that it was as profitable to attempt kicking a stone wall as the champion line, while the champions, by systematic and scientific "hole opening" and bucking, made their yards before every third down.

The kicking of the Gillick brothers was a feature of the game. Leslie, though his punts went high and farther than Jim's, did not display the same amount of headwork as his "little brother," who placed his kicks every time. Jim also proved his ability for making end runs, and several times carried the pig-skin for gains of ten, twenty and thirty yards.

The champions have already sent in a letter duly drawn up and signed, asking for the trophy which was promised the winning team by the association. (?)

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

At a meeting of the Debating Society, on the evening of Nov. 20th, Messrs. L. O'Keefe and J. Kennedy upheld that "A navy builds up an Empire better than an army," against Messrs. C. Gorman and J. Sammon. The debate was awarded to the negative, but the four speakers were heartily congratulated for the maiden speeches.

Resolved, "that conscription is beneficial to a nation," was debated the following Wednesday. Messrs. M. O'Gara and M. Doyle supported this proposition, while Messrs. A. Stanton and L. Lark eloquently pleaded for the negative. The vote of the judges favored the affirmative.

The Athletic Association gave its annual entertainment on Tuesday evening, Dec. 3rd, in the Recreation Hall. All the members of the Junior Department were present, as well as a large number of externs. The program consisted of boxing contests, speeches, songs and orchestral music. Rev. Fr. Stanton fulfilled the duties of Master of Ceremonies in a very efficient manner.

Inter-University Debate.

The University debating team met the McGill representatives in the Normal School on Thursday, December 5th. The question at issue was: "Resolved, that Conscription is highly beneficial to a nation." The local University, having the affirmative side, was represented by Messrs. M. O'Gara and M. Doyle. McGill sent Messrs. G. Barclay, B.A., and A. G. McGougan, B.A., to defend the negative. Mr. J. W. Grace performed the duties of Chairman at the meeting gracefully. The three judges were: Dr. J. F. White, Rev. G. Fitzgerald, B.A., and Major C. F. Winter. The debate was a success and creditable to all concerned. The local team won by a majority of 17 points. Dr. White, in a neat speech, declared both teams equal for oratory, but that the net results of points accumulated showed 130 to 113 in favor of the home speakers.

The assistance of the Moderator, Rev. Father Dewe, proved a most valuable asset to the local debaters. The songs by Miss Rainboth and Mr. MacCarthy were enthusiastically encored.

The final struggle for the championship will take place at Queen's on January 25th, 1908, and let us hope our next two will be as successful as the two who concluded with McGill.

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FIRST THOUGHTS OF THE NEW YEAR.



AT the commencement of this new link in the long chain of time, when the old has been rung out and the new rung in, when people begin to look back upon the closing vista of the past with sentiments of joy or of sorrow, and to scan the horizon of the future with bright and cheerful countenances, full of hope and expectation, it is but fitting that we should stop for a few moments to consider several things most intimately connected with the life of every individual, things, in fact, upon which hinges his life work—time, opportunity and progress.

All creation exists for the glory of God. He is its beginning and origin. He conserves it by His Divine Providence, and He is its ultimate end. There are two classes of beings, the material and the spiritual; the former has no life after this world; the latter is destined to live in eternity. Man is composed of a material and a spiritual element, and by a gratuitous gift of the Creator, the material body is ordained to share the lot of the spiritual soul after the Resurrection from the dead. Hence, we say that man is immortal, and that his end is to attain to the beatific vision of God in Heaven, which it is possible for him to lose, however, if he make not use of the means placed at his disposal. The idea of happiness is an essential condition to man's existence. For this he lives, for this he dies. Take it away and his whole life is a burden, no better than

the beasts' his ambition is gone, all his high and lofty thoughts vanish, the human race gives up life and plunges desperately towards happiness by suicide. Every thought flows from that great thought, every action and project tends towards its realization. The soul turns as instinctively towards its God as the plant towards the sunlight, and if it bask not in the rays of His effulgent splendor it withers and dies in the shades of darkness and unhappiness. Consequently, man's ultimate object being spiritual, whatever truly helps him to attain it is progress. His goal is the possession of everlasting happiness, and the means to win it is self-improvement by making use of time and opportunity. Opportunity has been defined as a "favorable occasion, time or place for learning, or saying, or doing anything." Life, then, is the time and all its circumstances the occasions for accomplishing our highest aim, the winning of our crown in the other world. Its duration, long or short, is for each one the opportunity of making himself forever happy. How carefully, then, should we be to use it properly, squandering not a moment of it, but zealously utilizing every diamond minute of its golden hours. Time once wasted is wasted forever; it has slipped from our grasp and vanished into the "vastin me," or, to use a common saying, "Time and tide wait for no man"; but we might here identify the two and consider time as that rapidly flowing tide that bears us along on its bosom, but glides from under us if we stop to dally and cling to the various objects which we meet on our course, leaving us to drift hither and thither on its unknown waves until, though avoiding the rocks of Seylla, we finally perish in the whirlpool of Charybdis; whereas those eager seekers, those who have their ideal constantly before them, swim along with its current, picking from its sands those precious gems which will be their crown of glory in the world to come.

Man is a rough and jagged stone that must be polished and made smooth, and this is accomplished in the workshop of opportunity, which is the vast world around us. Everything is opportunity in one way or another if we but see it. "What are poverty, neglect, and suffering," says Spalding, "if we are wise, but opportunities for good; our house, our table, our tools, our books, our city, our country our language, our business, our professors, the people who love and those who hate, they who help and they who oppose, what is all this but opportunity?" In these things lies man's chance for improvement, for progress toward the haven whither he is sailing against adverse winds and amid a raging sea.

They are the school in which he educates himself, and he who learns his lesson at this fount of knowledge becomes a veritable teacher and student. He is engaged in "the greatest study of mankind, as man," and no one is truly learned who does not know himself. In the words of Stephen, "Every man is in himself a continent of undiscovered characters, and happy he who acts the Columbus to his own soul." Hence the man who wishes to make progress, true progress, must employ his time and take advantage of opportunity for self-improvement, for the cultivation of his character, and the grinding down of his sharp edges, until he becomes pleasing to himself and pleasing to others. From all the persons, places and things with which he has connections he draws his lessons; they all supply him with a few grains of knowledge, and precious they are. If he sees perfection and nobility he experiences a desire to elevate himself to the height of the nature he contemplates; if he encounters dross and meanness his spirit recoils and he is taught what to avoid. If insulted, he has the occasion of practising mortification and charity; if despised, he can discipline himself in humility and meekness, which will finally become for him a triumph over all. In a word, self-culture consists in eradicating the ares of vice from the soil of our character, and planting the wheat of virtue, in bringing to the surface all that is good, noble and beautiful in us, reflecting it in the honest and open countenance that we turn to the world, for, as Bishop Spalding says, "even as the light clothes the rugged and jagged mountain with loveliness, so a noble mind transfigures its nature."

And in these days especially, when science and art are forging ahead with such rapid strides, men are needed, men of character, honorable, upright, trustworthy and virtuous, men of whom it can be said that the world is the better for their lives. Too often it happens that the reverse takes place; character and virtue are sacrificed to ambition, worldly honor and fame, for the sake of pleasures, and particularly for riches. Thus we see that Christian thought and aims do not keep pace with material progress, a circumstance that is the root of many evils. Scientific discoveries and inventions, intellectual prodigies and standing armies cannot make a country prosperous; at the basis there must be morality, and we have this only when man has formed himself, knows himself, knows his duties to himself, to his neighbor, to society, and, above all, to his God. How broad the field, how rich the harvest, but, alas, how few the harvesters! What opportunities for men to reap and to gather

fruit, to labor for the Master, and obtain the final reward! Why, then, are we so indifferent, so negligent of them? Because we do not rise out of ourselves, because we prefer to labor with the sordid multitude on the lower level, engaged in the pursuit of things beautiful to see and sweet to taste, instead of joining the few who operate in a higher plane, stooping not to the things below, but ascending to greater heights, to acquire, not without difficulty, treasures whose plain outward appearance fails to captivate the senses of those below. In a word, the many devote themselves to the service of the world, the few to the service of the world's Creator. But what are riches, honors and pleasures to fill the immortal soul? "Cast into it the entire world and it is but as a tiny stone dropped into a vast abyss, the faint echo of whose falling but reveals the depths which surround it." What is human greatness, fame and glory? Where to-day are Cæsar and Alexander, and all the other great and mighty men of antiquity? Listen to the words of Shakespeare: "Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, might stop a hole to keep the wind away"; there is the end of all that the world can give or lend. Behold Napoleon raising for himself such a glorious pyramid of fame during his whole life. The eye of serious reflexion that be cast upon it during his exile in St. Helena showed him the worthlessness of it all, and he sought the means of once more reconciling himself to his God. On the other hand,

"The loweliest soul may be
A temple of priceless treasure
That only a God can see."

Or, as Shakespeare again expresses it:

"Princes have but titles for their glories
An outward honor for an inward toil
And, for unfelt imaginations
They often feel a world of restless cares
So that between their titles and low names
There's nothing different but the outward fame."

Such are a few of the thoughts that should give us pause at the beginning of this new year. We stand at the parting of the ways. On the right there is a thorny path, leading to virtue and inward peace, on the left a smooth road, showing the way to what the world calls fair, fame, pleasure, riches, even vice, but not, we fear,

to interior happiness. On the first the thorns prick us as we journey along, but their wounds are immediately soothed when we reach our destination; on the second, the thorn is felt only after we have seized the flower, and all its sweetness cannot allay the suffering it imposes. Let us choose, then, let us "act in the living present,

Heart within and God o'erhead."

Let us follow the path of honor and virtue; a place in the ranks awaits us, and if we would gain the victory "let us buckle our armour," sally forth to battle, and "become heroes in the strife." Each little skirmish will be a victory in favor of self-improvement, the development of our character, and our moral progress, and by triumphing over the enemy, one by one, the outcome of the last great battle will be assured and the laurels will be ours; we shall have won our way to Heaven.

"The winged day can ne'er be chained by man's endeavor,
Life and time shall fade away,
While Heaven and virtue bloom forever."

T. J. CALLAGHAN.

So thoroughly is the average Englishman persuaded that the pun is the very quintessence of humor, that we are surprised that a *Times* reviewer should have failed to mention Father Tabb's cleverness in productions of this sort. As fine a specimen as we have seen of his whimsical ingenuity, is the poet-priest's acknowledgment of a warm eulogy by Andrew Lang, who, however, misspelled his name "Tab":—

O why should Old Lang Sign
A compliment to me
(If it indeed is mine),
And filch my final b ?
To him as to the Dane
In his soliloquy,
This question comes again--
"2b or not 2b?"

The Casket.

THE MORAL MARK OF MAN.

II:

Importance of Character in Life.



THOSE who habitually complain about Fortune and Luck would do well to lodge their grumblings at home, for there resides the cause of their misfortunes.

Each one of us is, in fact, the architect of his own life. Whatever sway may those extrinsic influences exercise upon our actions, it is none the less true that the master-wheel of life lies within us—in our sentiments, in our passions, in our will-power; it is the work of our character.

Popular wisdom, moreover, based upon centuries of long and persistent observations, speaks the same language and declares that it is the differences of character that explain the differences so manifest in the moral constitution of man. Hence it is that with two men equally gifted with talent, one will succeed, whilst the other utterly fails, owing to differences of character.

The trifling defects of man, the daily offshoots of his character, spoil and jeopardize a life more surely than great, but transitory, outbreaks.

Whence come, I pray, the many mishaps, counter-checks and painful blows that, falling to the lot of such man, full of glowing promises, have blighted all his hopes of a bright career? Perhaps from a single defect of his character. Thus, an insignificant flaw in one of the beams of the Quebec Bridge may have been the cause of its collapse, entailing such tremendous loss of life and property.

Now, consider this other man, whose nature is not so richly endowed, walking steadily on towards the goal of success. What is the secret of it? That his character opened for him the avenues of success and lead him onward unmolested.

If life can be compared to a stream full of energy and activity, character dredges out the channel wherein may flow that power with the most telling effect. If life is "the accomplishing of a task," character is the force that gathers in its many resources and applies them to the required labor. Character, then, plays on this "stage of life" a most telling part. Its importance is such that it behooves

every one to consider closely the full value of a good character, as well as the evil effects of a bad one.

A Good Character:

Be it granted, benevolent reader, that you are the happy possessor of genial dispositions, of a good character. Then, allow me to ask what real benefits do you derive from it? In granting you a good character, I suppose that you have taken as the motto of your life never to inflict pain willfully and uselessly. I suppose, also, that, owing to persistent efforts, you have brought under subjection the evil propensities of your nature, and thus given predominance to noble inclinations:

I suppose, also, that, after a long and manly struggle, you have achieved the conquest over self; and that, like a general disposing of soldiers, full disciplined and armed for the combat, you still hold within your grasp your moral energies, for character cannot be termed good unless it bears all these marks. Such is your character: What, then, will it bring you? It will bring you the two things the most coveted by men: happiness and power—the joy of the soul and social influence. Happy will you be! Such is the fruit your “good character” will bear. Your benevolent thoughts, your charitable sentiments long before they don the dress of spoken language and sweet and affable attitudes, will gladden your hearts—“a self-complacency in your company.”

The gladsome beams of joy will neither brighten your face, nor cast their mellow reflection on others before they have illumined with their incondescent glow your very heart, whence they issue as from a centre.

Good humour is pregnant with happy thoughts, smiling perspectives and cheering hopes. Your character is good: then happy will you be, for in return the world will meet you with a friendly smile. It is with a keen death-giving weapon that one goes out to the sharp-toothed wolf, but with stretched-out hands full of sweet herbs one receives the lamb. Your character is good: happy, again, will you be, owing to that order which prevails in your conscience, where sane and wholesome inclinations take the lead and stand firm at the helm of your life, giving all your actions the right direction.

Men are naturally attracted by genial dispositions as by the force of gravity. Spontaneously do we go to men of good charac-

ter, knowing that behind their doors lurks not the repulsiveness of a cold welcome.

Thus, even if your kindness is merely passive, you will draw men towards you. Willingly will they ensnare themselves in the silken meshes of your winsome spirit. But if your affability is active, and you go out to them, how great and lasting are your conquests. What influence you necessarily exercise over men if you draw them by a prepossessing, yet resolute, character. And just as we rally men around us by the force of character, so are situations and circumstances dominated and over-powered. The man of good character shows unequalled skill in that he never allows impulsiveness to jeopardize his actions or imperil his dignity. From the fact that such men have little to say in times of apparent need does not prove that their geniality of character is but the smiling form of weakness.

Procrastinators, providing they are not weak and cowardly, become the masters of the world. They have not spent their energies in useless endeavour; like the reed growing by the lakeside, they have stooped down to let the tempest pass over. And as storms are of short duration, their full energies are brought into play when the sky is clear, certain to bring triumph to the cause they espoused.

Often has it been said that those in possession of genial dispositions are ill fitted to breast the storms of life, and easily fall a prey to craft and dishonesty. Just and fair is the remark if by "good character" we must understand those men whose affability consists in being "soft" and effeminate, and incapable of maintaining an opinion of their own. Aptly could we apply to those poor sheep of the social flock the words of la Bruyere: *Il n'y a point de pire caractère que celui de n'en point avoir*. "To have no character is to have the worst."

But we mean by "a good character" that man who has tempered his firm, resolute and persevering nature with the charms of a sincere affability, and with a patience dictated by prudence; and if such we are, we hold in our hands a power capable and fit to rule states and empires.

Do not believe for a moment that those whose gentlemanliness consists in dealing out silky, eely adulations, are men of character. No! They have the worst of all characters, for they have none at all.

A Bad Character.

There are two kinds of bad characters: the peevish and the weak. Both are ill-fitted for life's struggles; both will suffer a great deal; both will accomplish little. It is the peevish that deserves in full the stigma of the compound epithet of "bad character." They are a burden to those with whom they have to live. Their very presence inflicts pain. Gloomy, concentrated and sulky, their breath blows out the light of joy, and they crush frank expansiveness under their nervous iron heel. Hypercritical and captious, pitiless in their judgments, they notice the least little shortcomings in others, and point them out with bitterness and scorn. Any contrariety irritates them; a trifling annoyance excites their animosity. Irony, dipped in gaul, is familiar to them, and they delight in darting their arrows penned with malicious intent and steeped in venom—arrows that leave festering sores. Egotistical even to harshness, they ignore the art of pleasing. Haughty, headstrong, snobbish, snappish, brutal and vindictive, they manifest in their exterior actions a soul cankered by envy, susceptibility and pride.

Deeply imbedded within lies the loathsome disorder. At times clear patches appear in the sky of their hearts, and then are they capable of smiling benevolently and of doing deeds of disinterestedness; but, alas! very rare are those rays and quickly do they vanish. Promptly they resume their habitual dark and threatening mood.

But, be it said now, those unfortunate creatures are to be preferred to the weak, in this, that their disease is curable; and when such men are cured a great deal may be expected of them; but, nine times out of ten, the weakness of the "weak" will follow them to the grave.

Surely, a peevish character is a double misfortune to him who possess it: it is an affliction and a weakness. However painful and troublesome may they be to others, the churlish constitute themselves their own tormentors to a still greater degree. The thorns with which they are bristling are not all pointing outward; the sharpest and the longest curve their lacerating points inward and torture their own sensitive flesh. To those torments inflicted on them by their own conscience must be added the pain of seeing themselves forsaken and friendless. Bereft are they of the esteem and affection of true men, and lacking that bracing cordial, that sweet balm, the potent cure of so many moral wounds, how can they be happy? They are feared and shunned; wisely do we mis-

trust them, apprehend their blows and hate their tyranny. This very secludedness and opposition must they bear as the just sanction of their guilt. But is that which they lose in sympathy ever compensated by their moral persuasive force? So they believe, and that thought compensates them for the deep aversion they inspire. Oh! no, they are not flatterers, and much pride do they take in it! Fearlessly do they give their opinion about anyone and anything, and call it courage. Unknown to them is the weakness of compromise, for they uphold their opinion bravely to the last. Dare not impose upon them, for they know how to command respect. Obeyed they must be! With them resistance is useless! All this they claim, but they err even in that.

Among the peevish and sullen characters some are weak, whilst others are strong. Of those that are weak, a churlish humor adds nothing to their power. The strong do not, perhaps, lose the edge by the decisiveness of their will power, but often find that the avenues by which moral authority reaches success are closed to them, for to hold command over men; first and above all, the heart must be reached.

The weak, though less offensive than the peevish, have a defective character, but in quite another way. While the peevish exasperate us by their lead-mouthed affirmations, their brow-beating and arrogant personality, the "soft," effeminate and weak characters efface themselves so that they condemn their lives to perfect sterility.

Weakness of character assumes several aspects and forms. Perhaps the lowest degree is observable when we are brought in close touch with men absolutely incapable of conceiving clear and precise ideas, unacquainted with the desire for anything and unmolested by the laudable pangs of a noble ambition. They are self-constituted playthings, the toy of their fervid imagination, the "Teddy Bears" of their misty velleities, which are as prolific of good as the sandy acres of Central Africa.

Yet, to the shame of our present "clear-sighted" society, those every-body's-friends, those "good old fellows," are most popular.

They are leaders! They sit gloriously in the Council Chamber and preside over the destinies of the "humbler" portion of mankind.

Poor deluded fellows! Go forth ever-smiling angels of the earth, self-winding gramophones, for, surely, designing villains are

in constant need of men who, like Dicken's Barkis, are "always willin'."

Like Dante in his "Inferno," let us bid our guiding spirit lead us on to higher cycles. Standing above the weaklings just described, are those who have clear concepts and well laid out plans; but whose resolves, either devoid of vigor or paralysed by the fear of men, never mature into action: such are the lazy and the timid whose energies are spent in the laying out of magnificent, but useless, plans. Others, again, more energetical, not only decide, but act. Unfortunately, whether through lack of breath, perseverance, or the fear of obstacles, they lose heart before their enterprise is carried to a successful issue.

Quite needless to say that such men suffer much at the sight of their insufficiency.

In conclusion, then, justly can we say that a "bad character," be it sullen or weak, is a misfortune to him who possesses it. And if success in life depends so much upon character, how possible is it that men, chiefly young men whose hearts and minds are still plastic, can lend a deaf ear to the wise warning: "With might and main attend to the formation of your character," for

"In the world's broad field of battle
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife."

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

IGNOTUS.

DO THOU LIKEWISE.

I resolved that, like the sun, so long as my day lasted, I would look on the bright side of everything.

Hood.

CONSCRIPTION—ITS BENEFITS.



UCH may be said in favor of Conscription; only it needs to be considered in a proper light, free from clouds of prejudice. What is conscription, as we take it in this discussion? It is compulsory service in army and navy. Other matters, like the length and quality of military service, and the pay, are entirely beside the issue. Naturally, the question here rises, has the state a right to impose compulsory military service? Is it in a position of authority to do so? The solution is best reached by determining the purpose, the nature, and the origin of the state.

The state is a collection of individuals united for the defense, for the beneficial and mutual administration of their rights. For defense, the early classical village communities assembled on the fortified hills of the Greek Acropolis and of the Roman Capitol. The state is constituted to defend itself; it, moreover, is able and ought to provide for the general well-being and perfection of its members. This, precisely, we intend to show, namely, that conscription is necessary for the defense and general well-being of society. In view of the saying of Mills and Jevons, that the right administration of the state is largely an experimental science, it is very significant that most nations, ancient, medieval, and modern, have adopted a compulsory form of military service.

Sparta, for two centuries mistress of Peloponnesia, ay, and even leader of Greek thought, was a vast brotherhood of martial citizens.

Athens, conqueror of the Persians, queen of the Aegean, home of Pericles and Demosthenes and Plato, beheld its young citizens of the upper classes clothed in armor for its defense.

In Rome, the sunshine of whose imperialism gradually extended to the whole civilized world, in Rome, the cradle of the most powerful oligarchy that ever wielded power, in Rome we beheld the entire nation constrained to compulsory military service, guiding from the Campus Martius the destinies of this country. Was it not the Romans' proud boast that they were children of Mars, god of war and agriculture? Later, the feudal system was compulsory military service in another form. Thereby civilized Europe solidified into a rock against the onslaughts of the fierce Danes and Wends from without, and of disintegrating anarchy from within. Now, feudalism was the system whereby each member of the state was vassal and

tenant of some one higher than he. In lieu of rent, the vassal or tenant usually gave military service: usually, for in a very small percentage of cases the rent was paid in another way.

Feudalism gave way, in the 16th century, to the great national monarchies. Compulsory military service, in a still another stage, accounts for the ascendancy, first, of Spain, then of France, then of Germany. Even in England, from the *fyrð*, or country, force of Alfred the Great, down to the modern press-gangs and modern militia, the idea of compulsory service of a sort was predominant. The thing has always existed.

Is not the fact that all nations adopted some kind of forced military service and its very rise a tacit admission of its advantage, a general evidence in favor of its necessity.

There might seem to be no advantage in conscription for Great Britain, secure, as she is, in her insular isolation. So far the British navy, manned by purely voluntary recruits, claims invincibility. But this quality has not undergone any recent test. The battle of Navarino, in 1827, was the latest in which an English fleet was engaged. The so-called invincibility will not bear close scrutiny. In 1798 General Humbert, with 1,000 men, raided Ireland, and successfully evaded the British fleet. In 1796 a French fleet successfully harried Boutray Bay. Later in the Napoleonic wars, not only did Napoleon actually evade Nelson, and land in Italy, but, according to the latest documents, issued by Capt. Rose, Napoleon seemed to see clearly the feasibility of descending upon England. Examined under existing conditions, the boasted invincibility of British force will be seen to dwindle to a shadow.

What, to-day, is England's task? Not only has she to defend her own shores, but she also has to guard an empire with a population of 400,000,000, and frontiers surpassing those of any other power. Are the means at her disposal commensurate for the purpose? What are the solid facts? The Boer war, though an experiment, was an experiment that affords information as startling as it is useful. It was found that in the regular army, and in the reserves, there were not sufficient trained men, and that new forces of raw recruits had to be hastily improvised, with much useless waste of blood and money. If in past years the regular forces have proved inefficient, how inefficient must be the volunteers? Little wonder that during the Crimean war Lord Raglan complained of the volunteer recruits sent to him, that they died like flees, so unfit and unformed were they. Sir John Burgoyne, speaking of similar recruits,

said he preferred a handful of real men to a mass of immature boys. There is no doubt at all that the ordinary British soldier, considered either as a regular or as a volunteer, is inferior to the German standard in point of height, weight, and chest measurement. It is evident that, relying on voluntary enlistment, it is impossible to obtain a sufficient number of soldiers. Consider the bounties England has been forced to offer as inducement to enlist. From 1715 to 1867, time after time, such bounties were offered. In 1787, during the American War of Independence, the war minister, in Parliament, stated that all his exertions had failed in recruiting the army up to its normal strength. In 1806, during a similar crisis, we are told by Allison that recruits were sought in the bulks and prisons. In 1859 the royal commissisoners report that, though given three years to raise 65,000 men, even in spite of an increased bounty and a lower standard of requirement, it was impossible to get the stated number. At a later period, Sir Geo. Clarke asserts that there is a total deficiency of 164,000 men; and Lord Roberts, a deficiency of 3,000 officers. The British army is, therefore, deficient in both quality and quantity. Contrast with this a typically conscript nation, Germany. There a young man, after spending two years in the army and five in the reserve, becomes a thoroughly efficient soldier. In point of quantity, the German army number about 600,000.

Conscription is, indeed, desirable from the point of view of defense. Not only must countries with vulnerable borders, like Germany, France, Italy, resort to conscription, but even England herself has been compelled to employ other means than purely voluntary enlistment. But conscription commends itself in other respects. First, in its influence on the economic and industrial condition of the nation. Does a course of brief military training increase or hinder production of wealth? Does it really interfere with civil pursuits and professions? Since the question is largely one of experiment, we might consider the action of conscription in countries where it is adopted. Germany leads as a conscript nation; it is foremost in commerce, go-aheadness, and accumulation of wealth. Military thoroughness, military discipline, military powers of application, seem, like to vital fluid, to be actuating every department of civil life. Everything is best made in Germany, literary research, scholarly learning, scientific discoveries, even Oriental poetry and imagery, and the sublimest musical compositions have their habitat in Germany.

Another conscript country is Switzerland, and Switzerland is

here selected for the reason that, according to the latest findings, conscription in England would be moulded on that of Switzerland. Conscription in Switzerland is exceedingly moderate, beginning with physical exercise in the school volunteer cadet corps, supplemented by 70 days' service in the army. It might be imagined that Switzerland, owing her political existence more to treaties than to any amount of possible strength she may exert, would discard conscription were it conflicting with the duties of civic life. But authorities there actually declare that so useful is conscription that were it abolished something would have to be substituted. Far from reducing the wealth of a nation, by interfering with civil employments, conscription contributes to that wealth, both directly and indirectly. It contributes directly by the saving of expenditure. In 1898 the total British army expenditure, including India, amounted to £37,600,000. The German army, three times the size of our own, cost, in 1898, only £30,000,000. The indirect saving is still greater, for the loafers and unemployed are turned into productive labor. According to the Poor Law returns, there are no fewer than 1,000,000 paupers in England, who are able to earn at least, each, \$5 a week. Of course, every one of these paupers would not produce exactly \$5, still a large proportion could become productive workers. As a matter of fact, general conscription has increased the wealth of Germany, where there are 4 per cent. more productive workers than in England. We may present this argument in another form. While the English soldier in our paltry and inefficient army, as Lord Roberts testifies, costs the nation about £118. 8s in 1904-5, the German soldier costs £41. 2s, the French soldier £45. 2s, for the same year. Nay, more, the general taxation is greater in England than in other conscript nations of Europe, being 60s per head in the United Kingdom, 45 in Germany and France, 41 in Spain, and 28 in Austria.

So far there is only a comparison, but imagine what would be the enormous and indefinite loss of a war for which we are unprepared!

Conscription puts a nation in possession of an efficient army and of a wider diffusion of material well-being. But there are loftier things than there. A nation has not only a body, but also a soul. History and experience alike go to show that conscription is a necessary tonic for the intellectual and moral welfare of the body politic. In every state there is the real and the ideal. Sparta, in the heyday of her greatness, led the intellectual life of Greece. The conscript citizens of Athens guided the destinies of a country in which

not only existed the most perfect democracy the world ever saw, but whose citizens also, in the words of Pericles, could boast of that mutual toleration and good will, of that sense of justice that love of order and law by which they became objects of envy to other nations. Later, when the eagles of imperial Rome floated across the Alps, and over the sands of Africa, it uses the exercise of the virtues of fortitude and obedience in the conscript citizen soldier that rendered him superior to dangers from without and the perils from within. Virgil's poetry trills with all the greatness of Rome's imperial might. Coming to the brilliant Elizabethan period of English history, we feel the pages of Shakespeare and Spencer throbbing with the daring exploits of hardy warriors and mariners. In Germany, the might of thought and the might of military imperialism, are not separated, but are joined together in issuing from the same source. When two things are shown by experiment in history to be always together, then we may conclude that there is some connection between them; and if conscription has been accompanied by effectual defense, by material prosperity, and still more by the stirring up of great natural virtues, then we are justified in concluding that conscription is beneficial to the nation from a material, mutual and moral point of view.

M. O'GARA, '11.

AWAITED PRAYER.

I prayed; God answered me at once,
And richly was I blessed;
Exactly as my heart had hoped
He granted my request.

I prayed; the answer long deferred
Brought not the thing I sought;
He answered better than my plea,
Aye, better than my thought.

I prayed; He gave no answer then,
Nor yet doth answer give;
But calm and confident I wait
His boon superlative.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.



NAPOLEON Bonaparte was born at Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica. As a soldier he has no equal. He was a military genius. He first made his appearance as an officer in a corps of artillery, at a time when France was torn asunder by the internal strifes between the revolutionary party, or those favoring a new form of republican government, and the royal party, or those defending the old monarchical regime. The awful reign of terror was at its height, when bloodthirsty murders, the guillotine, and massacres were the order of the day. Irreligion, free-masonry, atheism, encouraged by such men as Rosseau and Tallyrande, reigned supreme; confusion and chaos was everywhere, when out of the hopeless anarchy emerged Napoleon, to restore order and good government. He warmly espoused the revolutionary cause, but did not follow in the footsteps of his predecessors in bringing about the results contemplated by them.

Owing to his brilliant feats as a military officer, the directory conferred upon him the honor of having chief command of the army. From this time he was filled with an insatiable desire to become master of all Europe. Filled with love for his country, he longed for the time when he would see her the foremost nation of the world. One has only to associate his name with the names of Marengo, Austerlitz, Wagram and Zena to find out how far his hopes were successful. His whole career was filled with a series of brilliant successes upon the battle-field, victories won owing to his genius as a general. He conquered country after country, placing upon the thrones different members of his family. In 1799 he was appointed first consul; in 1805 he was crowned Emperor of France by the Pope himself. He placed his brothers Louis, Jerome and Joseph, and his brother-in-law Murat, upon the thrones of the conquered territories.

But it is not alone as a military genius that we must view the character of Napoleon. He showed himself, by his actions, in an altogether different light, and it is in this light which we will now view him. He was a legislator, an organizer, and a statesman. The code Napoleon and the Concordat are sufficient proofs for this statement. The code Napoleon, drawn up under the supervision of the first consul, was adopted in France, and it still constitutes the law of a great portion of the civilized world. Napoleon's victories

on the battle-field are now but memories, but his law reforms will endure for all time. He himself once said, "I will go down to posterity with the code in my hand." He always presided at the meetings, and gave personal attention to the minutest detail. One of the codifiers said: "Never did we adjourn without learning something from him which we did not know before."

Another great and distinctive work of Napoleon was the Concordat. The property of the Church had been confiscated by the revolutionary party. They even went so far as to make a complete separation between Church and state. The salaries of the clergy had been stopped. Napoleon did not relish this condition of affairs. Some historians claim that he had his own ends in view when he espoused the cause of the Church, but no matter what his motives were he certainly restored France from the miseries of irreligion. According to the settlement effected between Church and state the Pope had a right to approve of the clerical nominees of the state, and the state pay \$10,000,000 per year for clerical salaries. This was the settlement repudiated by the present anti-Christian government of France.

One of Napoleon's most formidable enemies was England, and, thinking to strike a blow at her, he requested Pius VII to close his harbors to British commerce and become a party to a war against England. This the Pope refused to do, and as a consequence Napoleon declared the papal states part of his empire. For this the Pope excommunicated him, whereupon French troops, under Napoleon's orders, entered Italy, took possession of the states and sent the Pontiff into captivity and exile. This outrageous act created a wave of indignation throughout the civilized world, and no doubt was one of the chief causes of Napoleon's downfall. From this time fortune frowned upon him, and he gradually lost his power.

After his famous expedition into Russia, where he was totally unsuccessful, and in which he lost the greater part of his immense army, in the War of Liberation which followed, he, deserted by his allies, was utterly routed and forced to abdicate. He was sent to the island of Elba. Louis XVIII, brother to the ill-fated Louis XVI, ascended the throne of France, and peace was once more restored. But not for long. Napoleon escaped from his place of confinement and entered France once more. Thousands flocked to his standard. Without shedding one drop of blood he triumphantly marched to Paris and took possession after dethroning the Bourbon King Louis.

The great powers, England, Austria, Russia and Prussia, decided that it was time to do something. Uniting their forces, they met and defeated Napoleon at the famous Battle of Waterloo, in the year 1815. Napoleon Bonaparte was at last defeated. He was taken prisoner and conveyed to the lonely island of St. Helena, where he spent the remaining six years of his life in seclusion. He died in 1821, after having received the last rites of the Catholic Church.

The name of Napoleon will live forever, for he has left an impress which can never be effaced. He failed miserably, in that he strove for himself and his dynasty; so far as he worked for others, for better laws and conditions, he succeeded. Ambition was his reigning characteristic, and it brought him, step by step, up the ladder of success until he reached the "topmost round." By the Battle of Waterloo all his hopes were dashed to the ground; all his successes were as nothing. By the career of Napoleon, princes and rulers and leaders, and all who would mould the destinies of peoples can learn a lesson, and that lesson is, that there is no summit so high to which ambition cannot raise a man, and there is equally no pinnacle so elevated from which it cannot precipitate him.

CHAS. O'GORMAN.

THE WONDERFUL WATER.

"Tell me what hath water done?"
"From highest mountains it has run
And found a way to distant seas
And all the time flowed on with ease,
Shining like queens who love to please."

"Say, what else hath water done?"
"It hath soared up toward the sun
And piled cloud ranges in the air,
Shaped city, ship, or white steed there—
Forms all as bright as queens are fair."

"What hath water done beside?"
"Cleansed the hands we fain would hide,
Made soiled faces fit to kiss;
And water's crowning work it is
When tear-washed hearts recapture bliss."

University of Ottawa Review.

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Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. X.

OTTAWA, ONT., JANUARY, 1908.

No. 4

THE SECOND TERM.

The return of the students from their Christmas holidays marks the beginning of the second term of the scholastic year, the one most favourable for tranquil and effective study. The difficulties of the first session—adapting one's self to new matters and irksome class-work—have been overcome; all that now remains is to master these subjects. There are no longer important games to distract the student's mind; the strenuous football season has been conducted to a successful close; the college man has nothing to do but face his books. He is now, so to speak, on the home stretch, with the goal of the June examinations looming up in the distance. Accordingly, those going up for degrees should put forth consistent efforts, if they wish to crown their course with success. Punctuality, so essential in all sorts of industry, is indispensable in college. Diligence in every-day tasks is a capital prize-winner. The student who allows his work to accumulate day after day, with the intention of

putting on a spurt during the last month or so, will find out his mistake, as failure will undoubtedly attend his efforts. Rome was not built in a day. On the contrary, the learner who applies himself closely to his studies the year round becomes a power. Lastly, prayers are set for stated times of the day, not so much for formality as for their eminent utility. St. Augustin says: "He who prays well lives well"; and the student who prays to study well, for the acquirement of right knowledge, we claim, lives well.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

The Business Manager, with the beginning of the year, looks over the books, and finds some outstanding accounts. He finds, too, that many of the subscribers owe one year's subscription or more. He takes this means of respectfully notifying our kind friends of their indebtedness. He sends out accounts indicating the amount owing, the payment of which will be acknowledged by return of receipt.

THE YEAR'S PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Developments in the world of science during the year that has passed, while in general not of a very startling nature, were still sufficiently novel and important to warrant the opinion that the world has not yet reached the limit of epoch-making discoveries and accomplishments. Not the least far-reaching regarding scientific theories, is the accomplishment of Sir William Ramsay, who, by the aid of the wizard element, radium, has succeeded in obtaining lithium from copper sulphate, seemingly tending to prove that copper, lithium, sodium and potassium, placed by most chemists in the same group, are all but different forms of the same element. Is not this a further step toward establishing the connection of the absolute unity of matter, that there is but one fundamental element in all nature, with infinite variations and phases, amid world conditions?

As matter is being simplified, so is space becoming minimized. The wireless communications by telegraph and telephone are slowly, but surely, conquering distance. At no distant date, without stirring from our own firesides, and without other medium than the air we breathe, we may hope to hold a heart to heart talk with our friends of the Antipodes. It is doubtful, however, if communication by travel will be ever made much more rapid. The battle with ærial

navigation appears almost as far as ever from victory, at least as far as sure and swift atmospheric conveyance is concerned. We shall have to content ourselves for a long time to come with passage by land and water, where, however, during the past year, by the application of electricity to long distance railways, and the development of the steam turbine on ocean liners, much faster and more convenient service, in some instances, has been established.

Nor has the year been wanting in interest regarding those gigantic feats of engineering endeavor for which the twentieth century will undoubtedly remain famous. It is true that the Quebec bridge, the largest single span bridge in the world, received a lamentable setback, but this will only retard for a short time its final completion, when it will form an important connecting link in our continental commerce and travel. It is gratifying to know that the preliminaries of another scheme, important to commerce, at least so far as Canada is concerned, are being pushed forward rapidly. This is the Georgian Bay canal, which cannot fail to attract the trade between the western and central plains and the Atlantic, as offering the nearest water route to the sea. Hence, neither the Panama canal, or the digging of a waterway between the Great Lakes and the Mississippi can scarcely have greater commercial consequences.

Exchanges.

In the January *Fordham Monthly*, besides three poetical flights, two good stories, a historical and a geographical essay, there is a notable philosophical disquisition entitled "The Origin of the Universe." The young writer presents the difficult subject with creditable care and ability. The difficulties, of course, have a way of claiming attention in spite of the efforts made to poke them out of sight. The expression is, at times, somewhat labored. Evidently the attempt to bring the rather abstruse theme down to the level of "the man in the street" is not a complete success. Still, it is a commendable effort, and probably more useful than the writing of the silly story so much in request at present.

"To-day Canada needs MEN in every sphere of honest endeavor—in the Church, on the market, in industry, and in the professions, but nowhere are they needed more than in civic and political life." In choosing his life-work, no student dare disregard any of these. The field of opportunity is wide—wider, perhaps, than it

ever was before. Proportionately difficult and momentous must be his choice, and correspondingly great the responsibility for his decision.—*Acta Victoriana*.

There are two interesting ways of looking upon the second semester of the school-year, namely, as the fall of the action in the drama of the year, taking the Christmas holidays as the climax, and the return to school as the tragic incident; or, as the continuation of the rise of the action of which the climax and the *denouement* are found together in the June examinations. Either way of considering it should make for good work. If the first method is followed, a special effort is called for to insure interest and to keep a due proportion between the rise and the fall of the action; this manner of dividing the year appeals to the orderly and systematic. The second method, perhaps, lends itself better, if incentive is needed, for looking back upon it, and there is more chance for the effectiveness of suspenses than in the first way.—*St. Mary's Chimes*.

The "flunked" student stood in front of his home,
Awaiting the incoming mail,
A letter from College was sure to come,
To tell of the terrible tale.

The postman came, but no letter brought,
And he happily entered the door,
But lo! he saw his father in anger wrought,
The letter had come before!

—*Academic Herald*.

"Thought versus Action," in the *Niagara Index*, is, incidentally, quite a comprehensive review of the departments of human activity in search of illustrations to point the conclusions drawn from the theme. The writer expresses himself in good Anglo-Saxon homespun. Indeed, some of the articles in this paper are quite remarkable, and the ex-man seems to be aware of it, too; he is not averse to blowing his own horn. But we can forgive him; he is in his element tilting with his fellow ex-man. A certain Mr. Y. Rasmussen has aroused his ire on account of his evidently complacent assurance in dealing out censure upon the Catholic religion. The *Index* ex-man turns the argument very deftly. Whatever may be the fault of themselves or of their Church, Catholic writers are seldom found alleging, as an argument, the misdeeds, real or assumed, of their detractors. It may be humiliating, but is not in very good taste, to say the least.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

In *The Englishman*, Calcutta, Tuesday, Nov. 5, 1907, appeared the following:—

FILLION-CAMERON.—At the Church of the Holy Name, Bombay, on the 25th Oct., 1907, by the Rev. Fr. Falk, Stella Mary, daughter of the late A. D. Cameron and of Mrs. Cameron, of Buckingham, Quebec, Canada, to Stanley O. Fillion, of Calcutta (formerly of Ottawa, Canada.)

The bride and groom are well and pleasantly remembered around the University. The bride's two brothers, Herbert and Robert, both attended the University but a short time, and the remembrance of the kindly hospitality of the Cameron home in Buckingham is well recorded in the annals of the Scientific Society. The genial good-fellowship of Stanley Fillion, as well as his prowess as a wing man on many a hard fought Rugby field, is still fresh in the minds of his many friends and the supporters of the Garnet and Grey. THE REVIEW and their many friends in the University wish the young couple a long and happy voyage together down the stream of life.

It gives us much pleasure to note that two of our former students, M. Conway, '01, science, and Jas. Lonergan, '06, dental, are representatives from their schools on the board of management of the newly founded Catholic Students' Club of Toronto University.

R. Halligan, '04, and V. J. Meagher, '04, were ordained to the priesthood by His Grace Archbishop Gauthier, in the Cathedral, Kingston, on Dec. 21st.

At the Christmas ordinations in the Grand Seminary, Montreal, W. Dooner and J. Harrington received deaconships, and H. Letang a sub-deaconship.

ATHLETICS.

The football season has come and gone, and her harvest has been reaped with honor and glory. But now the student body turn their attention to that famous game, of which Canada boasts as having the championship of the world, "Hockey." The rink is in good shape, and is well patronized on congenial afternoons. N. Bawlf has been appointed manager of the senior squad, and C. O'Neil cap-

tain. The first game was played in Kingston, on the 10th inst., against Queen's. But, sad to relate, the members of the Garne and Grey met defeat by a score of 14 to 2. Although the result of the match was rather a surprise, yet little could be expected of the College team, because they had not one practise previous to the match.

Four teams have been selected among the senior body, captained by Messrs. Corkery, Fleming, McLaughlin and Smith. The first league game was played on Saturday, the 18th, between Fleming and Smith. The game was an exciting one throughout, and Fr. Stanton, who held the whistle, saw that no foul play was allowed. The only men who were sent to the bench were Messrs. Byrnes, O'Neil and Smith. Towards the finish Smith's aggregation proved too strong for Fleming's seven, and when time was called the score stood 7 to 3 in favor of Smith.

Basketball has been taken an interest in this season more than in former years, and M. Smith has been appointed manager and J. Hart captain, of the first team. An exhibition game was played with O. A. C. before the holidays, and the students were victorious by a score of 21 to 17, thus proving that a team could be organized which could compete with the best in the business.

College team: Forwards, Whalen, Murphy; center, Hart; defence, Costello, Linke.

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

The French Debating Society, under the able direction of Rev. A. Normandin, has resumed its course of hebdomadary meetings, and the two debates which have already been given were a success from all points of view. Recitations, speeches, and discussions on historical questions, intermingled with musical numbers, constituted the programs of those literary banquets. All the French students assisted at those meetings, and encouraged the performers with their hearty and vociferous applause. If it may be judged from the cordial amity reigning among its members, the unbounded devotedness of the executive and the unlimited zeal of the director, the year 1908 will be, for the society, a prosperous and fruitful one. The executive was pleased to count among its visitors Rev. Father Dewe director of the English Debating Society. Sincere congratulations were offered to him and to his successful orators for the victory they had won over McGill's representatives.

The following are the officials:

Director—Rev. A. Normandin.

President—Eugène Courtois.

Vice-President—Marius Lachaine.

Secretary-Treasurer—Albert Couillard.

Councillors—Art. Courtois and Wilfrid Gauvreau.

Rev. J. H. Sherry, D.D., has just returned from an extensive tour of Europe, showing a marked improvement in his health. The Rev. Doctor was given an enthusiastic reception by all.

Mr. Parnell McHugh visited his Alma Mater here recently on his way home from Ireland, where he has spent some time.

Prof.—Where was Goldsmith living when he wrote "The Deserted Village?"

Jerry—He must have been in Killaloe.

New Guy—Why don't Gallagher and Macdonnell need carpet?

Old Guy—Because they both have Mats in their room.

Prof.—When you touched that sphere, the electricity flowed to the earth, then you were the conductor.

Gallagher—Well, I was once a motorman.

Inter-University Championship Debate.

On Tuesday, January 21st, there took place at Kingston the final of the series of the Inter-University debates. The result was a victory in favour of the Ottawa debaters, together with the obtaining of the Championship Cup.

The Ottawa University speakers were Martin O'Gara and Austin Stanton, while those on the Queen's side were H. B. Chatham and G. S. Fife. The judges were Rev. Charles A. Sykes, of Sydenham St. Methodist Church, and T. J. Rigney and D. W. McIntyre, both lawyers.

The debate was held in the Convention Hall of Queen's, and was honored by the presence of a numerous and representative gathering. After the usual delay, so agonizing to the debaters, proceedings began with two songs, rendered with much taste and expression. The debaters then entered, accompanied by loud cheers from the students.

Mr. Martin O'Gara, the leader of the affirmative, delivered the opening speech, arguing in favour of the introduction of Old Age Pensions into Canada. His speech was luminous and convincing,

and was spoken with that emphasis and inflexion which can be obtained only by one who has completely mastered the whole subject. His arguments were grouped round the following two points: (a) Old Age Pensions had been successfully adopted in other countries whose conditions and needs resembled those of Canada. (b) Old Age Pensions had been successfully adopted in many private enterprises and in many branches of the public service, and that it was only charitable and logical that the system should be extended so as to embrace also the section of the workers of society.

The first point was admirably set forth by a detailed examination of the success of the pension system in other countries, and especially in the colonies of Australia. He concluded by placing his opponents on the horns of the following dilemma: Either his opponents would have to admit that Old Age Pensions would be beneficial to Canada, or they would have to admit that Canadians are abnormally dull, that they do not love money, and that Canadian politicians are incompetent and dishonest.

The second part was then admirably brought out by showing that many enterprises in the States and Canada had successfully adopted the Old Age Pension Scheme, that by means of it the employee became more thrifty, and especially more faithful to duty.

Mr. O'Gara, at the conclusion of his speech, was greeted with a hearty round of applause. The Queen's leader of the negative then got up and opposed the introduction of Old Age Pensions into Canada. His main objection was that conditions in Canada were not the same as in other countries, and that, therefore, the arguments of the affirmative did not apply. He also advanced stringent reasons, based upon the height of wages in Canada and the diffused prosperity of the country.

Austin Stanton then rose and seconded the proposal that Old Age Pensions should be introduced into Canada. Unlike the leader, he argued a priore, using arguments drawn from a consideration of the very nature of Old Age Pensions. He showed by sure and consecutive steps that man has a right to a living wage, that the living wage means a wage out of which it is possible to save for old age, and that in Canada the working man does not receive this living wage. Naturally, this being the key-stone of the argument, it had to be strongly proven, which was done by producing facts and figures drawn up and sanctioned by the best authorities. Mr. Stanton then showed how this want of a living wage proceeded from an unjust

distribution of wealth among monopolies, trusts, and cornering of the markets. From this he proceeded to show how Old Age Pensions would remedy the unequal distribution of wealth, because the cost, if any, would be met by altered incidence of taxation and by an automatic reduction of the capitalists' profits.

A special feature of Mr. Stanton's speech was his remarkably good delivery. His voice was full and sonorous, and capable of great powers of expression. There is very little doubt that his delivery went far as a determinant element of success.

The last speaker was Mr. Fife, on the Queen's side. One part of his speech was devoted to proving that the Old Age Pension scheme was unnecessary, since the Friendly Societies and Religious Charitable Organizations were quite sufficient. He then displayed remarkable quickness in touching upon the leading arguments of the Ottawa side, and attempting to apply, *ex tempore*, appropriate objections. The hearty applause which followed was fully deserved.

At the conclusion the leader of the affirmative rose and presented his rebuttals. About eleven objections were met and answered point for point, and only the cruel limit of five minutes prevented a complete re-survey of the whole field.

The debate being over, more music graced the proceedings. A violin solo was played by A. Findlay, which, for strength of technique, well deserved the encore.

The judges then returned and announced their decision. Out of a maximum of one hundred points, Ottawa University obtained seventy-five and one-half points, and Queen's seventy-one. Whereupon Principal Gordon presented the cup to the winning debaters, upon which there again proceeded loud cheers from the student body. A supper was then given in the Principal's house, at which were present the debaters, the judges and the Queen's champions of previous years.

There is little doubt but that the debate served the chief purpose of the Inter-University debates, that of promoting union and good-will among the Universities. The utmost kindness and hospitality was shown to the Ottawa debaters. Whether they would have won or lost, their visit to Queen's would have been attended with recollections of a most pleasant nature. The debaters were also particularly edified by the harmony so evidently prevailing among the student body of the University.

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A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION.

The conqueror came home
On car of state by breathless crowds begirt,
Whose one thought was of him—his high record
Of victories illustrious—his rare merit;
Proud they had been to hail him Leader—Lord—
The while his bright sword flamed, and at his word
Fair Freedom smiled on Barbarism's gloom.

The conqueror came home.
The nation greeted him with gratitude
And love, no less that it was mute with awe,
And sad with tears: around him flowers were strewed
And banners waved; but sorrow was the law:
The ice of wintry natures broke in thaw
Of pity over that fair hero's doom.

The conqueror came home;
Peace in his breast and on his lips a smile;
For he had vanquished evil; he had fought
For good: high hymns saluted him the while
He passed beneath the arch for triumph wrought.
Fame's temple with his memory is graught.
His spirit dwells 'neath Glory's fairest dome.

CAMEO.

WAR AS NECESSARY AND BENEFICIAL.



WAR is a contest carried on by force of arms between two nations, or between members of the same nation. Let us consider if this contest is necessary, and if it is beneficial for a nation's prosperity.

War is a necessary evil. Almost from the creation of the world we have had wars. The greater part of the Old Testament treats of the wars of God's chosen people. And we will have wars to the end of the world, because it is prophesied that when that time comes nation shall be fighting against nation.

Is there any way to prevent this state of affairs? We have heard considerable talk and discussion during the last few years about peace conferences and the supplanting of war by arbitration. Let us see what they have accomplished in the matter of abolishing war. A few years ago an international conference summoned by the Czar of Russia was held at The Hague to discuss the possibility of disarmament. There were present delegates from all civilized nations, but their efforts to establish a state of perpetual peace were in vain. This was due to various reasons, one being through distrust of the sincerity of the Czar, the prime mover in the enterprise. But greater than this was the impossibility of the project. Governments cannot and will not abolish war, because armies and war are not accidental, but are, on the contrary, symptoms and essential parts of government, as it exists itself. No doubt, at this first conference a tribunal, or court of arbitration, was instituted, to which nations were requested to refer for the settlement of their international quarrels. Now, although England was one of the chief supporters of this movement, she was, in fact, the first nation to refuse to avail herself of the court of arbitration, when, during the South African war, the English ministers refused to accept the offers of the Boers. Hence, we see that the first conference did not accomplish anything in the line of abolishing warfare between nations. And nothing can be done, simply because nations cannot put faith in one another's promises. They are not able to agree to abolish their armaments, or even limit them.

Let us look to the possibility of a group of nations disarming themselves and living together in peace. Now, it is not to be supposed that the whole world would be simultaneously converted to

the belief that war is unnecessary. There are exceptions to everything. And let us consider that an unconverted nation, which maintained the old system of carrying on war, were to threaten the lives and happiness of the converted nation. Why, the horrors of war would be nothing compared with those which would result from unresisted invasion.

Therefore, it is evident that war is the only and the natural way of settling great international difficulties.

Let us now consider the benefits of war for a nation's prosperity. In dealing with this we must not look to the immediate effects, but rather to the lasting good obtained. We will take a few instances of the great wars from history, and see what their effects have been.

Did the great Roman empire become so extensive and prosperous by peaceful discovery? No! decidedly not. It was by many and great wars. What would have become of their nation if Pompey had not defeated the pirates and overcome Mithridates? If Cæsar had not, almost during his whole life, carried on war for its preservation and increase? Why, in a short time, it would have dwindled down, and her people at home and her allies abroad would have suffered oppression and want at the hands of her powerful enemies.

Why do the English-speaking nations to-day enjoy such beneficent forms of government? Are not their liberties founded on that great Magna Charta, obtained from King John by the English clergy and barons? In this great charter the rights and privileges of the people were clearly defined, and they have always clung to it as the warrant and basis of their liberties, and time and time again tyrannical kings have been forced to renew its provisions. Was this great measure obtained by peaceful means? No, it was forced from John at the point of the sword. And we have derived benefits from this civil war for eight centuries.

Let us take the Crusades—these great military expeditions undertaken by the Christian nations of Europe for the purpose of rescuing the holy places of Palestine from the Mohammedans. There is no doubt that a great amount of money was spent, and many lives were lost in those wars. But were the lasting effects not of greater benefit than the immediate results?

The Holy Wars were productive of much and lasting good

upon the political, the social, the intellectual, and the material progress and development of the European nations.

In regard to the political effects, the Crusades helped to break down the power of feudal aristocracy, and to give prominence to the kings and people.

Their effects upon the social life of the western nations were marked and important. Given opportunity for romantic adventure, they were one of the principal fostering influences of chivalry.

The benefits of the Crusades to the intellectual development can hardly be overestimated. The knowledge and science, and the learning of the east gained by these expeditions stimulated the Latin intellects and resulted in a great revival of learning.

Among the benefits of this war upon the material development of Europe must be mentioned the great spur they gave to trade and commerce. The east was opened up. Many arts and manufactures and inventions were introduced from Asia. Lastly, an incentive was given to geographical discovery, inspiring later on the voyages of Columbus and others.

Take Spain, for example. When was she a great and prosperous nation? When were her people happy and united? Was it not when her army and navy were carrying on war? And what is she to-day? She has not a great army—she is at peace with nations. But is there not internal dissensions, anarchy and revolt against lawful authority? Only the other day the world was shocked by the cruel assassination of the King and the Crown Prince of Portugal. This was in a country where war is practically unknown, at least to the present generation. What do we find there to-day? Strife, anarchy and commercial inactivity.

In the more recent wars, as the great civil war in the United States, the Rebellion of 1837 in Canada, etc., everybody knows that great and lasting benefits have resulted from them.

The very necessity of war makes it beneficial for the prosperity of a nation. It is true that peace would be the ideal, but is the ideal found anywhere beyond the kingdom of the skies?

W. P. BREEN.

THE MORAL MARK OF MAN.

III.

The Stamp of an Ideal Character.



CHARACTER buildeth life." Forceful, indeed, is that time-honored axiom, and no less respectable is its corollary: "The better the character the better the life."

Life is the object of our most serious aspirations; it is a treasure that should be guarded with jealous and parcimonious care. Man, then, should be anxious to enhance its value and utilize its power. Just and laudable that ambition, the highest ever born of man's heart, of giving one's life an ever increasing nobleness of purpose, an ever growing intensity and more and more fecundity.

But those aspirations to a better life, beautiful and elevating in themselves, bear the rigorous consequence of forging one's character on an anvil of steel, since character is the standard by which life is measured, and the instrument that gives it shape and form; for incompatible are the notions of lowness of character and grandeur of life, of weakness of character and fecundity of life.

A man desirous to live a real life must, first of all, turn his most persistent attention to his character; and before applying his energies to that all-important task, should set before his eyes a model, and draw up the plans of the ideal to be realized. What kind of character do you desire? In the answer to that momentous question lies the whole secret. In a man's character there are two most important parts: that resulting from nature and that coming from the moral being. Now, within the sacred precincts of nature do not dare tread, for there you hold no sway. That which you are by temperament you will always be. If steel-clad you are, steel is the material upon which you will apply your tools. If like the pliant reed growing by the side of a lazy pond, as willow will you have to twist your character into the desired shape. In other words, if born impetuous and ardent, nervous and fretful, phlegmatic and indolent, such you will remain radically. Yet, whatever may be the nature of your moral constitution be, do not be alarmed, do not court discouragement, for there is no soil, however so arid, as not to yield,

by means of intelligent cultivation, an abundant harvest of sound and wholesome grain. There is, in fact, in character another factor: that of the moral being, or person, upon whom the will power has a controlling influence. Yours is the task and the capacity to mould at will your character into shape; so you can, in spite of your natural propensities, mark your character with the brand you have chosen.

One should have an ideal, a target at which all manly efforts should be aimed. That ideal, moreover, must bear four distinctive marks:

- 1.—Uprightness, or integrity of conscience; such will constitute honorability.
- 2.—Strength of will power; such will give your character inestimable value.
- 3.—Kindness of heart; such will clothe your personality with a garment of attractiveness and charm.
- 4.—Manly exterior bearing, which will add dignity.

Undoubtedly, those moral qualities are more than enough to constitute an ideal character, but they are independent of temperament in this sense, that they are the product of neither this nor that nature. Within the limits of all natures do they lie, though not accessible to a same degree. Whatever be your natural dispositions, bear well in mind that you will have to bring your native habits into subjection, so as to follow steadfastly the dictums of your conscience, so as never to recoil from duties requiring strenuous efforts; so as to keep the hearth of your heart aglow with benevolence; so that your exterior may always be full of dignity. And those acts, isolated and rare, fruit of a transitory moral violence exercised upon yourself, will never achieve for you that ideal character; it is the innermost of your soul that must be fertilized by repeated arrowing and generously sown with noble tendencies. Let us try, then, to throw more light on those distinctive marks of an ideal character.

Uprightness of Conscience.

If I speak of conscience first, it is that a man of conscience alone is worthy of some esteem. Instinctively do we despise a man who, without scruple, unbitten by remorse, tramples on his conscience. Not being able to rely upon him, to trust the sincerity of

his word, to gauge the genuineness of his acts, we simply ignore him as man and turn in disgust from him. Uprightness, in fact, is the very essence of honor, the first and only lien upon our confidence. Behold this man, he is one having will-power and even prepossessing manners, but he is deceitful, has a lying lip and a treacherous heart, he is ever ready to betray his conscience, and, an occasion presenting itself, he will even betray a bosom friend. Undoubtedly such man is a miserable character. However great may his other qualities of mind be, conscience being deficient in him, they are entombed in the gloom of his heart, for lacking conscience he lacks everything. But what is conscience, and what part does it play in a man's life? CONSCIENCE is an interior master, whose voice is never stilled; a sentinel on guard night and day, neither moved by fear, nor overcome by fatigue. Conscience is a supernatural instinct, a voice immortal and celestial, a never-erring guide of man, finite and ignorant, though intelligent and free; an infallible judge of good and evil drawing man nigh unto God. Conscience it is that gives excellence to man's nature and morality to his actions. The functions of conscience are three-fold: (a) A faithful admonitor. (b) A powerful curb. (c) An effectual incentive. A faithful admonitor it is, and, like a never-failing semaphore, it forestalls danger and indicates the right route to follow. A powerful curb it is: offering her strong arm to one treading on the brink of moral precipices, restraining the onrush of one's most ardent passions, thus warding off disastrous downfalls and irreparable ruins. An effectual incentive it is: waking man up from his torpidness, conscience wrests man from his instinct of apathy, sends vibrating through his heart an electrical spark that brings into play those reserves of energy always productive of great deeds. Conscience, moreover, galls the lazy and indolent, gives a vigorous pull at the rein of him who goes astray, and sets him on the right road; it gives spurs to him who flags, that he may spring onward with more alacrity. Some there are in whose breast conscience has been blunted, weakened, if not destroyed, because it has been stifled, ravished and trampled under foot. Such persons are despicable, not solely because high and noble sentiments have left their souls tenantless, but because that lamentable atrophy of conscience is the outcome of reiterated misgivings. On the other hand, thanks to heaven, men there are—few, alas!—whose conscience, fully alive and sound, have kept intact the refinement of feelings; such bear the primordial mark of an

ideal character. Men of conscience are distinguishable among the motley crowd by three principal signs: scrupulous in the accomplishment of duty, severe in their sincerity, rigidly honest and loyal in the management of affairs intrusted to them. Listen to the words of a man of conscience: "Let men approve me; it is desirable, but one thing alone suffices: the inner voice of my conscience that says: well done!" "This is clearly my duty; do it I must, promptly, joyfully, with all the anxious care of which I am capable." "No one will observe me, perhaps; no one will give credit for it; it matters not, I will do it!" "No one will either know the value of my actions, or appreciate my d'sinterested earnestness: it matters not, I will do it!"

Now, can one speak a language more noble? Surely those words are dictated by an upright conscience, which converts them into action. How different the voice of the unconscientious man! The love of duty for duty's sake is no longer his guide; it is fear that urges him onward. The Police Magistrate in this life, the perspective of hell in the next, are the forces that prop him up. Behold such man always on the alert to see if anyone watches him. As long as he feels the crushing weight of his master's glance he is ad'ing, but as soon as he finds himself alone with his conscience he crosses his arms akimbo and lets duty care for itself. To sacrifice one's whims and fancies to a task; even one's endearing family ties to duty, is the first index to an ideal character. Conscientious sincerity is a second. With regard to loyalty, conscience should be suprasensitive.

Among the attitudes that an ideal character reproves, in the name of sincerity and loyalty, as being degrading to character, is human respect. Human respect, that weakness of the soul, which, through fear of men, throws in the dark ideas just and far-reaching; sentiments noble and true, which makes one blush at the sight of virtue and paralyses the efforts of praiseworthy habits.

Dissembling is another—that cowardice of a disorderly soul that, like a house-breaker, avails himself of darkness to ply his nefarious trade, and throws into the gloom of silence avowals that should be brought to light.

Hypocrisy is still another—that mask of virtue worn on propitious occasions by diabolically pious persons, not only to hide their vices, but to gain favors, to attain a covert position in life. Such (too many, alas!) are hyenas wearing the garb of innocent lambs

their victims. Such are uninvited guests of Hades, that, having found Cerberus knapping on the threshold of the exit to Earth, are prowling about, wearing the forsaken wings of fallen angels.

Still another is infidelity to one's word—the unholy stigma of a low character, who sets no value on his own word; who forswears civil law.

one's self for a trifle interest; whose only bound is the fetters of

There is duplicity also—the disease of souls who flatter and betray you in turn, applaud and exhalt you in your presence, drag you down and ruin your reputation as soon as your back is turned—odious vice, cursed by God, angels and men!

Is it necessary, now, to sing the praises of a man of character, of one entirely submissive to the voice of his upright conscience? Have we not said enough to show what will be the force and honor of a man of an ideal character? The most unquestionable sign of that force is that a man possessing an ideal character is self-sufficient in the accomplishment of his duties. His moral energies are not borrowed capital—they spring spontaneously from his heart.

Let the weak lie in wait before the act! Let either menace or praise be lavished, a man of conscience, an upright man, possesses within him a spring, self-acting and never-failing, that throws his best faculties into action when duty calls him. The judgments of men do not differ from the judgments of God. Infidelity of conscience is branded with an ignominious stigma, whilst honesty, integrity and loyalty are always crowned with glory by God and men. The entire social order rests upon mutual confidence. Peace, prosperity is possible in as far as one feels certain that his neighbor will not deceive him. But how can we depend upon our neighbor? What guaranty have we of his loyalty, of the truth of his words, of his respect for our rights? Upon his conscience must we rely. His conscience will constitute our tranquility. But if that neighbor lacks conscience, distrustful and uneasy shall we be.

Honor and respect, then, to those who do their duty, guided by an upright conscience, for they are in society an element of security and stability. Disgrace, on the contrary, be the lot of those who trample under foot their conscience, for they are in society a shame and a discredit.

Those considerations, though flowing from an untrimmed pen, should find an echo in every young man's heart. By all means strive hard to do your utmost to lay down this corner stone of your

character...a good and upright conscience. Life is a serious thing, and your future welfare and happiness, even in this life, depends upon your character. And remember, the inspiring words of a great poet and moralist:

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest
Was not spoken of the soul."

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day."

"IGNOTUS."

THE EYE.

IN the study of the eye and the optical nerves, the thought must inevitably occur to the student that it has, to a large extent, a most marvelous mechanism. No doubt many have never given much attention to this sight-giving organ; but, nevertheless, without it the beauties of this world would be completely shut out. Of course, many say: "Well, this is for the eye specialist to know, not for us." But these people are entirely mistaken. What is the use of Latin, Greek, etc., if they know nothing of their bodies and how to treat any defects? If people would pay less attention to fashionable magazines, etc., and give a little more time to the study of certain parts of physiology, then would there be less doctors' bills and less troubles. Especially is this true among different classes, who, having gained a little education, suppose themselves to be well fitted for the rest of their lives. Now, ignorance is the bane of all societies, so why do people not strive for a higher standard of knowledge than is usually striven for.

The eye is situated in a bony cavity called the orbit, and is held in position by the muscles, the nerves, the eyelids, etc. To facilitate the seeing of objects it is free to move to either corner of the cavity, downwards or upwards. This, then, enables man to see, to a certain extent, on either side of him. In the animal kingdom the eye

is fixed more or less to the side, but some have eyes as directly forward as man. Observation and deep research prove that there are some fish that have no eyes. Though this is not in accordance with nature, still it exists. This species is known as the subterranean fish. Being in perpetual darkness, they have no need of eyes; and, therefore, the eye is not developed, the cavity being covered over with a hard substance similar to the scales.

In all the animal kingdom there is nothing more essential than the eye, and there is no species which needs it more than the human race. It is composed of the cornea, the sclerotic, the iris, the pupil, the aqueous humour, the crystalline, the vitreous body, the hyaloid membrane, the choroid, the retina, and the optic nerve. To describe these fully would require pages, so I shall only deal lightly in each particular case.

Many think that the eye is composed of a white, solid ball, with a blue, grey, or brown circle on the outside, and a small black spot in the centre, which does the seeing. Not till one comes to study this organ does he recognize how different are the parts from what they seemed before. In the first place, the colored portion is not on the exterior of the eyeball, but in the interior. The front is covered with a thin layer of a transparent substance, which is called the cornea. That which covers the sides and back is the sclerotic. This latter, being a strong, tough tunic, preserves its inner parts from all pressure and injury.

Directly behind the cornea is what is known as the aqueous humour. This is also transparent, but a liquid. Like the cornea, it is not immediately discernible; but, after a close examination, it can be found between the outer coating and the colored part. Now we come to the colored part, or the iris, which is wrongly thought by some to be on the exterior of the eye. It is made up of two screenlike tissues, which are perforated by an aperture called the pupil, which in man is circular. This last named becomes very small when exposed to light, but very large in the dark. The contraction of it, in light, prevents the rays from an object from going through the edge of the lens, which constitutes the main part in the composition of the eye. In fact, without it man would have no sight, for it refracts the rays of light and concentrates them on the posterior of the eyeball, or the retina. These, then, make up that portion of the eye through which the impression of the object is first conveyed.

The aforesaid divisions take up but about one-sixth of the eye, most of the rest being occupied by a transparent gelatinous mass named the vitreous body, which is very like the white of an egg. Through this the rays pass before they strike the retina. Of course, this is but a fluid, and is kept in position by the sclerotic and the hyaloid membrane, which surround the back of the eye, to insure its safety from injuries. Now, the retina is a network of cords and tissues, on which the impression of the object falls. But there is one place in it called the macula lutea, or yellow spot, from which the object is distinctly seen, the sight from the other places of it being but hazy. The cords connected with this convey the impression of the object to the brain, and then we are able to distinguish. Between the retina and the sclerotic there is a strong membrane. It is highly vascular, and supplies the nourishment necessary for the chemical and physical processes concerned in vision.

These, then, are the main parts which constitute the eye. It is, indeed, hard to understand it from a book; but, if one were to call on some eye specialist and see his representation of it, he would then thoroughly understand it. Now, seeing what a grand mechanism the eye of man is, what must be that of the whole body? There must necessarily have been some great one, if, indeed, anyone denies God, to form man, the earth, and the contents of the earth, which accord in every detail. V. K. O'GORMAN, '09.

"MY CRUCIFIX."

A little metal crucifix;
 As plain as it can be,
 But only God in heaven knows,
 How dear it is to me.

I have it always with me
 In every step I take,
 At evening when I slumber,
 At morning when I wake.

In bright or cloudy weather
 In sunshine or in rain
 In happiness or in sorrow,
 In pleasure or in pain.

It helps me in my struggles
It reproves me when I sin,
Its look of gentle patience
Rebukes the strife within.

In days of pain and anguish
The greatest help I knew
Was to hold that little crucifix
Until I calmer grew.

And looking on that figure
Which hung in patience there
I saw the dreadful torture
Which He in love did bear.

His feet are nailed together
His loving arms outspread,
And blood is dropping slowly
Down from His thorn-crowned head.

And how could I then murmur,
Or bitterly complain,
When love for me induced Him
To undergo such pain.

So when the time approaches
That I will have to die,
I hope that little crucifix
Will close beside me lie.

That the Holy Name of Jesus
May be the best I say;
And kissing that dear crucifix
My soul may pass away.

H. F. L.

A POET'S PRAYER.

Now, therefore, thou who bring'st the year to birth,
Who guid'st the bare and dabbled feet of Mary;
Sweet stem to that Rose CHRIST, who from the earth
Suck'st our poor prayers, conveying them to Him;
Be aidant, tender Lady, to my lay!...

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

TEAMHAIR NA RIOGH.



HE hero-haunted, history-consecrated high places of the romance of the Gael. In Aileach's Grianan, close to the hill-summits to-day, loom large in the legend and Irish kings, where ruined fortresses crown the desolate walls of Derry, "the black wind from the north" goes sighing mournfully through the deserted corridors of the palace where Conall Gulban, lord of the northwest, knelt at the feet of Patrick to receive the Christian faith. Silence broods in the courts whence Niall Glun-Dubh went proudly forth to muster the Ulster clans for the rescue of the beautiful Gormlai

The war-pipes blow and with joy I go
 From Aileach's hall to the hosting-field;
 I have roused my men from each Ulster glen
 With the rustless glimmer of spear and shield!

Here, far in the depths of the hill, so the tradition tells, he wrapped in enchanted slumber the hosts of Hugh O'Neill—the strong, sure-handed champions of the Dark Rosaleen that smote such telling blows for her sake to the armies of Queen Elizabeth. In their war-gear sleep the clansmen, just as they did on the night before the battle of the Yellow Ford, helmets on heads, breastplates locked over tunics of saffron, hands ready to grip the broadswords, mantles covering all. And there they lie, their eyes bound in slumber, waiting the word of command and the pil-roch, to fling themselves into the saddle once more, and break the battle on the Gall—

...The tale of a spell-stricken band,
 All entranced with their bridles and broadswords in hand
 Who wait but the word to give Erin her own—

Aileach, the palace-fort of the kings of Ulster, was levelled to the ground by a raid of the Munstermen, during the civil wars which preceded the English invasions. The King of Thomond, who commanded the burning, to further humiliate the northerners, ordered his men to carry the stones of Aileach to Kincora, and, as the clans of Munster marched south in triumph, each rider bore in a sack on his saddle a stone from the ruins of the Grianan. They were used for the rebuilding of Kincora, which the Ulstermen themselves had destroyed in raiding Thomond some time before.

On the rapids of the Shannon, near Killaloe, few vestiges remain of Kincora, where the kings of the Dalcassians had their seats of power. Here it was, in the great hall of the royal fort, that Mahon and Brian, princes of North Munster, gave defiance to the envoys from Danish Limerick. Here were organized the hostings that routed the Danes, with slaughter, at Solloghead, driving them from Limerick and Iniscathy. Here Brian thought and schemed and worked for the good of Eire. Here he called the muster of the clans of Connaught and Munster, with Gaels from the west of Scotland, and Christianized Norsemen from the Isle of Man, which swept the great host of the pagan Danes into the sea at Clontarf, on the memorable Good Friday of the year 1014.

As, on the day before Clontarf, Donnchadh, son of Brian, passed south from Kilmainham with a battalion of the Dalcassians to ravage traitorous Leinster, which had leagued with the Danes, he must have seen far off in the Meath distances the abandoned fort of the kings of Ireland on Tara. Chiefs of the Fir Bholg or Tuatha Dé Danann races builded that fort centuries ere Christ was born. From out its gateways rode the high kings and the hosts of the high kings on their way to force the tribute from recalcitrant provinces, or spread the terror of the Irish name throughout the close-lying Roman dominions of Britain and Gaul. In one of its walls, after he had fallen in battle against Leinster, clansmen placed the body of the High King Laoghaire, he that saw Patrick light the fire of the faith in Eire. In his war-gear he died, and in his war-gear they left him, helmeted and sworded, standing erect in his walled tomb, facing to the south, fronting Leinster, unseeing, implacable eyes turned in death on the foe.

Ireland's first Christian king was also the greatest of those who preceded Malachy and Brian. He was Dermot MacCarroll, who reigned in Tara in the sixth century. Long before the time of Brian he conceived the idea of a strong central government, which should consolidate the warring clans as one nation. It was a magnificent and statesmanlike idea, and he strove manfully to carry it into effect. But at every turn his schemes were thwarted by those who should have been his natural auxiliaries. The sub-kings brooked exceedingly ill, if at all, his attempts to curtail their excess of authority, which encroached on the rights of the central power and the laws of the state. Ecclesiasties also came in collision with the high king in his efforts to strengthen the nation. He rendered a

judgment unfavorable to St. Colmcille, and Colmcille mustered the northern clans against Tara. The King of Connaught's son had, in a moment of passion, slain one of the royal stewards during a quarrel in Tara. The high king had condemned the slayer to death. The King of Connaught lent his aid to the Ulster rebels, and Dermot's army was routed, with terrible slaughter, at Cooldrevney, near Sligo. St. Colmcille, in bitter remorse for what he had done, exiled himself from Ireland forever.

A state official, abroad on the high king's business, was murdered by Guary, King of Connaught. The offender fled for sanctuary to St. Ruadhan of Lorrha, who twice gave him shelter in his monastery. But Dermot discovered his hiding-place, dragged him thence and put him to death. St. Ruadhan and his monks thereupon cursed Tara and all within it with a deep and abiding curse, so that thereafter the seat of kingship was deserted. It was a fatal and a terrible error. The central authority lost its prestige with the abandonment of Tara, and Dermot's noble dream of nation-making came to naught. He himself stayed with Tara to the last. His enemies made headway, however, and, striving to rally the loyal chiefs to his cause, he was assassinated, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, at Moylinny, in Ulster.

There is a spot on Tara Hill which the country folk call the "Croppies' Grave." It marks the scene of one of those disastrous episodes which abound in the history of the Rebellion of 1798. There, one day early in the insurrection year, four hundred of the Meath United Men were shot down by yeomanry. There they died, back to back, pike and fowling-piece their weapons, facing the artillery, fighting to the bitter end. After the battle was over the slain patriots were buried where they fell. The bodies of the rebel-martyrs of '98 could find no nobler, no more fitting resting-place than the spot where they lie, enshrined by glorious relics of Eire's mighty past—mound, pillarstone, altar of the Druids—on Teamhair na Riogh—Tara of the Kings.

HUBERT A. O'MEARA.

THE HOME OF THE HINDU.



HE sun on the wing of morning, gliding up from the east, until he smiles above the lofty ice-capped Himalayas, beams joyously down upon India, the home of the Hindu, the richest jewel in our imperial diadem; an empire with a wonderful diversity of people and of climate.

This country extends south from the Himalayas to the island of Ceylon, and east from Baluchistan to China. The northern mountain chain forms two walls, the southernmost rising perpendicularly to the plain 20,000 feet, contains Mount Everest, the highest peak in the world. In the lap of these mountains the mammoth rivers Indus and Brahmaputra wend their opposite courses some thousands of miles. The sun sees his reflection in these rivers, and in the historical Ganges. The 150 millions of people on the smiling plains, and the inhabitants of the irregular tableland of the south, and of mountainous Burma, in the west, are likewise cheered by his rays.

Rich, indeed, and voluminous is the history of this peninsula, that was old and matured when Alexander the Great invaded it, in 327 B.C.

The Indian people comprise three races: non-Aryans, the earliest inhabitants; the Aryan race, who came from Central Asia, and the Scythians, or Tartars, who first came in prehistoric times, and in great hordes, between 126 B.C. and 400 A.D. The Muhammedans entered the country in the 7th and 8th centuries. In the 12th century the Prince of Ghor subjugated the north. The Slav dynasty still ruling at Delhi, continued to be harassed, and fell, eventually, to Barbar and the Mughals. Through the usurpation of members of the imperial line after Shah Jahan, 1628-1658, and through the invasions of the Persians and Afghans, this most opulent empire the world has ever known, retained naught but its name, its energies having been exhausted. Eager to regain their ancient sway, the Hindus rebelled, backed by an enormous army. A crisis was inevitable. It came and passed, and neither of the Oriental races was victor. The spoils fell to an alien nation.

Vasco de Gama had discovered a waterway to India in 1498. The English obtained a foothold on the soil after defeating the Dutch, who enjoyed the monopoly of Oriental trade. Later the British drove the French from the Karnatic. The advantage thus

gained was augmented by the purchase of land, and the protection of territory. In this manner the way was paved for Clive's great success. The English supported Muhammad Ali in the crisis. Through their interference the empire was snatched from the Hindus. The Mughal emperor still retained his title, but, in sooth, India became an arm of the British empire.

It was some time before the victors understood, in a degree, this fanatical people, the mainspring of whose actions is caste: a social organization, including calling and religion; a brotherhood that makes each man a formalist. This is instanced by a Hindu being born to his caste, whether it be one of the four fundamental divisions: the Priestly, the Warrior, the Trading, or the Laboring; or one of the thousand into which these are subdivided. Wealth cannot effect a change of caste. The higher class considers the lower unclean. The outcast from one division forms a caste, in turn ostracizing his erring brother. Imagine the degradation of the lowest! Yet, caste holds and binds throughout it all. The 20,000,000 Priests, or Brahmins, occupy the highest position. Their inferiors attribute all they possess to Brahmin benevolence. These dignified men are the reasoners and lawyers. They bless, curse, teach, and govern. Hinduism, a union of their old Vedic faith with Buddhism, and, on the other hand, the old rites of the non-Aryan peoples, is their religion, and that of 207,000,000 out of a population of 294,000,000. Since the Pax Britannica the warrior is unemployed. Agriculture has no charms for him, and it is not without degrading the traditions of his caste that he must needs take to it. In general, the traders are usurers; each man a Shylock. One finds the majority of the laboring class on the plains and on the hillsides. This class exhibits the greatest unprogression. The men are strong, temperate and conservative, using the tools of their ancestors, and employing the same crude methods.

To drink intoxicating liquors is a religious crime, but to smoke is to be a Hindu. The pipe is passed from mouth to mouth. Seated tailor-fashion, the Indians dine off the floor, and, in compliance with their religion, they dine without shoes. There is a class of unclean things, the mention of which arouses the deepest indignation of a Hindu. To the majority, the eating of meat is as terrible as cannibalism is to us. Report went through India in 1857, a year of great ferment, that the cartridges distributed to the native troops were greased with the fat of pigs, animals alike unclean to the Hindu and

Muhammedan; the Sepoy mutiny followed. Education seems to have existed always in the country; still, at the present time, not one man in ten can read, and not one woman in a hundred and fifty. Though the embracing of Christianity leads to exclusion from caste, cuts off former friendships, and hinders marriage between a Christian, or his children, and a Hindu, there are over two millions of Christians, and more than one million Roman Catholics, in India. Over 90 per cent. of the Christians are natives.

Progress in British India reflects credit on our mother country. The recent works of irrigation have lessened the danger of drouth. The famine relief funds insure those in unirrigated districts. Railways and telegraphs cover the land. Nevertheless, India remains the home of the Hindu, ever luring to the foreigner who has an eye for architecture, and is interested in quaint manners and customs. Her future will be second to none. Consolidation increases with every year, and, as time recedes, the Hindu will drop his prejudices of caste, and emerge as great in empire-building as he has proved himself a man and soldier.

W. GRACE, '11.

VAS INSIGNE DEVOTIONIS.

Who love thee prosper! As a breeze
Thou waft'st them o'er the ways divine;
Strange heights they reach with magic ease
Through music-moulded discipline.

"If I but touch His vesture's hem,
I shall be healed and strong and free"—
Thou wert His vesture, Mary!—them
His virtue heals that reach to thee.

AUBREY DE VERE.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. X.

OTTAWA, ONT.; FEBRUARY, 1908.

No. 5

FANCY VERSUS JUDGMENT.

There are students who, in their intellectual work, exercise more what we may call the fancy than the other powers of the mind. More or less contemptuous as to their class manuals and their class tasks, they engage in a number of minor, but more attractive, investigations. None, apparently, are more busy, and more studious, and none bear more jauntily the self-awarded diplomas of a vast erudition. Yet the show of learning will not bear close inspection. No crop can be gathered where there is no proper tilling, seeding and cultivation of the ground. Students make a mistake when they hurry through their exercises without revising them; when they merely glance here and there at the few pages of a book which they are preparing for lecture; when, in the lecture-room, they give themselves to vague reverie instead of being alert and attentive to

all that is going on at the Professor's platform. Such students may get into a lazy habit of stopping at and noting things that strike or startle them; they may be satisfied with what amuses, pleases, attracts them, and they may think it is all right, and that nothing more is necessary. Yet they are using only their fancy, developing a side of their mind, in perhaps the least perfect way they can. To them the trashy newspaper, the pretentious magazine, and the light novel become the source of knowledge and inspiration. Things are different with the student who uses his judgment. He makes it his first and capital duty, in sporting parlance, to tackle the subjects marked in the curriculum for his form. He tackles them all, and he tackles them low; that is, he goes beneath the surface ideas. He observes carefully, examines actively, compares judiciously, verifies strictly. He renders no verdict till he has thoroughly mastered the chosen subject by means of steady and concentrated thought. Students of this class are, unhappily, rare, but they need little surveillance and little urging. Their progress towards the beacon of true learning, at first sure, by and by becomes rapid. Not only are such students to be found at the head of their classes, but they are to be seen lending valuable services to the Scientific Society, to the Debating Club, and on the editorial staff of THE REVIEW.

"CANADA" AT THE WASHINGTON BANQUET.

I desire to tender to your Club, on behalf of your fellow Canadian students, their sincerest thanks for the honour you have done them, in placing the name of Canada upon the toast list of your annual banquet. And I desire, moreover, to convey to you their best wishes for the prosperity of your club, and to give you assurance that they heartily join with you in honouring the name of that great statesman and general, George Washington, to whom they are as much indebted as you for the free institutions that the American continent enjoys.

You all know that Canada is a different country from what it was thought to be some score of years ago. It is no longer pictured as a barren land, or a land of continual ice and snow. That idea has completely vanished. Canada to-day is what your land was a century ago— a land of great promise. And while we are possessed of natural resources, at least as rich as yours, we enjoy the additional

advantage of having 100 years of your history to guide and direct us along the path of greatness in the attainment of our Canadian ideal—an ideal practically the same as yours.

The population of Canada is well nigh 7,000,000 of people, a very small fraction of the multitudes for whom she can provide happy and prosperous homes. Immigration will come to us, I suppose, from the same sources as have come the various elements from which your country has succeeded in building up the greatest democracy that the world has ever seen. And it would seem that, as in years gone by, Canada has given you valuable assistance in the development of your country, by sending you $3\frac{1}{4}$ millions of her subjects, you are now about to repay us, by aiding us, in a similar manner, in the operation of our mineral wealth, and particularly in the colonization of four new provinces. Already 300,000 native born Americans have come to our land. They have proved themselves, with their experience, money, and sympathy for our Canadian institutions, to be by far the most desirable element of immigration that we are receiving, and therefore we welcome them.

There is one word in our language, which, although we are two different nations, is seldom used, when Americans refer to Canadians, or Canadians to Americans, that is the word foreign. I hope we will never consider one another but as parts of a divided family, as it were. And I feel safe in saying had England listened to the wise counsels of Edmund Burke and governed itself accordingly the greatest republic of to-day, together with ourselves, would be honoured the world over as New England.

Why, then, gentlemen, if we Americans and Canadians, who, for the most part, are from a common stock, with a common language and a common destiny, alike in ideals and aspirations, why should we not foster a feeling of the most friendly relationship. This is being aimed at by the leading men and clubs of both countries; and the success with which their efforts are being attended is exceedingly gratifying.

That Canada is to become a great nation is not to be doubted for a moment. But must our greatness consist in our wheat fields, our streams, forests, mountains and manufactures alone? Never. Our greatness must consist in our ideals. And let us hope that our ideals will always be the loftiest. Let our government maintain its wise laws, and let it use that judgment which it has already shown in expending the public moneys on railway and canal systems, that will develop our limitless natural resources. Let it do its utmost to

make the Canadian people a nation deeply religious, and highly educated, and the land of the Maple Leaf will take its place beside that of the Stars and Stripes, with the greatest nations in history.

In centuries to come rivalry in many respects there must be between us. Our close proximity makes occasional difficulties between us an absolute necessity. But may our rivalry always be such as will in no wise interfere with the strong bond of friendship that should unite us. And in the midst of our difficulties may there ever exist a peace so firm that nothing will be able to disturb it. May the friendly feeling uniting together the two great peoples of North America render war between them an absolute impossibility. May it make them a strong element in the preservation of the peace of the world, and in the betterment of the condition of the human race.

NICHOLAS BAWLF, '09.

Exchanges.

We warmly greet the *Assumption College Review*, the latest venture in the field of college journalism. This "initial number" is altogether neat and trim, launched in the proper magazine style. It is not intended for a money-making scheme, whereat the editors show wisdom; "no more mercenary or personal motive prompts them in the undertaking than the desire that the college succeed as it deserves, and its work be known far and wide." It seems the usual difficulties and delays attended the inception of this promising work. The first printer, or publisher, was of his tricks, and doubtless the other firm will, in the course of time, unload a few about which the impatient reader will hear little. In spite of the very modest, unassertive mein of the opening number, we predict a glorious career for the *Assumption College Review*. It has our best wishes for success.

The *Xaverian* of November alluded to the appeal of the laity that was to be made in favor of St. Francis Xavier College. His Lordship the Chancellor of the University was appealing for a contribution of \$100,000. The response of the laity was, indeed, magnanimous. The sum called for was more than realized, and now St. Francis Xavier College will have an opportunity to increase its usefulness to society, and win laurels in its generous rivalry with its sister institutions as the year roll by. It will now have a full equip-

ment, its endowments, exhibitions and bursaries, well cared for libraries, reading rooms, and gymnasia, like the rest.

The February *Geneva Cabinet* is a "scientific number." Modern science is chiefly dealt with, though the conquests of natural or physical science in past centuries is duly noted. In this respect "The Modern Scientific Spirit" is an interesting review of scientific discovery from the sixteenth century. "Wireless Telegraphy" is the title of an illuminating article dealing with origins of this present-day invention. "Comets" is the subject of a senior astronomy thesis, and is very exhaustively treated. We sympathize with the college over the drowning accident, which prematurely extinguished two bright lives.

Book Review.

Old Dr. Harkness, with whose Grammar the students of Ottawa University had to become familiar, died last June, and scarcely a note was made of the fact. We are grateful, therefore, to the *Intermountain Catholic*, which we make our own. Though belated, it will serve as an acknowledgment of the respect and confidence we have for the old professor whom we have never seen, and also as a tribute of gratitude for the help his work has given us.

"Dr. Alfred Harkness, professor emeritus of languages, Brown University, is dead.

This notice will be of no particular interest to the boys and girls of tender years, but to the boys and girls whose hair is turning gray and whose eyesight is such that spectacles are a help, it will appeal with great power after they have thought a bit. It may be some little time ere they can recall just who Dr. Alfred Harkness was.

Well, just travel back thirty years on the car of memory, and sit again on the scarred bench in the village "high school." Now reach into the desk in frost of you and pull out a brownish book with cloth sides and a leather back. Look at the title:

'Harkness' Latin Grammar.'

O, now you remember! 'Hic, haec, hoc!'

Let's see—our Latin is almighty rusty these days—wasn't it 'amo' that caused us to steal a surreptitious glance at the sunny-haired girl just across the aisle and get a rich reward in the shape of a rosy blush as she bent a little closer to her book?

We didn't think so awfully much of 'Old Harkness' in those days. No indeed! We used to think things about him that wouldn't look good in print, and if there is anything in the old saying the Harkness ears must have kept up a perpetual burning that would make a western prairie fire look like a cigar store lighter. But as we grew older and schoolday joys grew in the retrospect, we learned to appreciate Dr. Harkness at something like his real worth, and now, after a lapse of years—long and often weary years—his name is recalled by the notice of his death, and immediately memory gets busy."

The fourth volume of the "Round the World" series has appeared. This volume contains a fund of valuable and interesting information, ranging from the Esquimaux, in their ice fields, to the residents of sunny California. The chapter on "Curious Farming" is worthy of special mention. Benziger Bros., price 80c.

"Sheer Pluck" and other stories of the bright ages, from the prolific pen of the Rev. Bernard Bearne, S.J., is an interesting book for boys and girls. It is bright, witty and entertaining, placing in a most pleasing way the events in Church history and the noble deeds of pious and heroic personages that will live forever. Benziger Bros., 80c.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

Rev. J. J. Macdonell, '02, passed some days at the College during the past month.

Rev. J. H. McDonald, '03, was a recent visitor to College Halls.

Rev. J. V. Meagher, '04, has been appointed to the professional staff of Regiopolis College, Kingston.

Rev. R. Halligan, '04, is now engaged in parochial work at Kinkora, Ont., in the diocese of London.

The recent Knights of Columbus initiation brought a number of our "old boys" to Ottawa. Among them were Reys. J. Breen, '01, and T. French.

Rev. O. McQuade, O.M.I., now stationed at Strathcona, Alberta, paid us a visit of a few days while on his way back to the West after a visit to his old home in Lowell, Mass.

Rev. J. A. Carriere, for some time stationed at Chelsea, and latterly at the Basilica, Ottawa, has been placed in charge of the parish of the Most Holy Redeemer, Hull, Que.

Rev. Fr. Brunet, secretary to His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, is recovering from a severe illness.

Among the Magazines.

The *Catholic University Bulletin* begins its fourteenth volume by becoming a monthly, and by changing its appearance considerably. The opening article, entitled "The Encyclical Pascendi Dominici Gregis," is by the editor, Dr. Thomas E. Shields, who, besides several book notices, contributes valuable "Notes on Education." "The Wages Contract and Strict Justice" is a readable article by Rev. John A. Ryan, who has become an authority on economical questions.

The *Messenger* has removed its offices from busy New York to Forham University, its new address. It maintains its uniform literary excellence and its wide and comprehensive treatment of topics. "Facts and Fiction Concerning Queen Mary Tudor" is an instructive review of facts. The "Chronicle" is replete with information and views of present-day happenings and tendencies.

We welcome the February and March *Extension* to our sanctum. This publication is devoted to religious and social aims under the able editorship of Rev. Jos. T. Roche, LL.D., Chicago, Ill. The reader is treated to views on religion, literature, philosophy, education and travel. There is also some choice poetry and fiction.

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

Preparations for the annual St. Patrick's Day banquet have already assumed definite form, and all indications point to a most successful affair. It should be a matter of personal pride to each student to say that he has assisted in making this function a success, and the best and most efficient aid he can offer will be the prompt payment of the prescribed fee. The committee in charge of the proceedings are:

Director—Rev. J. P. Fallon, O.M.I.

Chairman—M. Doyle, '08.

Secretary—F. McDonald, '08.

Treasurer—G. S. Costello, '09.

Chairman of Toast Committee—F. McDonald, '08.

Chairman of Menu Committee—E. H. McCarthy, '09.

Chairman of Reception Committee—E. Byrnes, '09.

Chairman of Decoration Committee—A. Stanton, '09.

Chairman of Music Committee—O. Linke.

Oriental Immigration, the question of the hour, was discussed on January 26th. Messrs. E. Ginna and F. Corkery argued for its prohibition, while Messrs. N. Bawlf and C. Gauthier championed the negative. The musical selections rendered by the orchestra between the speeches were highly appreciated. On the following Sunday Messrs. J. R. Corkery and W. P. Breen contended that: "War is necessary for a nation's growth," against Messrs. M. J. Smith and T. O'Neill. The debate was very evenly contested, and showed that these gentlemen had carefully studied their subject. The vote of the judges favored the affirmative.

The Debating and Literary Society has had some interesting discussions on various topics since our last issue. For some reason or other, the attendance has recently been very poor. The gentlemen that absent themselves do an injustice, not only to themselves, but to the debaters as well. An improvement is to be expected as regards this matter.

The bowling alley is now being freely patronized, and many of the devoted adherents have established reputations for individual play.

Mr. W. H. Veilleux, '07, who is now a banner student at Queen's University, spent a few days here recently. He looks well.

A large number of the Laval students, while attending their banquet here, paid us a visit.

At the earnest solicitation of friends who believed it to be an obstruction to commerce, Mr. Wh-l-n departed with his mustache.

Prof.—Were you talking?

J-r-n.—No, I was only whispering.

Prof. of English.—Where is your essay?

Gr-v-ll.—I left it in my what-you-call-it.

Good-night, R-g-n, tempus fugit.

The annual concert, under the supervision of the Debating Society, which was to be held in St. Patrick's Hall on February 28th, has been postponed until Easter week.

The French Debating Society can point with pride to this season's work. The members are filled with enthusiasm, so that the results are truly remarkable. The executive, encouraged by the universal desire of the members to co-operate with and help amateurs, has prepared an unusually interesting programme. During the month four debates has been disposed of, while an evening was devoted to stump speeches, in which Messrs. A. St. Jacques, E. Courtois, E. Desjardins and C. Coupal were conspicuous. The first regular debate between M. Lachaine and T. Côté, a real literary treat, was decided in favor of Mr. Lachaine. The question: "Was Riel guilty?" was argued with much warmth between Messrs. Gouvreau and O. Julien, affirmative, and E. Desjardins and S. Coupal, negative. The judges awarded the palm to the negative. The next debate was of more practical character: "Resolved, that it is preferable to urge our people towards agriculture than towards industry." The affirmative was successfully sustained by Messrs. R. Guindon and J. Labelle, though Messrs. O. Sauve and Belisle delivered able speeches. Though not so exciting, the last debate was, perhaps, more interesting than the previous efforts, the oratory reaching, at times, a high grade, as was expected of Messrs. N. Theriault and A. Couillard. The question at issue was: "Has the Confederation been a benefit to the Province of Quebec?"

The Very Rev. N. Dozois, O.M.I., recently appointed Provincial of the Canadian Oblates, honored this séance with his presence. Evidently a born orator himself, his appreciation of our humble efforts was particularly gratifying. After congratulating those who were most prominent in the evening's proceedings, he went to show the importance of being trained to speak in public; while doing so he showed, in his own person, what a public speaker should be. He remarked that most people, and boys in particular, lacked confidence, that confidence in himself was three-fourths of the man. We hardly realize how much Father Dozois managed to say in a few words. He promised to visit us again. Mr. Courtois, the chairman, on behalf of the Debating Society, expressed sentiments of welcome to the distinguished visitor, and of thanks for his kind advice.



UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

Vol. X

OTTAWA, ONT., MARCH, 1908.

No. 6

Entered at the Post Office at Ottawa, Ont., as Second-Class Matter.

THE HERMIT.

With melancholy sound
The dead leaves trailed along the ground ;
The wind swept sorrowfully by,
Chafing the restless trees on every hill ;
Pale lightnings rent betimes the midnight sky ;
Deep, distant thunders groaned—then all was still.
The aged hermit who for eighty years
Had dwelt in those dark solitudes alone—
No mortal shared his hopes, or joys, or fears—
Looked to the gloomy heavens while rapture shone
Making his withered cheeks like roses bloom ;
“Come, my beloved, come !”
His fond prayer pierced the clouds—the stars beyond
Grew brighter as it passed—it echoed sweet
As angel music where the seraphs throned
The king of love upon their pinions fleet.
The storm bursts forth anew
And doth the earth with ruins strew
The thunders crash and whirlwinds roar resounds ;
Smote by the livid lightning’s deadly power
The noblest trees lie shapeless on the ground
City destroying floods rage in this hour

And, hark! the fatal earthquake's awful shock
Yet, the old solitary sits serene
Seeming the angry elements to mock
"My God!" he cries, "Thy wonders I have seen
The earth was shaken; Thou
Remainest in eternal peace—and now
Speak once again with Thy tremendous voice,
And I shall hear and answer Thee with joy."
So spoke the sage whose soul had learned to rise
From things created, and was fixed on high.
All beautiful and bright awoke the morn
With song of birds and streams and scent of flowers
The wild rose bloomed in beauty on its thorn
And countless blossoms thronged the forest bowers
But, to his prayer, alone
The solitary rose, and made his moan;
"My God, I seek for Thee, and find Thee not;
Oh! brighter than the sun—oh! fairer still
Than yonder honeyed white flower in its grot
My heart with love Thou woundest, why not kill
And let my spirit fly to Thee, and rest?
The beauty I behold, but doth me fill
With longing for Thee, who art brightest, best."
Thus, like a sigh of love the hermit's soul
Was poured unto the ear of God alone,
And like a tender ray of light it stole
To that deep abyss where God's glory shone.
The wild beasts of the wood
Came at his call, and quelled their thirst for blood;
Then happy birds around his calm retreat
Sang blithe, melodious anthems as they flew;
But one mild dove stayed, nestling at his feet;
The solitary sighed, and prayed anew;
"O Love of Loves!" O sweetness of my soul!
O Fire, consuming with celestial Flame!
My heart Thou ravishest with blissful dole,
Oh! loose my spirit from its prisoning frame;
As this fond dove to me,
So, my Beloved, I would fly to Thee.
Open to me, my God, the golden doors—"

Then was that heart love-broken ; he lay dead ;
His soul in love without its pain, adores
The source of love to which he thus hath fled.

E. C. M. I.



THE SONG OF THE EXILE.

Oh Erin sweet Erin, I fondly remember
Thy green-tinted fields and thy bright azure skies,
And as I thus muse, recollections all tender
Of happy days by-gone within my heart rise.

For thou art a country where holiest feeling
Towards homestead and fatherland dwell in the soil,
And thy visions of love around us come stealing,
In far distant lands 'mid our troubles and toil.

Thy sons are the bravest that the sun ever shines on
So generous and loyal to God and to thee,
Thy daughters are the fairest that fancy can think on,
As brilliant and pure as the pearls of the sea.

How often I've wandered on bright sunny evenings,
By the emerald meadows and clear purling streams
And my poor heart beat quicker as then I remembered
How soon I must leave thee, thou land of my dreams.

But though these dear mem'ries bring sorrow and sadness
To the heart that's away in a far-distant clime
I'll repine not, for soon God will change all to gladness
'Midst our loving, loved friends, beyond earth's border-line.

THE ST. PATRICK'S DAY BANQUET.

The seventeenth of March is always looked forward to by the Irish students of the University of Ottawa with perhaps more joyful expectations than any other feast throughout the year. And why should they not? For to the heart of every true Irishman nothing is dearer than to celebrate the feast of the Great Saint and Apostle who brought the light of truth into his beloved Erin, and rescued that land of destiny from the bonds of paganism and idolatry. The twenty-fifth annual St. Patrick's Day Banquet, given by the classes of '08 and '09, was, in point of excellence, equal, if not superior, to any of its predecessors. The memorable function materialized in the students' refectory, which was gaily decorated; streamers of red, white and green hung in graceful abundance, numerous portraits appeared on every side bedecked with appropriate flags, and in the centre of the hall stood the University's several coveted trophies, surrounded with artistic folds of garnet and grey. As the many students and guests seated themselves to the sumptuous repast they could not but feel that those who had managed the affair were to be heartily congratulated. Valentine's orchestra furnished dulcet Irish airs throughout the feast. The students who spoke ably upheld the excellent reputation which Ottawa University possesses in oratorical proficiency, while the rank and reputation of those guests who addressed the assemblage enhanced the interest, which their remarks deserved.

The material portion of the banquet having received due consideration, the toastmaster, Mr. F. J. McDonald, '08, in fitting words, proposed the different toasts.

Mr. J. R. Corkey replied as follows to "The Day We Celebrate":

Your Excellency, Your Grace, Rev. Fathers, and Gentlemen,—

The celebration we Irishmen make here to-day is one of love and of sorrow. For is not Ireland a most singular nation: singular in her glories, and singular in her misfortunes? And among the glories the one which stands out most prominently is her religious fidelity. She points to the man, who, nearly fifteen centuries ago, quenched the lurid fire of the Druid, and shed over her virginal bosom the rays of divine faith; to him, who transported her from out the vale of pagan obscurity into the marvelous light of Christianity. And thus

our celebration to-day is a most glorious and triumphant one. With the poet, I may say :

“Far from the hills of Innisfail,
We meet in love to-night,
Some of the scattered Clan-na-Gael,
With spirits, warm and bright.
Why do we meet? 'Tis to repeat
Our vows both night and day,
To dear old Ireland, brave old Ireland,
Ireland, boys! Hurra!”

The story of Ireland is most glorious. Hardly had the great apostle concluded his task of evangelizing the Irish people, which, in the manner of its accomplishment, was nothing less than marvellous, than our ancestors became a nation of saints and sages. Monasteries and schools sprang up everywhere with a rapidity unprecedented in the annals of Christianity. Even while practising their Druidistic superstition, the Irish showed themselves to be not devoid of learning. No wonder, then, that a race, with so keen an intellect, which, in its pre-Christian state, had attained a considerable degree of civilization, while neighboring nations were yet in the condition of barbarism, should, under the influence of the Catholic faith, gain distinction in the field of education. It was during the same epoch that the great intellectual centres in other parts of the civilized world, in the name of science, began to renounce the Gospel, and to sow the seeds of heresy. But Erin, designed, as it were, by Divine Providence, came forth to the rescue, and shed her rays of salutary light to the farthest confines of civilization. Where, indeed, do we not find Irish evangelists and teachers during these troublous times? Imbued with the fire of teaching the heathen, we find them radiating into all lands to cheer the Christian, trodden down by barbarian invasion, to rekindle the quenched fire of art and science, and to carry everywhere the light of faith and learning. Not only did Ireland enlighten those people, to whom science was hitherto unknown, but even, to use the happy expression of her best historian, “She reflected back on Rome herself the light derived from Rome.”

For three centuries this glorious epoch of peace and joy lasted—three centuries, which rendered the Irish nation, in her saints and scholars, the admiration of the Christian world. But the eighth century brought this to a close, and then began a new era, in which

Ireland was to distinguish herself as a fighting race. For three hundred years the Danes invaded the Isle. Year after year fresh armies of these northern barbarians poured into Ireland, the Irish people standing at bay, sword in hand. But in the eleventh century Ireland arose as one man, and drove her enemies from her shores. Those Danes, who were able to subdue England, and all northern France, and to leave the marks of their sovereignty in Scotland, were repulsed by Ireland. And, as Irish historians affirm, the secret of her supremacy lay in the magical sound of the name and faith of St. Patrick. These barbarians had come forth openly avowed to wipe away Ireland's faith, but it was this that nerved and united her, and resulted in that final glorious victory at Clontarf. Let me ask you: What other people can boast of such an achievement, after three centuries of constant invasion, to finally come forth with all its pristine vigor and faith intact? History gives us no similar example. And, therefore, have I said that Ireland is singular among the nations.

But if the Irish people are singular in their glories, they are likewise singular in the wrongs that they have suffered. After four more centuries of war, Ireland, to save her nationality, was called upon to lay down the sword, the sword that for seven hundred years had never seen its sheath, and on bended knee to transfer it to the tainted hand of Henry VIII of England. But, alas, the deal was barely finished when the news arrived that England had changed her faith, and demanded of Ireland the surrender of her divine inheritance. And then commenced that era which brings to every true Irish heart a sense of compassion and sorrow. Where, in the history of nations, is there a people who have undergone the persecution the Irish people have? For three centuries the strongest nation on the earth sought to extinguish, by Irish blood, the light of Irish faith. But Ireland fought for her freedom, and in the name of faith triumphed.

True it is, Ireland lost her national parliament. Nevertheless, the national sentiment, contrary to the belief of English ministers, has not yet been extinguished, and never will be extinguished. Irishmen at home yet cling as devotedly to their nationality as at any former period. This is evident in the conduct of the Irish national party, whose whole history is one of the most unselfish patriotism. Abroad, especially in the American Republic and this fair Dominion of ours, Irish sentiment beats high. And the en-

thusiastic manner in which St. Patrick's Day is celebrated in Ireland, and wherever Irish exiles or their children are to be found, is a demonstration of their loyalty to the cause of the land from which they spring, as well as a veneration of the memory of that great apostle from whom they received the light of faith. To that faith they are determined to remain steadfast, no matter what may befall them; no matter what persecutions they may have to endure, in order to maintain it. And they are determined, also, with that kind of determination which is peculiarly Irish, to fight to the last for those rights of which Ireland has been so unjustly robbed. The day seems not far distant when she shall enter upon an era of peace and prosperity, for which she has long contended; but whether the immediate future has such a blessing in store for her or not, her sons will not desist from the fight until it becomes an actual fact.

Mr. M. D. Doyle's response to the toast to the Pope was as follows:

Most fitting as it is that we, as devoted sons of the Emerald Isle, should gather round the festive board to-day to celebrate the anniversary feast of him who carried the glad tidings of the Gospel to Erin's shores; appropriate as it is that we should commemorate her glories and recall, with sympathetic remembrance, her sorrows, it is also most appropriate that a toast at this banquet should be in honor of him who is the Supreme Head of that Church, fidelity to which, ever since the days of St. Patrick, has been the distinctive mark and the greatest glory of the noble nation whose praises we sound.

Making abstraction of the consideration that Pius X holds the sceptre of that spiritual empire, founded by Christ, to watch over the souls of men, and viewing his life in all its different phases and varied relations from the tender years of infancy and childhood down to the time of his accession to the chair of Peter, what a grand and inspiring example is presented to us. And to-day, as we contemplate him gloriously reigning over the Catholic world, lifting his hand in benediction over his faithful subjects, what a magnificent vision of his papal dignity rises before us.

How befitting it is, therefore, that we, the Irish students of a Catholic University, should, in our patriotic celebration, reverently honor that venerable and saintly man, who, pining a prisoner in the Vatican, yet commands the fervent love and unquestioned obedience of millions of the truest hearts that ever beat in the bosoms of men.

If Catholicism has been the cause of all those centuries of persecution with which the Irish people have been afflicted, and has also been the secret of their national strength; if it has brought them untold consolation in their miseries, and has been the source of their unparalleled national grandeur, it was one of the predecessors of Pius X that commissioned Patrick to bring that religion to them; and unfaltering loyalty to the Head of the Church, on the part of the Irish, wherever they may be found, has been, ever since, characteristic of them. And to-day, when the Sovereign Pontif finds himself surrounded by enemies, who are continually seeking to despoil the Church of her rights and properties, persecuted Ireland sends messages to the Prisoner of the Vatican expressing her indignation at the injustice that is being perpetrated against him, and the Irish public representatives make open protest against the outrageous violation of the solemn compact that existed between Rome and France.

A few years ago His Eminence Cardinal Vannutelli, who had been sent by Leo XIII as Papal Legate to Ireland, paid a beautiful tribute to that country's devotion to Rome. Acknowledging the wonderful reception everywhere accorded to him, he said: "Ireland has ever been primarily distinguished in her attachment to the Holy See, and all the manifestations I have witnessed in my tour through your beautiful country have been abundant proofs of your grand, holy faith, of your unshaken and unalterable fidelity to our Holy Father, the Pope." The late Cardinal Richard spoke in similar terms: "Amongst all the children of the Church," he wrote, "the Irish have given the most striking proofs of constancy. May we, by a courage as persevering as yours, be able to win back the liberty which you now enjoy. Your O'Connell, who was its most eloquent defender, wished that his heart should rest in Rome. This is the symbol of your unalterable attachment to the Holy See. We ask God for strength to imitate your admirable fidelity." Let us hope, gentlemen, that Ireland will always remain what she is to-day and has ever been since she embraced Christianity - the faithful and submissive child of Rome. May the illustrious Pius X, the worthy successor of the great Leo XIII, find in her a source of solace and support in the midst of his tribulations, and may she, until the end of time, be foremost among the nations of the earth in unswerving allegiance to the Sovereign Pontiff.

Mr. V. K. O'Gorman responded thus to Canada:

It is a source of great pleasure to every Canadian to be called upon to proclaim the glories of the land that gave him birth, and to give expression to the hope that a kind Providence will ward off from her all misfortune, and will continue to bless her with happiness and prosperity.

Canada has not a long history; she is still in her infancy. She has had no great wars to give her sons an opportunity to display, in her defense, the characteristics of intrepidity and endurance with which a generous nature has endowed them. And, hence, it is not our honor to proclaim the praises of our distinguished soldiers. Yet, when Canadians have been called upon to face the enemy on the field of battle, they have shown themselves possessed of that mettle of which heroes are made. A few years ago, when Canada sent contingents to South Africa, they covered themselves with glory by their dash and constancy, and won fame for their native land in the eyes of the world. But, through the special protection of Heaven, we have been blessed with comparative peace, and have been enabled to devote our energies almost exclusively to the development of our vast resources.

From being relatively unknown a few years ago, Canada has won a position in which she is attracting the attention of all nations. She has disclosed a mineral wealth, particularly in Klondyke and Cobalt, the like of which the world has never yet beheld, and we must not forget that the first chapter in the history of her mining has not yet been brought to an end. Her vast forests, too, are well-nigh inexhaustible. But her greatest wealth consists in her immense expanse of fertile lands, that demand but to be touched by the hand of the tiller that they may be converted into a fruitful paradise. Where but a short time ago there was a boundless prairie over which the buffalo ranged with undisputed sway, to-day we have thriving settlements, and where to-day we have but villages in the next twenty-five years we shall have flourishing cities. Thus the progress of Canada will continue until, in the not distant future, she will take her destined place among the nations of the world, the home of millions of happy and prosperous people.

Of those who are coming from foreign lands to be citizens of this great Dominion, many are driven hither by the oppression of unjust laws and the tyranny of rulers. They find here a country where every man is free, where everyone is given an opportunity to make an honest living, and to derive the fullest profits from his toil and industry.

Though a British colony, Canada makes her own laws, and is working out her own destiny. The happy and contented condition to which self-government has given rise has cemented our union with England, and furnished all thinking men with an argument for Home Rule in Ireland. Hence Canada has always been a friend of Home Rule, and several resolutions to that effect have been passed through the Dominion House of Commons. We believe that, as self-government has preserved Canada's loyalty, so will it, besides bringing contentment to Ireland, be a means of uniting that oppressed country to England by a bond that would make her a source of untold strength to the British Empire, instead of a continual menace to it.

Canada has begun well. Those who have gone before us in the building up of this country have nobly fulfilled their duty. Besides doing their utmost for its commercial advancement, they have laid that solid foundation of religion and education upon which alone national greatness can be built up. We must continue the work that they have so well begun, striving to make our native land powerful and happy, and an influence for good throughout the world. And one of the directions in which that influence will be unquestionably exercised, will be in obtaining for Ireland, that has so much suffered in the cause of righteousness, the complete freedom for which, through centuries, she has so valiantly fought.

But Americans likewise entertain the kindest of feelings toward their Canadian neighbors, and they sincerely trust that, as time passes by, that feeling will be intensified, and that, on this northern continent, two great nations will grow up in prosperity and mutual friendship, without forgetting that island beyond the sea whence have come the ancestors of so many of us.

"Deep in Canadian woods we've met,
From once bright Ireland flown,
Great are the lands we tread, but yet
Our hearts are with our own."

Yes, gentlemen, while truly loyal to our respective flags, we must be able to say in all earnestness: God save Ireland! Erin-go-bragh!

In an eloquent manner, Mr. J. C. Conaghan replied to the toast proposed to the Irish Parliamentary Party:

As there has recently been some opposition to the policy of the

Irish Party in Ireland, and even in America, it seems but proper that we, by placing the name of that party on the toast-list of St. Patrick's Day Banquet, display our gratitude for the noble fight which it has sustained in an endeavor to secure the redress of Ireland's wrongs; show our hearty approval of the policy pursued by that party, and assure it that we join with the rest of the Irish world in lending it our support.

The advocates of Sinn Fein have lately been displaying hostility to the Irish Party, and to the Irish national organization as founded by Parnell and Davitt in the Land League, and continued in the United Irish League. Some of these expounders of the Sinn Fein movement have had the hard hood to deny that the Irish Party and their agitation of the past 29 years have won any benefits for Ireland. A glance over the records of the Irish Party will show that no other political body has accomplished, in the same length of time, what they have done. They have kept Ireland's grievances before the eyes of the world, both by their conduct in the British Parliament, and by the sending of envoys to other nations, particularly to Australia, Canada and the United States. At home, by their magnificent fight, they have encouraged the people, and raised them from a state of apathy, in a nation of agitators, demanding the rights which have been withheld from them so long. For 29 years has this illustrious party struggled against the most powerful empire in the world, and in time they have wrested from her measure after measure. The Land Act of 1881, the Migration Act of 1882, the Agricultural Act of 1898, the Local Government Act of 1906, and the Franchise Act of 1885, which took the representation of Ireland out of the hands of the landlords and placed it in those of the people—all testify to the courage, eloquence and aggressiveness of the Irish Party in the British House of Commons.

Is it to be wondered at that a party in which appear the names of Parnell, Grattan, and Pitt; Justin McCarthy, one of the greatest of modern historians; T. P. O'Connor, the greatest journalist of the day; Timothy Healy, Joseph and Charles Devlin, men renowned the world over for their oratory and political tact, and last, but by no means least, John E. Redmond, the greatest political leader—is it to be wondered at that a party which numbers among its members such men as these should have wrested from England so many measures, that it should have excited admiration throughout the world, and have universally won the hearty support and approval of the Irish race.

But, better than the brilliant qualities which distinguished the Irish Party, are the uprightness which has characterized its members, their steadfastness of purpose, and their undying loyalty and devotion to the country they serve. Their one great object is to obtain for Ireland Home Rule, the right of an Irish Parliament in Ireland, elected by and responsible to the people of Ireland.

That there has been disunion in the past is not wonderful, for what party or organization is there which has not at some time experienced it? But an understanding has been reached, and the slight disunion, which arose, after all, but from a difference of opinion as to the means to be employed for obtaining the same end, has disappeared, and the Irish Party is a united, solid, brotherhood sworn to act together in parliament and outside of it. Now that complete union has been established among the Irish representatives, there is ample force behind the party to ultimately win what Ireland has long been seeking.

Ireland is no longer weakened by division; Catholics and Protestants have united in the endeavor to obtain Home Rule for their country through the efforts of their faithful and able members of parliament. The Irish people have elected as their representatives a party which has the approval and sanction of His Holiness Pope Pius X, the English hierarchy, the Irish bishops and priests, and the support and sympathy of the Irish race throughout the world, a party which is renowned for eloquence, integrity and political tact, a party in whose devotion and determined struggle to obtain justice for the land of our forefathers

We place our hopes to see
The emerald flag of Erin wave
O'er College Green, and e'er to be
A standard of the free and brave.

Mr. E. H. McCarthy toasted Alma Mater as follows:

To respond to the toast to an institution of learning should, indeed, be a very great pleasure to any Irishman who cherishes the memory of his ancestors in the ages gone by, when the Emerald Isle was, in its devotion to education, the first of the nations of the world.

Then, as to-day, thirst for learning was regarded as one of the prime characteristics of the sons of Erin. In the days of her prosperity Ireland gave the first example in the history of mankind of

absolute free education, and no nation has ever yet surpassed her in her love for learning.

It is, consequently, to us, the sons of a race famed for its love of science, a great pleasure to show our devotion to our Alma Mater on such a day, and to give expression to a hearty wish that the future has in store for her a development vaster even than even her most earnest friends could desire, and that she will render great services to this Dominion and the neighboring republic by laboring earnestly and faithfully in that noble work of education.

It is even a more delightful pleasure for a son of St. Patrick, a descendant of a people whose country bore the title, not only of Isle of Scholars, but also Isle of Saints, to toast an institution imparting an education which is at once secular and religious.

No question at the present day is more agitated than that of religious teaching in the schools. It is a burning topic in English political life, and it is much discussed in America. On that question Irishmen are one with the great National Party in demanding that education be religious.

Only recently that noble leader of the Irish party, Jno. E. Redmond, in delivering an address to the students of a Catholic college in England, said: "We believe that religion is a most necessary part of education. We believe it is not possible to bring out good men and efficient citizens by the banishment of religion from the education of our children."

We glory in the firm stand that that noble party recently took in the fight for religious education in England, and the sentiments of the leader, Redmond, are exactly those of all the members of his race scattered throughout the world.

And therefore we, being strongly attached to religious education, bear intense affection for this institution, our Alma Mater, consecrated, as she is, to the sacred cause of a learning which proclaims that the education of the heart must be carried on simultaneously with that of the mind.

Nor should we fail on such an occasion as this to proclaim our athletic victories, for the Irish people have ever been firm believers in the old adage, "Mens sana in corpore sano." And Ireland is at the present day the home of some of the world's greatest athletes, and the most famous athletic organization of the day is the Greater New York Irish American Club, which is the proud possessor or probably half the championships of the world.

And, therefore, we to-day rejoice in our athletic triumphs, which go hand in hand with our intellectual success. The pages of the history of our Athletic Association are replete with glorious victories in every line of sport. Its fame has rested particularly on its football team, and this year is no exception. The greatest praise is due the men who, during the past season, so nobly defended the glorious standard of Garnet and Grey. They brought home that proud and much-coveted title, champions of C. I. R. F. U., and placed their Alma Mater again in that exalted position she is ever accustomed to hold, namely, first among the Universities of Canada. It would be improper for me to allow the present occasion to pass without expressing the thanks of the student body to Rev. Fr. Stanton for all he has done for us, for in reality he is the winner of that glorious championship. Proudly I say: Rev. Fr. Stanton is a true Irishman in every respect, and all the more Irish because of his great love for athletics.

For the victory brought to the City of Ottawa, the citizens were not slow to show their deep feelings of appreciation. We are, indeed, grateful for the beautiful and lasting souvenirs which they presented the University, the champions and those intimately connected with the team, and we assure them that we shall ever try to uphold the honor of our city.

We are proud, also, that, besides proving themselves worthy rivals of other Canadian Universities on the football field, our students have demonstrated, by their well-earned victory in the field of debate, that excellence in athletics does not necessarily mean neglect of other very important university organizations. To the students who so successfully defended the honor of Alma Mater and brought to her halls the coveted Intercollegiate Debating championship, we must express our congratulations and gratitude.

And let us hope that our successes of this year are an augury of a future filled with happiness and prosperity for our Alma Mater. This, I am sure, is the earnest wish of every Irish graduate or student. Their sentiments are most appropriately expressed in the lines on the programme, connected with the toast to which I respond:

To our Alma Mater fondly,
We would wish a thousand graces,
Student throngs preparing nobly
All to fill the higher places.

Mr. F. O. Linke responded to Columbia thus :

It is an honor and a pleasure for me to answer the toast to the United States of America ; an honor, because you have invited me to do so, because the country for which I speak is a greater and a freer republic than has been, and, again, because of the occasion, the glorious feastday of Ireland's apostle. Then, gentlemen, it is a pleasure, too, for a loyal American is ever ready to stand by the Stars and Stripes, ever ready to glory in his title of American citizen.

True, it has often been said that the Americans are a boastful people ; but, I know that you readily admit, with me, that a country which can make its sons enthusiastic, and I would say even a whit boisterously patriotic, is not one ravager by internal warfare, not a land of want and suffering, but a land of plenty, a young, strong land, one, like this great Dominion of Canada, which has even more to expect of the future than what the past gave and the present is giving.

But whether we are Canadians or Americans, it is our privilege to gather around this festive board to-day united in our common heritage of Irish blood ; united in our common love for the "land across the sea." It is our privilege, in our deep affection for that much oppressed land, to give expression to the hope that ere long she will be blessed with that peace and prosperity which have been so long absent from her shores. It is our determination to aid her in the fight for justice, no matter how long that fight may last. And if we can judge by the signs of the times the day is not far distant when Home Rule will be an established fact, and she will be in full possession of her own parliament on College Green.

I feel proud as an American to be able to say that when Ireland needed a friend "the land of the free and the home of the brave" was there to welcome our evicted elders, comfort them in their sorrow, cheer them in their exile. And, being given every opportunity to develop and display their natural ability, nowhere else have Irishmen succeeded as they have in the United States. The high esteem in which they are held there is evidenced by the conduct of our illustrious president, who wants the world to be well aware of the fact that he, too, has the staunch old fighting blood of Ireland in his veins. He well knows that, whatever the Irish are, they are not commonplace at any rate ; they are loved or hated accordingly as judged by friend or by foe, while such is their native candor and courage that they can grant friend or foe his heart's request.

What has made the American people so enthusiastic? Whence comes their buoyancy, their very ambition, if not, as economists claim, from the great amount of Irish blood flowing in their veins? And this common blood will ever be a bond of union between the United States and Ireland.

In a very eloquent speech, Rev. W. J. Stanton, O.M.I., replied to "Soggarth Aroon."

Among those who replied in behalf of the guests were: His Excellency Monseigneur Sbarette, His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, the Rector, Rev. W. J. Murphy, O.M.I., Rev. McNally, Mr. W. Foran and Dr. Freeland.

The following vocal selections were rendered with excellent effect: "The Wearing of the Green," by Rev. D. Finnegan, O.M.I.; "The Maple Leaf," by Rev. W. J. Stanton, O.M.I.; "The Harp that Once Through Tara's Hall," by the Glee Club; "My Ottawa," by the Glee Club; "Good Old U. S. A." by Mr. E. H. McCarthy, assisted by the Glee Club; "God Save Ireland," by the Glee Club.

The committee in charge was as follows:

Hon. Chairman—Rev. J. P. Fallon, O.M.I.

Chairman—M. D. Doyle.

Secretary—F. J. McDonald.

Treasurer—G. S. Costello.

Executive Committee—A. Stanton, E. H. McCarthy, F. O. Linke and E. Byrnes.

TO OUR BLESSED LORD.

Every creature by Thee made
 On Thy birthday homage paid:—
 Angels lent Thee hymn of praise,
 Heaven, the star with silver rays;
 Wise men, incense, myrrh and gold;
 Shepherds, wonder manifold;
 Beasts, the manger; Earth, the cave—
We the Virgin-Mother gave.

ANONYMOUS.

THE DAWN.

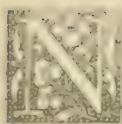
The herald beams of mellow dawn
That soon shall softly rest
On verdured hill and dewy lawn
Illumes the mountain's crest;
The stars whose silver light
Was flashed athwart the changing scene
While sentinels of night
Are dimmed, their brilliance lost, unseen.

The light at first so coy and faint
Now bathes the Eastern skies
And hastens on to richly paint
The morn in crimson dyes;
It smiles afar on sea and land,
Afar its folding glory spreads,
While feathered choirs together band
And high the lark the azure threads.
A brighter dawn awaits each soul
That fills its mission here
When darkest clouds away shall roll
And joy succeeds all fear,
Where living light shall ever shine
And night is never known,
Where endless bliss is yours and mine
If well our deeds are sown.

The sunlight's lustrous gleam
As pure as diamond's flashing rays,
The aurora's hues that seem
A royal hail to fairest days,
Are faint reflections all
Of splendors real that never wane,
Delights that never pall,
Of dawn eternal, glory's reign.

RAY.

OLD IRISH ORATORY.



OWADAYS, when clear, concise business statements, whose only qualities are those of argument and exposition, and when cold, commercial considerations determine every issue, there is little demand for the ancient lofty eloquence which fired men's hearts. The prevailing opinion seems to be that all elevated language is necessarily stilted, false and hollow, and used only by those, who—

“With gold and silver covers every part,
And hides with ornament his want of art.”

The great orators of Ireland, who, with whose inspiring voice and impressive gesture, moved men to make almost inconceivable sacrifices, were, almost without exception, vehement and rhythmical, figurative and impassioned in address. Their language seems to the reader of to-day to be so exaggerated, in comparison with the present parliamentary style, that they are in danger of total neglect by this generation.

There may be some excuse for this ignorance and lack of appreciation of Irish oratory. The clamor of a host of pigmy imitators, striving to clothe their puny thoughts in words and imagery, brought these men of lofty thought and mold into general and undeserved disrepute. When the ears of men were assailed with noisy and meaningless harangues, and when the trained and cultivated judgment was outraged by extravagant figures of speech and strained, pointless metaphors, educated men may well have been pardoned for thinking the whole art of oratory was nothing but a work of verbal embroidery.

The conversational method is seldom employed in Irish oratory, which is, as a rule, pitched in a high key. They all have borne the impress of a lofty and impassioned style, sweeping their auditors onward with the irresistible force of a torrent.

All great orators have, as their prime essentials, the qualities of passion, reason, imagination, diction and delivery; and these men are purified and ennobled by enthusiasm, without which no orator ever succeeded in reaching the hearts of his listeners. The orators of Ireland possessed these qualities in a superlative degree.

One grave fault, however, has been urged against Irish orators. All true masters of speech are constantly on their guard against taking that fatal step which leads from the sublime to the ridiculous.

The Irish orators, it is claimed, are prone to excesses of speech which grievously offend the educated ear. But even if this were true much allowance must be made for the terrible tension of the times in which these speeches were delivered, when justice was but a travesty and parliament was a thing of sale and barter; and the righteous indignation which sometimes ran over into hyperbole may well be judged leniently because of the great and just provocation which produced it.

What is known as the "Irish School of oratory covers little more than a half century. The names of Burke, Sheriran, Curran, Grattan and Plunket stand out prominently from the rest of the group which made that period famous. In them Irish eloquence reached its sublimest height; in them, too, the faults usually attributed to Irish oratory are emphasized. But under the spell of their terrific eloquence all else save the ordered march of the sentences, the swelling periods, the joyousness of attack which has all the glory of a captain leading his hosts against a citadel, rousing his followers with drumbeat and trumpet call, and all the gorgeous bravery of an "army with banners." Listen to Grattan's great speech on the Declaration of Irish Rights, on the 10th of April, 1780:

"Hereafter, when these things shall be history—your age of thralldom and poverty, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and miraculous armament—shall the historian stop at liberty and observe that here the principal men amongst us fell into mimic trances of gratitude, and they were awed by a weak ministry, and bribed by an empty treasury; and when liberty was within their grasp and the temple opened her folding doors, and the arms of the people clanged, and the zeal of the nation urged and encouraged them on, that they fell down and were prostituted at the threshold? I might, as a constituent, come to your bar and demand my liberty. I do call upon you, by the laws of the land and their violation, by the instruction of eighteen counties, by the arms, inspiration and providence of the present moment, tell us the rule by which we shall go; assert the law of Ireland, declare the liberty of the land. I will not be answered by a public lie in the shape of an amendment; neither, speaking of the subject's freedom, am I to hear of faction.

"I wish for nothing but to breathe, in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be ambition to break your chain and contemplate your glory.

"I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags; he may be naked, he shall not be in irons; and I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker may die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him."

In these brilliant periods we have material from which to judge Grattan's quality in the workmanship of oratorical construction.

Daniel O'Connell's place as a parliamentary debater has never yet been settled. The king of popular haranguers, his reputation as a parliamentarian was not great. Bulwer, in the famous lines wherein he describes O'Connell in his glory as an open-air speaker, says:

"Hear him in senates, second-rate at best—
Clear in a statement, happy in a jest;
His Titan strength must touch what gave it birth:
Hear him to mobs and on his mother earth."

But Peel, reproving a young man for disparaging the Great Liberator, said: "I would rather have that broguing fellow, as you call him, on my side than all the other orators that you have named."

O'Connell's true element, however, was the mass meeting, where he reigned without a rival. His fame as a lawyer, also, was very great. Dickens relates an instance where, listening to O'Connell's eloquent voice, he was melted to tears. That same speech, however, makes rather unimpressive reading; which leads us to believe that the charm and power of the Great Tribune laid in his voice and personality.

There is not space in the limits of this article to touch, even briefly, upon the names of the old Irish orators whose reputations endure. Yet any mention of Irish orators must include the name of Edmund Burke. Burke is a classic, whose place is assured for all time. His sublime intellect was characteristic of no race or time. None have approached him in gorgeousness of style, in the pomp and magnificence of language. The first of Irish orators, his fame will endure while time lasts.

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THE QUEBEC TERCENTARY.

The present year will be a notable one in Canada, by reason of the Tercentenary of the Founding of Quebec. Lord Grey, the Governor General of Canada, initiated the movement to commemorate the event, and at the same time unite the Plains of Abraham, where the English defeated the French, and the battlefields of Sillery and Ste. Foye, where the French defeated the English, into a National Park, to be called King Edward Park. Lord Grey is also in favor of erecting on the Point of Quebec a colossal statue representing the Angel of Peace, symbolizing the union of the two races. The King has cabled a contribution of 100 guineas to the project, while the Canadian Parliament has voted \$300,000, besides instituting a Royal National Commission, of which Mayor Garneau, of Quebec, is the chairman. Lord Elgin, the colonial secretary, has been asked to invite to the coming fetes a representative of the town of Brouages,

as well as representatives of the families of Wolfe, Montcalm, Levis, Murray, Guy Carleton. Australia will be invited to send one representative, South Africa four, New Zealand one, Newfoundland one, France one and the United States one. France and the United States are also expected to send fleets to participate in the fetes. The Prince of Wales will be present, escorted across the Atlantic by a fleet of British warships.

According to the official plan approved at the inaugural meeting of the Commission, the Prince will land on the morning of Wednesday, the 22nd of July, and will be officially received by His Excellency the Governor General. The Royal Society of Canada will hold a special session the same day in the Parliament House, at which eulogies on Champlain will be pronounced in English and French. On Thursday, the 23rd, Champlain is to arrive with his crew in a fac-simile of his little ship, now being built for the purpose, his arrival being saluted by the men-of-war in the harbor. Other features of the day will be a loyal cablegram addressed to the King and congratulations exchanged with different parts of the Empire, France and the United States, and especially with the mayor of Champlain's birthplace. The grand historical parade through the principal streets of the city Friday, the 24th, will mark the dedication of the battlefields, which will be made the occasion of a grand military and naval review. Sunday, July the 26th, will be Thanksgiving Day. There will be a grand open air mass on the Plains of Abraham. Monday evening will be represented the bombardment of Quebec by the joint army and fleet under Saunders and Wolfe, which took place on the 27th of July, 1759. Tuesday, the 28th, will be Children's Day. The Prince of Wales will leave the port on Wednesday morning, the 29th. The grand pageant of scenes from Canadian history will be given on several afternoons. Three thousand performers will take part, and a stage and grand stands will be erected on the Plains.

HOURS OF DAILY STUDY.

It is vastly better, according to Todd, to chain the attention down closely and study hard a few hours than to keep it moderately fixed and engaged for a greater length of time. The most successful students seldom study over six hours in a day. In this are not

included recitations and desultory half-formed impulses of the mind, but hard, devoted study. He who would study six hours a day with all the attention of which the soul is capable need not fear but he will yet stand high in his calling. But it must be study as intense as the soul will bear. The attention must be all absorbed; the thoughts must be all brought in and turned upon the object of study, as you would turn the collected rays of the sun into the focus of the glass when you would get fire from those rays. Do not call miscellaneous reading, or anything which you do by way of relief or amusement, study; it is not study. Study should be done as much as possible in the morning. The mind is then in good order. *Aurora musis amica, necnon vespera.*

A TRIUMPH OF ENGINEERING SKILL.

If success is to be measured by the failure of others in the same project, and if the greatness of an achievement is to be estimated by the difficulties overcome and the time expended, then the completion of the Hudson River tunnel by the Hudson and Manhattan Railway Company is a remarkable triumph indeed.

It was thirty-four years ago that the project was first started by Haskin, but, after eight years, his company failed. An English company, who undertook to complete the work, suffered a like fate; and it was only the new company, of which Mr. McAdoo is president, that brought the scheme to its present successful conclusion. Both the work and the experience of the two former companies, who had excavated 4,000 of the 5,400 feet, were made use of. A compressed air chamber had been depended on by Haskin to advance through the silt of the river bottom. Owing to the thinness of the coat of ouse, however, many lives were lost from blow-outs. To obviate this danger, the second company made use of a shield, forced forward by hydraulic pressure, and having doors to remove the silt that was squeezed through the slit of the shieldfront. A new difficulty of advancing where the tunnel had to be excavated through half rock and half silt was met by building a steel apron in front of the shield to protect the workmen blasting and removing the rock as advance was made. However, all difficulties have been finally overcome, the last steel plate of the tunnel shell has been put in place, henceforth the New York millions may enjoy a fast and sure

passage to the New Jersey side without being placed at the mercy of the slow and inconvenient ferryboat service.

Exchanges.

The *Georgetown College Journal* has resumed its visits to our sanctum, the February and March issues being the first to come for over a year. In the March copy there is two good essays, one entitled "The Merchant Marine Question," one story, "The Lovers' Mirage," and several bits of verse, the bulk of the magazine being taken up with college notes. It holds well to its long established reputation as one of our best college publications. We are happy to be again on calling terms with our contemporary from Georgetown.

One of the exchanges it is always a delight to us to glance through is the *Acta Victoriana*. Having noted the beauties of the engraving "Spring," and of the poem entitled "Reflections," we find ourselves in "Newfoundland," an article whose illustrations rest the eye, and whose neat paragraphs gratify both our natural curiosity and our national pride. The old Glastonbury Abbey is the subject of a very readable article. We never neglect the "scientific" department, though we cannot but envy the students who seem to live so close to and familiarly with nature.

The titles in the March *Spokesman* are suggestive. There is no nonsense about "The Great Restorer," "Dante's Face," "My Master's Song." The essays treat very seriously on "Goddess and Saint in Victorian Poetry," "The Passing of the Poet," "Popular Dislike of Higher Poetry," "Religious Element in American Poetry." The editorials are occupied with important matters, such as "Shall Anarchy Prevail?" "The Panic—Who Caused It?" "M. Briand and Trial Marriage." The Alumni notes are valuable.

Among the Magazines.

In the *Ava Maria* for March the 14th the Rt. Rev. Monseigneur John Vaughan points out how intemperance is one of the "dang-

ers" of the day. This eminent writer, of course, like very careful theologians, shows that "wine is a genuine gift from God, and something unquestionably good and innocent in itself;" yet "it would be extremely difficult to point to any gift that men have so grossly and so continuously abused." The writer is in favor of abstinence evidently. He overthrows the contention that alcohol is an article of food; it does not make flesh and tissue; it is rather the most certain and insidious destroyer of health, happiness and life. The most stalwart people never touched the blood-stirring concoctions. The warlike Spartans loathed nothing so much as the sight of a drunken man. The Suevi, noted by Cæsar as the most renowned warriors, and the fighting men in Germany, never touched anything stronger than milk, etc. The Hindoos are forbidden the use of intoxicating drinks by their sacred books, and are far more vigorous than English beer-drinking, gin-gulping laborers. The Sepoys will march from twenty to thirty miles a day heavily burdened under a scorching sun without showing signs of fatigue. The moral is obvious.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

When passing through Ottawa on his recent visit to the centres of Hibernianism in Canada the National President of the A. O. T., Mr. M. Cummings, of Boston, paid a visit to the University. We were all pleased to meet the genial president, and also to be present at his able address to the Irishmen of Ottawa in St. Patrick's Hall on March 19th.

Chas. Murphy, '86, K.C., was the orator of the day at the St. Patrick's Day celebration in Montreal.

Rev. O. Allard, O.M.I., for some time a professor in the University, paid us a short visit during the month.

Rev. A. Henault, O.M.I., for many years connected with the Senior Department, was a recent visitor.

THE REVIEW extends its sincerest sympathy to Monseigneur Sinnott on the recent death of his sister.

ATHLETICS.

Owing to the great and frequent falls of snow, the rink was not as well patronized this winter as in former years. The result was that the double schedule which was drawn up was not finished, but the winner of the single series was awarded the championship. The honor fell upon Captain McLaughlin and his stalwarts, who succeeded in defeating Smith's aggregation on the small-yard rink by the close score of 3 to 2, the score at full time being 2—2.

A most exciting game was played on College rink between the Ottawa Collegiate and the seven best of the Garnet and Grey, on Saturday, February 22. The game was very fast and clean, Collegiate showing, by their good combination, that they had been under strict coaching. Rev. Fr. Stanton held the whistle, and the score at half time was 5 o 4 in favor of College.

Shortly after play started in the second half Collegiate tied the score. College now took a brace and sent in 4 successive goals. The visitors made many desperate attacks upon the College nets, but "Shorty" was always there to greet the rubber and throw it aside. They only succeeded in counting 4 more, and when time was called the score-board read 9 to 4 for College.

On February 27 the College seven journeyed to the little town called Aylmer and lined up against the heavy representatives of the "burg." The outcome of the contest proved favorable to the wearers of the Garnet and Grey, the boys of the summer town succumbing to defeat to the tune of 9 to 6. From the face-off until the referee blew his whistle announcing the end of the battle the spectators were furnished with good hard and straight hockey, and here and there a spectacular play.

On March 7 the College seven met the Collegiates on the Rideau rink for the return game. The Collegiates were determined to retrieve their former defeat, and played hard from start to finish. But the College squad proved too strong. The finding of the opponents' nets by Bawlf and O'Neil, and the clever work between the posts of Costello was too strong an argument for the visitors from across the "square." The final score was 7 to 3 for College.

The most important event of the season occurred on the evening of March 5, when Dr. Chabot asked the Canadian Inter-collegiate champions of 1907 to accept, as a small token of esteem, the beautiful souvenir rings which the citizens of Ottawa had donated to them. The reception took place in the rotunda, which was nicely

decorated for the occasion. The address was read by Dr. Chabot, after which each one of the players advanced in his turn for the much-cherished token. After the distribution the champions and invited guests partook in a sumptuous banquet given by the University of Ottawa Athletic Association.

The rest of the evening was most enjoyably spent listening to noted speeches, among which were those of Dr. Chabot and Messrs. Foran, Slattery, and how fields were often won by the Garnet and Grey by Dr. Nagle and Mr. Devlin. The champions then expressed their sincerest gratitude to the Citizen Committee for the deep interest which they took in the wearers of the Garnet and Grey, and hoped that the season of 1908 would favor them with another opportunity of addressing the College team as champions.

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

At a meeting of the Debating Society on March 1st Messrs. E. Letang and N. Grace successfully contended that "The Pen is Mightier Than the Sword" against Messrs. D. Breen and S. Quilty. Messrs. O'Gara, Conaghan, Gauthier and Ginna spoke from the audience, and adduced some interesting arguments for and against the contention. The musical numbers between the speeches were highly appreciated.

On the following Sunday the question of "Woman Suffrage" was defended by Messrs. L. Lark and W. Grace, while Messrs. E. Byrnes and E. Ginna argued negatively. The vote of the judges favored the negative.

Frank M's soliloquy:

Steak, steak, steak,
A big juicy steak for me,
Would that my tongue could utter
How steak agrees with me.

Tr—pe.—Why so pensive to-night?

Edn. L.—Y-e-s.

OBITUARY.

College laments a devoted alumnus in the person of Rev. Alex. Motard, who passed away at Water Street Hospital after a lingering illness. Deceased was born in Quebec, and removed to Ottawa with his parents when he was twelve years of age. He began his education in the Separate Schools, thence matriculating into the University of Ottawa, where he was distinguished for a studious and pious disposition, and for his quiet, yet genial, demeanor. In '87 he took out his degree of Bachelor of Arts. After four years spent in theological study, he was ordained to the priesthood by His Grace Archbishop Duhamel. Father Motard's first steps in the priestly career were made under the tutelage of the late Very Rev. Canon Foley at Almonte. There he remained two years. Bishop Lorrain, of Pembroke, desiring a bilinguist for the remote, but flourishing, mission of Maynooth, Fr. Motard was asked and accepted the call thither. After two years he returned to his own diocese, and became Pastor at Cantley, in the Laurentides. It was a scattered and wild country, but the young priest's zeal was proof against toil and difficulty. A vacancy occurring in Orleans, Ont., he was placed in charge. Here, for seven years, he labored, till death summoned him. The parish of Orleans, thanks to the untiring efforts of its late Pastor, is one of the best organized in the diocese. Father Motard was a staunch friend of his Alma Mater, having had to defend her interests on more than one occasion. His valuable collection of over six hundred volumes he bequeathed to the University Library. THE REVIEW expresses the sympathy of the student body to the family and many friends of the deceased. *Requiescat in pace.*

On the 15th inst. died Magistrate J. T. St. Julien, of Aylmer. Born in 1838, he made a part of his studies in the University of Ottawa, finishing his law at Laval. The legal bar of Ottawa District attended the funeral in a body. *Requiescat in pace.*

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ECONOMICS.



POLITICAL Economy, being an outgrowth of the economic revolution of the seventh century, has, on account of the changeableness of its method and doctrine, given widespread dissatisfaction. About this time problems of keen competition and precarious employment began to play such a part in the social standing and well-being of man that a method of reckoning public utility had to be inaugurated to keep pace with these exigencies; and, as a consequence, followed its doctrine of safeguard to the workman. The individual began to find the urgent necessity of a standard of saving, and thus the state found the necessity, doubly urgent, of devising a means of public saving. This crisis formulated the first investigation of economy.

The present economic conditions of the twentieth century seem to prescribe a careful study of political economy. The dissatisfactions of the first doctrines are now apparent, and thus we may look upon ourselves as being in the transition period. We have left the unsatisfactory period, and now let us make the growing period the best possible.

How is this to be done? Not by proceeding as if we were "doomed to death, yet fated not to die;" not with negligence or trusting to fate, but with scientific investigation into the past economic conditions by a scientific class of people. This work has been let fall into the hands of a few lawyers and men of letters, instead

of making it a general research. That is, we must give a suitable place to the study of political economy in the curriculum of all our schools. Hence this science will abandon the form and spirit it had in the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries, and will assume a positive character that will mark this present century as the economic age.

In this wholesale study we must be ever careful to discriminate between the history and antiquarianism. Too much time is often given to the former, while the theory of the latter is wholly neglected. We must concern ourselves mainly with the modes of thinking that largely prevailed and that seriously influenced the practise in the past, and in this way we can arrive at the roots of the present and future conditions. Each period seems to have offered solutions for its own urgent problems, and those only. By cautious study, then, can we raise and form doctrines conditioned by practical situations, needs and tendencies for our own epoch.

One of the primary considerations is to determine what we mean by political economy, and know what is to be taken in by its complete range. The name political economy, according to the nominal definition, is derived from the Greek "politekos," which means belonging to a state, and "oikonomia," meaning household management. Thus, from the very etymology of the words, we find it must mean the science of the sources and preservation of the material wealth and prosperity of nations, especially as to internal affairs. On the point of giving a real definition taken from its absolute nature, that will settle all disputes on the matter, it is useless to attempt. But, taking the leaders of the English, American and French schools, it is found that they substantially define it as the science which establishes the general laws that determine the activity and efficacy of human efforts in the production and the rightful enjoyment of wealth which nature does not grant freely and spontaneously to man. This definition must surely take in most of the field covered by the study. The laws established, although they must determine the efforts of man, in the production of wealth, must, above all, insure their rightful enjoyment. It is, in fact, the theory of social wealth, and, as such, it must be the science of production, distribution and consumption of wealth. The term wealth, as it is used here, means the sum total of material objects found in nature, possessed by man in excess of pure need, and having the two-fold capacity of exchangeability and of gratifying a desire.

But here the question might also be asked: Is political economy

a science or an art? The inquirer may be at once assured that it is both an art and a science. For it is essentially scientific, just as there is a medical art and a medical science, so there is also an art and a science in political economy. Science is nothing other than a system of notions deduced from the highest causes—"cognitio rei per causas ultimas." Now, a science, taking only the highest principles, does not stop with any consideration until it reaches the relation of cause and effect within its own field. It concerns itself with tracing effects back to their causes, as well as with projecting causes forward to their effects. Therefore, we have a science that treats of the production, distribution and use of wealth, and this science is evidently political economy. Nor does it stop here, for, as an art, it is a process of the intellect, and proceeds by reasoning also. An art is the perfect disposition of things feasible—"est recta ratio factibilium." It is the result of rational rules about the making of a thing, starting with assumption that a thing is desirable or undesirable, good or evil; it seeks to ascertain how the good may be attained or the evil avoided. In a word, art takes the application of all the rules. If all the painting were destroyed there would still remain the art of painting. The same composition of colors on canvas would produce the same effect. Thus, the art would exist, even though every rule or semblance of a rule were to vanish from the earth. So long as there are goods, no matter of what kind, and exchange, we will have the art. Then, political economy, dealing with the relation of cause and effect, and also establishing laws governing these relations as well, must play the double role of an art and a science. In this way we are bound to consider economics in its twofold aspect in the same manner as that of medicine.

While supporting the double category, still it is dependent upon other sciences for its perfection. The fact that science is determined by its formal object directs political economy to the activity of man ordained to his temporal well-being or happiness. While ethics, by its formal object (honesty), the activity of man ordained to his eternal well-being or happiness, places economy as a stepping-stone to attain the end of morals. That is, the object of economy is only a means to the end of morals, and is thus subordinate to ethics. Politics, or the science of governing society, having for its formal object the entire well-being of man as to his intellectual, moral and material progress, claims economics as a part of itself, and subordinates it as any part is subordinate to the whole. The more carefully we

study this endless and varying science the more we find it to always play a dependent part as a science-maker.

After having shown that economics is both an art and a science, it is hardly worth while setting out to show its practicability; for, as it is an art, raised to the dignity of a science by the manner of regarding the formal object, not by changing the object, it must also have a very important feature in practice. No more practical object can be given for any science than that enjoyed by the one under discussion. It regards the well-being of nations and the individuals composing them, and thus demonstrates its practicability. The individual being subservient to society, so is economics a servant to a number of greater sciences. To us, a young, prosperous and fast progressing nation, with ever-increasing wants and desires, it is evident at first sight that we have great need of the lesson of economics. Consequently, every serious and honest man should be a factor in the orderly progress of society, and to be such he must first have a knowledge of the laws governing such progress, and, secondly, the will to apply them. It is useless for the Federal Government to promise to build the Georgian Bay Canal unless it has those two essential requisites: a knowledge of the undertaking and a will to execute it.

Thus the uses of political economy are co-extensive with its practicability. There is no other way of finding out the exact state of our present store but by studying the laws of production, re-partition, consumption and circulation of our country's wealth. Then the means of protecting and sparing such will become evident. This is what the science of economy does, and this is the path that should be followed by such knowledge-seekers. It is senseless to say, you, or I, or someone else has no need for such a study. Because there is nothing more practical for the individual and more beneficial to a nation than a thorough knowledge of the country's productivity. Therefore, political economy is both practical and useful.

A. STANTON, '09.

THE PRINCESS.

The Story of Tennyson's Poem, *The Princess*.

ON a delightful spring holiday a philanthropic knight, Sir Walter Vivian by name, placed his English park and estate at the disposal of the people, that they might "wander at will o'er the meadows." The great mass of excursionists, let loose, indulged all their fancies. The city clerk reclined in the shade, on a fragrant knoll; some played tennis, others cricket, and in the distance a gathering of schoolboys, of all ages and sizes, could be seen scampering over the lawn in the game of fox and hounds. But our attention is drawn to a select party composed of Lilia Vivian, the knight's daughter, his son, Walter, Aunt Elizabeth, and one of Walter's college companions. Seated on the greensward, each expressed a desire to hear a story. Finally Walter was chosen, and, readily consenting, told the following tale which he and a number of fellow-students composed one Christmas night as they huddled about the hearth fire. In this story of the ways of a woman he had a pretty idea of teasing his sister, who was a firm believer in women's ability to cope with men. It is told in harmonious tetrameter, agreeably interrupted at times by a song from either of the ladies.

There was once a crown prince, noble of feature, and stately of frame, who had been, in early youth, betrothed to Ida, a princess of the kingdom to the south of his father's territory. When the time came that he should marry he was informed, by messages from her kingly father, that his daughter was of a haughty temperament, and refused to recognize the early engagement. He also stated that it was beyond his power to do aught to secure its fulfilment. The prince, who, from childhood, had revered a lock of her hair, and had treasured a picture of a baby-face, hid in curls, grew to love his little angel. With the recklessness of youth he decided to present himself to Ida in person. He stole away from his father's court, accompanied by his friends, Florian and Cyril. They journeyed to King Gama's capital, where disappointment met them. There they learned that the princess now directed a college for the cultivation of women, in a country castle, hitherto the royal summer resort. Conceiving some idea of her disposition, the prince saw no way of presenting his suit other than to enter her establishment disguised as

a lady. He and his companions entered the university with little delay, though not without being considerably ill at ease.

On setting eyes upon them, Psyche, Ida's dearest friend and closest companion, immediately recognized Florian as her brother. In great excitement she warned them that, if detected, their lives, according to the laws, would be forfeited. Melissa, Blanche's child, was in the secret too; yet, neither she nor Psyche would dare to inform on the intruders, lest these rash youths would be sentenced to death. Orders of such a nature might have been enforced by the bodyguard of sturdy mountain-bred peasant women, who could hold their own against a very considerable band of men. The following day several ladies rode to a wood for an outing, the gentlemen being in the company. The prince and princess passed many hours together; first, in the ride, and, later, in the mountain climb. Evening approaching, the spread was laid; and, when the lunch was over, each was called upon to sing. A sentimental lassie sang: "The Days that Are No More." Ida sang, and the prince sang. Cyril, perhaps from too free use of the wine cup, began a drinking song. At this the princess, all indignation, rose and cried: "Forbear, sir." A panic followed. In rushing heedlessly over the boardwalk that bridged the nearby brook, Ida lost her balance, falling headlong into the current. The prince had the good fortune to rescue her, but retreated at once under the impulse of his shameful conscience. That night, having wandered back to the castle grounds, he and Florian were captured by the guard. While they were yet in the presence of the princess, who bitterly chided them for desecrating her retreat, letters came from the prince's father stating that he had arrived in the vicinity with his army and would hold King Gama prisoner until such time as his son should be released. Entering his own camp, later, the prince caused much laughter owing to his female attire. Cyril was there, and Psyche, who had become separated from her friends. The young widow wept for her baby that Ida held, and which, at that time, was teaching the young princess the sweetness of motherhood. The prince went to Gama's lines to propose terms with Arac, the commander, Ida's brother, and her only acknowledged male friend. She had previously pledged him to protect her. Negotiations followed. They agreed to fight forty good knights to a side, the princess to abide by the issue. The fight was fierce. The prince clashed with the best of the knights, and left them writhing on the ground. Arac alone, giant-like, met, and finally overcame

him. On the broad walls with the baby in her arms, and her hair blown by the wind, the princess watched the issue, and saw her countrymen and her cause win.

The true woman now showed in the girl whom the widow Blanche's teachings had made so unique. She was dragged "from her fixed height to the milky rabble of woman-kind." Her wounded brother, and the wounded prince, who had saved her from drowning, claimed all her attention, and friend and foe were alike taken into her college to be nursed to health. Each maid being sent to her home "till better times." It chanced that the nursing of the prince fell to Ida. The young lady's interest in him became extraordinary while she listened to his ravings of her: "the foolish work of fancy." After this a feeling other than interest made itself manifest as she held his hands, and hoped and prayed for his recovery during many weary weeks. So, when he regained consciousness there was a very touching scene, for he found, instead of the mail-clad princess, the Ida of his dreams.

The story ended, the party walked off to lunch. Lilia spoke little, yet seemed more pleased than offended that it was so ordained for men and women to occupy such widely different spheres.

W. GRACE, '11.



HYMN BEFORE ACTION.

Ah, Mary, pierced with sorrow,
Remember, reach, and save
The soul that comes to-morrow
Before the GOD that gave!
Since each was born of woman,
For each at utter need,—
True comrade and true foeman,
Madonna intercede.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE OUTCAST.

IT was on a cold, raw day in New York City. Towards evening it was becoming even colder, and people were everywhere hurrying home to their warm firesides and their families. No one seemed to notice a poor little waif, standing at a corner, half starved, and having not a stitch of warm clothing on his poor little body. He had been wandering around all day, from street to street, trying to sell a few little trinkets to keep himself from starving. A few turned their faces to him with a pitying smile, but none deigned to say anything.

About 10 o'clock he started to go to his sleeping place, which was nothing better than an old disused coal shed. He had a few old bags there to cover him, but he knew right well that they would not be much good on such a cold night.

He had walked but a few steps when he heard a call for help coming from a little distance up the street. Turning round, he walked quickly up the street, and found a poor old lady, who, having slipped on the icy pavement, was unable to rise. His young, strong arm at once assisted her to regain her feet.

"Thank you, my dear boy, and may God reward you," said the old lady.

"Oh!" said the boy, "that was no trouble to me. Sure my mother used to tell me so often that it was wrong not to help anybody in distress."

"And where is your mother," replied the woman.

At these words the tears started to the poor little boy's eyes. He told the lady that months ago his mother had died, and that he was left to the mercies of his father, a man who spent his days between the bar and the gambling den. When he would come home, nearly always drunk, he would beat his poor invalid wife and her only child for not having his meals for him, even though he knew right well that there was not a penny in the house to buy anything with. This state of affairs had been going on for years, till at last the poor, much-abused wife died, leaving this world, where she had known nothing but misery. The boy said that he stayed a while with his father, but, not being able to stand his cruel treatment, he had at last ran away. He had been all this time on the streets, earning a few cents here and there, but on the day on which our narrative begins he had not made a cent.

When the boy had concluded the woman, who had been silently weeping, all at once became aware that the poor little lad was shivering with the cold. Her home was only a few blocks away, so she hurried him there and gave him a fine warm supper. After the meal was over she asked him many questions about his mother, his father, his days at home, and those spent on the street.

After satisfying her curiosity about the boy who had rendered her so kind a service the lady finished up by asking him to stay with her.

"But that would not be right," said the boy. "I have to get out and earn my own living."

"Tut, tut," replied the woman. "Who could expect such a small chap as you to go out and earn your living?"

After much persuasion the boy gave in, and the old lady was never sorry of her choice.

Not long afterwards she sent him to school, where he earned popularity both in the school-room and on the play-field.

When he was about fifteen years of age his dear protectoress died, without even making a will. The little property that she had then passed away to some distant relative, and our dear little friend, now no longer a child, was once more left to the cruel mercies of the world. But he was in a far better condition now than he was before, and with what education he had received when his benefactress was alive he was confident of making an honorable living.

But, though he sought everywhere for work, he could not obtain any. Everybody seemed to have enough, or did not want one without any credentials. Nearly everywhere he would go he would be asked:

"Well, where are your recommendations?"

"How do we know that you are honorable, etc.?"

One day he was walking down 43rd street, when he noticed a run-away team rushing madly down the street and dragging a carriage in which was seated an old man. He knew right well that the vehicle would be upset if the team were allowed to pass the corner. Always being a brave boy, he leaped at the horses' heads when passing and held on for dear life. The horses tried their best to rid themselves of the burden, but the lad hung on. At last the horses slowed down, and, within a few yards of the corner, were eventually stopped. A crowd at once gathered round, and in the excitement the old man had forgotten all about the brave little boy who saved

his life. When he did remember him the hero had vanished. No one seemed to know where he had gone, though only a few moments had elapsed since the horses were stopp'd.

Jim, for such was the boy's name (his surname we will learn later), after he had escaped from the crowd, made his way down town. He had the luck of getting a job in a big departmental store for a week, but at the end of that time he was again out of work, with only a little money in his pocket.

A few days after he was passing a broker's office on Wall street, when something seemed to tell him to enter. Nobody paid the least attention to him. He tried to get talking to some of the clerks, but they told him they were too busy to listen to him. After waiting around for awhile he was about to go out when the owner of the office, Mr. Slocken, came in. He perceived the boy going out, and told one of the clerks to call him back. The boy at once recognized the man as the one whom he had saved a little over a week before. But the man, though he knew that he had seen him before, could not place him. All at once he remembered the runaway, and then he knew where he had seen him before. "Are you not the boy who saved my life the other day?" asked the man.

"I did my best to stop the horses," modestly replied the boy.

"Well, anyway, you have saved my life, and I will reward you."

"But I don't want any reward," answered the boy.

Seeing that it was useless to persuade the boy to take some reward, he told him that if he ever needed help he had only to send word to G. S. Slocken, broker, Wall street, and he would obtain it.

"Slocken," said the boy; "that's funny."

"What's funny?" asked the man, almost angry. He thought the boy was trying to make fun of his name.

"Oh! that name," answered the boy.

"Well, what is the matter with it?"

"Well, you see, that's my name."

"Your name?" gasped the man.

"Yes, Jim Slocken is my name, and my father's also."

"Come into the office, and we will speak further on this," then said the man.

The end of this conversation was that Jim found an unexpected uncle.

George and James Slocken had been the only sons of a Wall street broker, but the younger James got into a quarrel with his

father, which ended in his being sent from his father's house disgraced. They had never heard anything about him, and, therefore, had thought him dead.

After finding the son, George strove to find the father, but all his searches were in vain. Having no son to follow him in his business, the broker took young Jim in and treated him as he would his own child.

The honesty and courage of this young boy won for himself a place in the battle of this world. Many of his age would have fallen into vice, but to succeed in this world one must have, above all, honesty.

THIRD FORM.

THE CLASSIC OF THE WOODS.

(In the *Central Catholic*.)



THE Catholic missionary pursuing his spiritual labors in remote missions often comes upon important new fields of scientific research hitherto undeveloped. A mind rendered active in pursuit of learning by the training received for the priesthood, at once seizes upon the opportunities of the situation, and thus are secured and preserved much of the scientific store of the ages. A striking example of such a service is found in the life-work of Father Morice, O.M.I., among the Indians of British Columbia.

On the occasion of a visit to Winnipeg, the writer had the advantage of a brief interview with this distinguished missionary, whose "History of the Northern Interior of British Columbia" was noticed in these columns at the time of its appearance in 1904. It is curious that the western public gets so few glimpses of a man in their midst, as western distances go, who so frequently engages the attention of the learned classes at home and abroad.

By vocation a priest of God, Father Morice has followed parallel with his spiritual labors the avocation of science; as philologist, ethnologist, sociologist, archaeologist, ethnographer and explorer, he commands the attention of the most eminent bodies in these departments of learning. Father Morice's standing in the realm of

science is at once established by an enumeration of the societies which have honored him with election to membership: Honorary Member of the Philological Society of Paris, of the Natural History Society of British Columbia, and of the Art, Historical and Scientific Association of Vancouver; Member of the American Anthropological Association; Corresponding Member of the Canadian Institute, of the Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba, of the Geographical Society of Neufchatel (Switzerland), and Member of the Ethnological Committee Brit. Ass. Adv. of Science.

A son of old France, Adrian Gabriel Morice consecrated his life to the evangelization of the savages of British North America, and at the age of twenty-one he was located for his life-work—in the wilderness of the northern interior of British Columbia. Amid the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains and the “forest primeval,” this man has matured, practically without the companionship of his race, from the dawn to the prime of his manhood.

The man we met gave no hint of the singular career. The carriage, the converse, the very cut of the clothes would indicate rather, the prosperous professional man moving in the elegant society of a metropolitan city. He showed no scar of the many and long tramps over the mountains, which literally wore out his legs, so that latterly he was called to Kamloops till they might recover their vigor. The language used in the interview was not French, his native tongue; but the purest English—on the part of Father Morice; not the English of “the man on the street,” but that acquired by solitary study from the best literature, for the missionary thus mastered this enigmatic language.

Father Morice, fluent in four Indian languages, in French and English—in others, possibly—sat before us—mute.

Is the Indian vocabulary as extensive as that of English? we asked, though not in sarcasm.

The Father was amused: “Ah, the Indian tongues are richer—far richer—than the civilized languages. The variety of expression seems to be limitless.”

The missionary-scientist waxed warm on the subject that had been acquired with a life-long application of a brilliant mind. “For instance,” he went on, “in the Carrier, the richest of our four Indian languages, there are no less than sixty-five thousand synonyms for the verb ‘to put.’ The Indian languages are radically unlike the civilized in that they are concrete in expression, while the latter are

abstract. The Indian cannot be abstract in his speech. Let us illustrate," continued Father Morice, his scientific ardor now aroused. "We express the action 'to put,' unattached with any object. The Indian must connect the object with the verb; he must say, 'to put something long,' 'to put something flat,' 'to put something soft,' as the object 'put' might have been a stick, a plate or a handkerchief. Thus, the verb 'to put' may be expressed in sixty-five thousand ways."

What then is the number of words in the Carrier vocabulary?

The priest threw up his hands: "Counted by the millions. You must understand in the Indian tongues the words are built up from monosyllabic roots, or elements, by a method called agglutination. Thus I am in command of every word in the language; I know the Carrier more thoroughly than my native French or my professional English (in which language he publishes his books), for the civilized person knows only from one-half to two-thirds of his native language."

Then these sixty-five thousand expressions cannot be used in the current conversation; they are poetical expressions?

"No, unlike the cultivated languages, our Indian tongues possess no style. In my preaching I use the very same style as is used in every condition of life. Thus we have only a very few slang words, and besides these there are a few expressions of love and endearment that are peculiar to the mother's talk to her babe."

Father Morice learned his first Indian language, the Chilcotin, so as to be able to preach in it, after three years of hard study. But he was not a master of it, as he has since become of the Carrier.

We interrupted this intensely interesting vein, with a question that might reveal the nature of the country where Father Morice's labors have been made.

The northern interior of British Columbia possesses not the least fascinating history of the several great divisions of the Dominion. Who knows, for instance, asks Father Morice, that long before Victoria and New Westminster had been called into existence, the province had been settled in a way, and had possessed a regular capital—at Stuart Lake—whence a representative of our own race ruled over reds and whites?

The best answer to the question is to be found in the missionary's story of the "primitive tribes and pioneer traders" of that great inland country, which upon its publication in 1904 was "re-

cognized both in Great Britain and France as of the highest value (Chief Librarian of Toronto Public Library)." The scholarly precision of the work characterizes Father Morice's most casual conversation.

New Caledonia, the pioneer name of the country we have mentioned, may be defined as that immense tract of land lying between the Coast range and the Rocky Mountains, from about 51 to 57 degrees latitude north. To the ethnographer it is the region peopled by the Western Déné Indians. Lines of snow-capped peaks intersecting the country between the two ranges, endless forests and great long lakes, of deep waters. are the features of the topography. Schools of fish infest the waters, myriads of water fowl abound in the marshy districts, and the variety of fauna—of moose, cariboo, the grizzly and black bears, the beavers, fox, marten, fisher, etc.,—quite agrees with the picture of the far North conjured up in a tenderfoot's imagination.

Such has been the environment of the brilliant missionary; his companions, the hunters of the finny tribe, the trappers of the venison and fur-bearing animals, as they themselves class them. Four tribes comprise the Western Dénés, the Sekanais, the Carriers, the Babines and the Chilcotins. "They have all very black and straight hair," says Father Morice, "dark eyes, small hands and feet, and a complexion of a swarthy brown."

What was the striking feature of the Indians from a sociological standpoint?

"My Indians," answered the missionary, "those of the Déné family, might be called anarchists, so far as their sociological state was concerned when unaffected by contact with alien tribes, or before they came under the influence of our Fathers. To understand this properly you must know that Indian tribes in their original state followed one of two forms of government, the 'patriarchy' or the 'matriarchy.' Under the system of patriarchy the father of a family is the absolute authority within that unit of society; he knows no other authority; there are no chiefs, no councils. The communities consist simply of groups of these detached units; this is anarchy. Under the system of matriarchy, the father is in an altogether contrary position. His offspring do not recognize him; he is no relation of theirs. They belong to the mother's clan and the mother's brother, their uncle, is to them what our father is to us. This brings about a peculiar state in their society, for the members

of one clan will not intermarry. Yet we found frequently a young man marrying his father's brother's daughter, that is, his first cousin by blood relationship, but who is unrelated according to the Indian view, because a member of another clan. On the other hand, in my long experience I have never known Indians of one clan to intermarry, with a single exception,—and this couple were ostracized by everyone, they were shunned by all."

The several tribes possess strong religious instincts and concurred in their religious ideas. They believed in a future world, and had some confused notions of a Supreme Being who governed the universe through the instrumentality of spirits, whose object was to protect or injure the individual. A curious suggestion brought out by Father Morice is that these aborigines had some time in their early history, commerce, perhaps through intermarriage, with peoples of Jewish persuasion or origin.

The salutary influence of the Catholic missionary has been exercised over these primitive people since as early as 1842, about twenty years before any non-Catholic clergy entered the field. The efforts of these latter gentlemen have, however, been restricted to the white population and, on the authority of Father Morice, there has never been a Protestant Indian within the limits of New Caledonia. After periods of interruptions the territory was entrusted in 1861 to the care of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, whom, by the way, Bancroft, the American historian, converts into Jesuits, as was his wont. During the "sixties" this vast mission was reclaimed by great travels and travails on the part of the missionaries, and the Black-robcs were frequently edified with the perseverance in the faith of numbers of the natives. Father Morice, in his history, records among others the testimony of a Protestant missionary, Rev. D. Gordon, who writes, of the Indians of the district, "that it was gratifying to notice that they had prayers each evening, one of their own number leading the service."

We borrow also the testimony of one Malcolm McLeod, of the Hudson's Bay Company, who says in his Notes on Peace River:

"While many of the company who spent their lives in the service of the Indians have given freely of their gold to the missionary cause, it is no doubt to the noble zeal and effective teaching of the Roman Catholic clergy, ever welcome at every post as brothers of the Cross in a common cause, that the Christian civilization of the North American Indian is mostly due."

It is hardly fair to the scholarly and very accurate historian of New Caledonia to treat in a sketchy interview a theme which Father Morice has truly rendered into an epic of the red men and the sturdy white traders who made up this curious commonwealth of pre-Confederation days. In the work that stands as the monument of his career, the history referred to above, Father Morice paints with a master-stroke a series of pictures of this country made wondrous by nature and rendered fascinating by the picturesque life that abounds therein. Following along its pages we hear with pulsing emotions the epic-story of the great chief 'Kwah, the internecine strife, bloody retaliation, raids and massacres; we travel across the Rockies with Alexander Mackenzie and Simon Fraser, paddle along the rivers, whose banks are lined with threatening warriors, and behold, amid exciting episodes, the first foundations of the white man. With a wealth of incident, always authentic, we follow the rise of the Hudson's Bay company in New Caledonia, its conflict with the opposition traders, through all of which runs the thread of the epic of the red men as typified in 'Kwah and other great chiefs. We learn the fascinating story of the first missions, of the superstitious red man won over by the innate benevolence and astuteness of the Black-robe. The rush into the gold-fields is traced with lively detail, and the seamy side is shown with its tales of shipwreck and gruesome cannibalism. We come upon building parties engaged in laying telegraph wires which would connect the two hemispheres by means of a line traversing British Columbia and the Russian possessions—now Alaska—whence the wire would be laid down Behring straits across to north-eastern Asia; only to be rendered useless by the unexpected success of Cyrus Field's then novel plan of a trans-Atlantic cable. With these any many kindred subjects the priest-scientist is as familiar as his rosary, but the limits of this sketch forbids even passing consideration of such; they are accessible in his work to every reader who delights in acquiring under most entertaining auspices the romantic history of a country that will be rendered prosaic in large part upon the opening up of the Grand Trunk Pacific system.

CANADA DEMANDS HOME RULE FOR IRELAND.

The Dominion Parliament of Canada passed, on three successive occasions, namely, in the sessions 1882, 1886, and 1903, resolutions in favor of Home Rule for Ireland, which were duly submitted to the Imperial Parliament.

The *Toronto Globe*, in its issue of January 21st of the present year, had a strong editorial in favor of Home Rule. These were the closing sentences: "They will never hear the last of Ireland until they give her people control over their own affairs. Other concessions are only a step to this. Perhaps it was inevitable that the ultimate point should be reached by stages. It would have been a great blessing, however, if these stages had been attained by the good grace of the predominant partner, and not pried out of him."

"A mighty voice is sounding from the West,
A young and giant nation looks across
The wide Atlantic, crying, 'England give
Our sister Erin, what to us you gave—
Freedom and right to live—crush her no more,
My people's murmurs, rise from shore to shore
Ocean to ocean—'speak a word' they say
For hapless Ireland—lo, her moans invade
Our halls of mirth, and feasting, and our wine
Of joy is turned to vinegar and gall.
Our cheeks burn red for Britain's open shame,
From Canso, to Vancouver.

O'er the vast
And wide expanse, Quebec, Ontario,
Saskatchewan, Alberta join the cry
Ungava lone, Keewatin, Youkon wild
Swell the demand—'End, end, this crying shame
This cankered wound, within the empire's breast
Poisoned and opened up a myriad times
By hate and rancour, wanton tyranny
Must now be healed—or else the empire dies
By fatuous suicide—Throw, Albion, down
That rusty sword of long-venomed hate
And raise to rightful place that sister wan
Ierne—that besides the western wave
Strikes her sad harp, to chords of grief and woe!"

J. B. DOLLARD, in the *Pilot*.

THE PEOPLE OF MY MISSIONS.

(By Rev. Charles Serodes, O.M.I., in the *Extension*.)



THIS missionary is a Mexican, not by birth, but by vocation. He left his "douce France" five years ago. Since then he has been jogging along with the Mexican people of this border.

To make me the right kind of a Mexican missionary, it seems, Providence wanted to keep me moving on, as He does my people. So I have been running for a good while, not in the Rio Grande waters, but along its crooked shores.

Last year Obedience tried to settle me in Del Rio. Here I found a 90 x 35 ft. adobe church, recently built, though not paid for. You know already about this church which, on the day of its dedication, was called Maria de Guadalupe, for you gave \$250.00 towards reducing its indebtedness. And for your kindness we will be eternally grateful. Poor Mother Church! She has to feed, in my district, more than 5,000 souls, all spiritually weak and hungry. I wish you, dear Fathers, could drop into Del Rio some Sunday. Rosy-cheeked babes, "Grandma" type widows, patriarchal grandfathers, black-veiled mothers, full-bearded men; neat, brown-faced boys; black-eyed, black-haired girls,—you will see them all represented in large numbers around their well loved church. Many, too many, in the parish, did not yet approach this tender-hearted Mother; but before long, such is our hope, their number will diminish at least in the proportion that it has lately.

Much could be said about the general religious feelings and practices of our people, but please hold me excused if to-day I give you rather a bird's-eye view of our missionary field and work. Some other day I intend to entertain you and the *Extension* family on the moral, social, and religious character of the Mexican of this border.

I suppose you would be pleased to know something about Del Rio and vicinity. I wish I were an artist, to picture all the beauties of this Texan oasis in which Del Rio is growing. I went several times up on the roof of our church and looked at the many marvels which the Creator has bestowed on this tongue of land. Just at my feet, looking south, runs San Felipe creek, the clear water of which has been partly drawn off through several canals, to irrigate fields where grow sugar-cane; also rice and some vegetables. Across the

creek stands, large and half-busy, the center part of the town, where Americans have their headquarters. Out from the town I see, distant a good ways each from the other, three suburbs, all Mexican houses and, apparently, all Mexican people. There is not a church in any of these suburbs. One priest walks, every week, one mile and a half to reach the children; get them all together in an old barn, and teach them, in three different groups of sixty children each, the truths of our religion.

Now, from my observatory, I turn to look east, and see what is known as the Mexican town. This, too, has its suburbs: they are four, and have odd names. The largest is called Phillipines. Why? History does not say a word about it. Another is Calaveras (skulls), and a third Puerto Rico. The church was built midway between the center of the Mexican town and its suburbs. Protestants have been working actively among our poor people and, so far, have succeeded in taking away some fifty families.

According to the size and situation of Del Rio, four priests are needed; but we have only three. One of the three is in charge of the American congregation. He has a nice church, though it is still unfinished. This is located, of course, in the American town. Close to it is the priest's residence. The other two priests minister to the spiritual wants of the Mexicans. We have the church, Maria de Guadalupe, and near-by a five-room house. We Mexican missionaries have also to serve all the Catholic missions scattered in four large counties. These missions are visited by your servant, or his assistant, some once a month, some every other month, and there are three places which we reach only four times a year; the main reason for the rarity of these latter visits is owing to the fact that we have to drive 250 miles to reach the nearest one.

American Catholics are very scarce in these three missions, and, sad to relate, these few are very poor Catholics, as far as their faith is concerned. Why is this? Because until lately, priests visited those places only once every other year, as they are so far away from any other missionary station. In Juno, one of these spiritually isolated missions, there are over thirty Catholic families, all Mexicans except two; in Sonora and Ozona, about two hundred Catholic families,—Mexican with the exception of three families in Sonora and five in Ozona. There is no Catholic church in any of these three missions. Mass is said in a Mexican hut. Mexicans come around the priest, not because they are more religious than their brothers

of American blood, but because the visit of the "padrecito" is a novelty, and besides, there are always a dozen children to be baptized. American Catholics in those three missions are not willing to meet with Mexicans at church. The natural temperaments of the two peoples do not harmonize.

Once, in the stage, after gazing long at me, a man showed that he felt rather bitter toward Catholics.

"Are you a preacher?"

"No; a Catholic priest," I replied.

"It is about the same thing," said he.

"Not that I know, and not that you think, either," I replied.

And he soon talked against his own statement. Quite in favor of all the preachers, he would not admit anything about priests or "Romanists."

After some further parley on contentious points I began to talk about cattle. My friend was a ranchman; our conversation became much more amicable.

It takes two full weeks to make this missionary trip overland. After it, the Lord's laborer longs for some hours of rest. But he does not get a very long breathing spell.

On the railroad, 140 miles from Del Rio, is Sanderson, sometimes called Gap City, on the top of a mountain, and the priest climbs to it once a month. Catholics are very few, but quantity is compensated for by quality—at least as far as American Catholics are concerned. They are of Irish and of German descent, and number eight families. Mexicans are much more numerous, and their religious spirit, considering that they are Mexicans, is about all that may be expected of them. For, you must understand, that, with the Mexicans of this border, to be religious is to have been baptized, confirmed, married before a priest, to go to Mass once in a while, and to give monthly a nickel for the support of the Church and the missionary. But among so many goats are to be found some first-class sheep. So on December eighth of last year, that being the patron-feast of their church, I gave First Holy Communion to fourteen children who, for some time, at least, I believe will keep up their religious duties. People in Sanderson are rather poor,—most of them are railroad men,—but they do what they can to help their church and priest. Three years ago they started to build a chapel. That was surely a hard job, for they had no help from outside sources. The chapel is still incomplete. The altar was made out of

some pieces of lumber and covered with canvas. There is no ceiling. We are now saving dimes to have some pews put in. So far there is no house for the priest, but the Catholics are so good to the minister of God that they give him the best room they have. Every time I go to Sanderson I try to stay there a week. Our people, specially American Catholics, wish to have their Divine Savior residing among them in the Blessed Sacrament all the time the priest spends in their community.

A question often asked is: Why do Catholics, living in such isolated places, continue to dwell there, subject to hardships, and deprived of the advantages, both for themselves and their children, of a religious environment and training which they could secure in the more populous towns? The struggle for life! It is all due to that. I presume you know of the climatic resources of this corner of the world. Hundreds of people live here for health's sake. And, as for the Mexicans, they go where they can find work, without weighing the question of nearness to church or school. To have a child baptized they may drive forty-five miles, but to attend Mass or get religious knowledge they will hesitate and grumble over a fifteen minutes' walk. But they will send a hundred miles for a priest when sick. Last September, during the telegraphers' strike, a man came from Sanderson, 140 miles distant, to take me to the deathbed of a young mother. Five years ago, one winter's night, about eleven o'clock, I was awakened suddenly by hasty strokes at the door. A sick call to a ranch twenty miles away! We started off: the cold was intense. We arrived at the ranch at three o'clock, only to find the man dead. I said some prayers for the repose of his soul, got home at seven o'clock, said Mass, and went to bed with a well-fixed cold.

I hope, dear *Extension* readers, that these few points about our missions will interest you. For the aid that you have given us, our grateful hearts call down God's blessing upon you. You would be touched could you hear the children who gather for Sunday-school in the church you helped, praying for the welfare of the Society and its members. These lambs of the flock are the joy and consolation of the missionary's heart. There are 500 children attending the catechism classes now, and there will be twice as many next year.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. X.

OTTAWA, ONT., APRIL, 1908.

No. 7

REAL ROBBERY.

From the columns of the *Liverpool Catholic Times* and other English newspapers, we see that the Socialists have become very active in agitating their doctrines in publications of every sort and in public meetings, especially of working men. It is a simple matter to show how erroneous are the principles asserted and the measures advocated for the bringing about of the socialistic millenium. "The State has no authority to interfere further with the natural rights of its subject," argues a writer in the *London Tablet*. "It was instituted to protect those rights, and if it infringes them it acts tyrannically and unjustly. Private property is one of the rights which the State was instituted to defend. As Leo XIII said: 'The right to possess private property is derived from nature, not from man; and the State has the right to control its use in the interests of the public good alone, but by no means to absorb it altogether. The State

would, therefore, be unjust and cruel if under the name of taxation it were to deprive the private owner of more than is fitting.' Here, therefore, the Catholic differs radically from the socialist. The State of the socialist arrogates to itself the power to take into its hands the ownership and management of all the means of production, distribution and exchange, whether the present owners consent or not. Catholic doctrine denies that the State has authority to do this. Quite apart from the question as to how it is to be done, whether compensation is to be made to those who are expropriated or not, we assert that such an act of spoliation would be simple robbery. We may dismiss the hypothesis of the owners giving their voluntary consent as chimerical. The Collectivist scheme could only come into existence by a gigantic act of robbery and injustice."

FAITH AND SCIENCE.

Agnostics, writes the non-Catholic theologian Harris, whom we quote at length, are fond of contrasting Religion with Science very much to the advantage of the former. Science, they say, walks by knowledge, whereas Religion walks by faith. Science proves its principles by experience, or by logical reasoning from experience, whereas Religion assumes its principles without proof.

To this we offer unqualified denial. Science is as much built on faith as religion. Before science can proceed to the investigation of a single question she must make a number of pure acts of faith:—

1. An act of faith in the trustworthiness of human reason; that is, in its ability to lead the inquirer to true conclusions.
2. An act of faith in the trustworthiness of human memory; for unless memory is trustworthy it is impossible to construct a chain of reasoning.
3. An act of faith in the trustworthiness of sense, for unless the senses can be trusted knowledge of the external world is impossible.
4. An act of faith in a number of unprovable principles generally summed up in the phrase "uniformity of nature."

All sciences, including mathematics, are based on certain first principles, called axioms, or postulates, which, being incapable of proof, are taken for granted. Some times these principles are formally stated, more often they are tacitly assumed. We state, not as a

hypothesis, but as a fact, that the first principles of science are as incapable of demonstration as those of religion, and that consequently they must be accepted, if at all, on faith.

The sciences can, however, verify their first principles by showing that the first principles which they assume explain the whole, or the bulk, of the facts, and that no other first principles. But such verification is equally possible to theology, which can and does show that the actual facts of the world and of human nature are fully explained by the hypothesis of the existence of a Personal God; and that the facts are not so well explained—rather, are not explained at all—by any rival hypothesis. The method and procedure of natural theology is entirely legitimate, and as little open to objection as that of any science.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

Students of Ottawa College and past editors of *THE REVIEW* will grieve at the death of James Jeffrey Roche, which occurred on April 3, after years of delicate health. Mr. Roche was born in Ireland in 1847, received his higher education in St. Dunstan's College, P. E. I. Soon after graduation he went to Boston to engage in business, contributing considerably to papers and magazines. In 1883 he joined John Boyle O'Reilly as associate editor of the *Pilot*. On Mr. O'Reilly's death in 1890 he became editor-in-chief. As a literary critic and an editorial paragrapher he had few superiors in the country. But he was far less the journalist than the man of letters. His published works include "The Story of the Filibusters"—fruit of about twelve years' research and study, and perhaps the best specimen of his prose style; "The Life of John Boyle O'Reilly"; three volumes of poems, and two novels, "Her Majesty the King" and "The Sorrows of Sa'ped," both alleged Oriental romances, the former a most delightful bit of humor. In 1904 Mr. Roche accepted the consulate of Genoa, Italy, whence he was transferred a year ago to that of Berne, Switzerland. A good Latin scholar, well grounded in English classics and master of prose writing, Mr. Roche was always "a slow, careful, and fastidious writer, letting nothing out of his hands until it had taken the finest literary form which carving and polishing could put upon it." Through the *Pilot*, as well as

well as through his books, Mr. Roche was well known and appreciated in Canada and in the University. His loss is very keenly felt here. May he rest in peace.

Exchanges.

We cannot help expressing our delight with the "lily" number of the *Young Eagle*. Each month we get a treat, while about the present one there is, as is proper, a delicate sweetness, freshness, and variety. "A House Party in Exchange Land," is very cleverly worked out. The *Young Eagle*, it seems, is a welcome visitor into the college sanctums throughout the length and breadth of the continent, and also to countries of Europe and to South Africa.

We failed to find a table of contents in the *Nazareth Chimes*. The quarterly is worth reading from cover to cover, but, just the same, we cant take a whole day off to do it.

The first number of the *Vox Lycei*, second volume, is on our table. We welcome this organ of a sister institution of our own city. Its prospectus is stated in a quotation from the *Vox Lycei* of nearly fifteen years ago:—

"Nothing bordering on the vulgar will obtain entrance; slang will be carefully excluded. In regard to humor, which is by far the most dangerous department to manage, we are determined not to subvert the true literary standing of this paper to the outcome of rabid and senseless imaginations. Genuine humor, however, will be appreciated and will find a suitable place in our columns. We shall not be content merely to uphold the past reputation of the *Vox*, but our aim shall be to raise the standard of its literary worth. We appeal to the pride, the good sense, the generosity, and the genius of our school to uphold us in this resolve."

Book Review.

"The Test of Courage," by H. M. Ross, Benziger Bros., New York; price, \$1.25. This is a story that proves the strength of a

good mother's influence even after death and the triumph of fidelity and love and religion, over meanness and malice and the greed of gold, and all the sordid things that make this world unlovely. Suffering is the test of real courage, and the hero of this well-written book has nobly stood the bitter trial, that proved him, after weary waiting, a hero in very deed.

"Althea; or, The Children of Rosemont Plantation," by D. Ella Nirdlinger, Benziger Bros., New York; price, 60 cents. The writer of this book has given us a charming picture of beautiful home life in the land of ideal homes. Althea carries us away—for too short a time, alas!—from the chilly snow-bound north to the southern "land of enchantment," fragrant with the scent of orange groves and magnolia blossoms, and musical with the laughter and song of dark-haired, shadowy-eyed children. Four lovely little "gypsies" (two pairs of twins) made Rosemont Plantation a paradise, and then came the golden-haired little northern "sister" and the manly boy friend Max. With unfailing interest we follow them through all their wonderful adventures, thrilling escapades and marvellous escapes, through dark days and bright days, until at last we leave them with a sigh amid the revellry of a good old-fashioned Christmas party in the home of "December summers."



UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

Vol. X

OTTAWA, ONT., MAY, 1908.

No. 8

Entered at the Post Office at Ottawa, Ont., as Second-Class Matter.

A RESURRECTION.

(Adapted from the French of Paul Bourget.)



LOWLY and pensively, like one walking in a dream, Florence Marsh, second wife to Chas. Melville, Captain of long standing in the employ of the West Indies Transport Co., was ascending the steep and meandering gravel path that led to her home, known in the neighborhood as the "Villa of the Roses." The exquisite mansion, built on the summit of a broad cliff, commanded a full view of Chaleur Bay; and though of recent date, it presented an aspect of antiquity owing to the fancifulness of its architecture.

Mrs. Melville was returning from a quaint, yet simple village nestling by the sea shore at the foot of the hill. Thither she had gone on an errand of charity — an aged farm-hand of her husband's large estate having met with a serious accident.

How charming grew the landscape as the mistress of the Rose-Villa approached the brow of the hill! But too absorbed in visions of sorrows was her mind to bestow even a glance upon the beauties stretching far and wide before her. She had now reached a spot where oft he would come to gaze on gaily summer evenings. The place was, indeed, an ideal one! It was "a natural bowing of innocence and ease!" A large rock overhung the path where his father, now dead, had had seats hewn out of the living granite. Once

all this a giant pine spread its aged and leafy boughs. Here, a few hundred feet away from her home, she paused a moment, glanced at her leather-encased watch that adorned her wrist, and sat down. Was it to recall to her mind endearing associations of her happy girlhood, or to rest a while? Or again, was it to continue her melancholic train of thoughts? The sequel of this little narrative will tell.

For the first time since she had left the humble cottage of the caretaker of the Melville Farm, did she venture to glance about her to admire the charms of the landscape. From her seat she could see the bay sparkling under the warm golden rays of the sun. Unusually warm, bright and clear was this April day. Directly in front of her, lay the bluish expanse of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. At her feet, trees of divers kind and shape, sloping down amphitheatre-like, were fast covering their naked branches with tender leaflets of pale green. The distant meadows of the valley below, had donned their emerald dress. On her left, by way of contrast, lay the rock-bound shores of Gaspé; and on her right, the balsam pine-clad hills of New Brunswick.

How glorious was the day!... An ideal spring morning; one really in harmony with the joy-inspiring feast of Easter. The sun, fast approaching high noon, was covering with glory the forests, the dancing waters of the bay, the many islets with which it is dotted, and the hills swelling their lordly crests in the distance. Though it was but the 23rd of April, sweet odors of yet invisible flowers filled the air. The fairy-like beauty of this lovely spring morning, was enhanced by the chime of a distant bell, mingling its silvery notes with the æolian hymns of nature—it was that of the old village church, gently lording it over the humble cottages of the villagers scattered in the valley below. Sweet was the voice of that belfry, sprinkling the Easter morn air with pious sound. How well did everything harmonize with the universal joy of life everywhere apparent. Glory! Glory! Alleluiah! Verily, Love has vanquished death.

II.

Alas! this love feast of life, in nature and in the Church, in the heavens visible and invisible, was precisely one that hung like a pall over Florence Marsh's head, on this day of universal joy. The

sombre garments which she wore, contrasting with the graces of her comely person, spoke of a deeper mourning within her heart.

Her yet sweet hazel eyes, somewhat dulled by an excessive flow of bitter tears, seemed unable to withstand the brightness of the sun. The pallor of her face seemed to increase, and more melancholic grew her brow as each peel of the bell reached her ear. Why? Four months before, a darling boy, an only son, had been taken away by death, and in her motherly heart, the wound, deep and lasting, bled all the more at the sight of this resurrection of nature which her poor Andrew would see no more. And the bell! Was it not the same sound that had accompanied her child to the grave? Was it not a voice, as one in prayer, taking its flight towards God, that she, in her grief, did neither pray nor could pray any more, since the day He had so pitilessly deprived her of the loving caresses of her beloved boy? This death, almost sudden, of a lad of six, carried away by a disease unknown to the medical science of that remote region, was indeed a crushing blow, a severe trial. Personal circumstances had aggravated the weight of her sorrows. Just a week before the death of her son, Geo. Melville, her husband, had left for a three-months' cruise through southern seas. Precisely at a time when she most needed her husband to share the burden of a grief which was crushing her, he was perhaps thousands of miles away—nay! perhaps entombed in the fathomless ocean. When would he come back to speak those gentle yet strong words of encouragement and recall her to her duty? But what duty? The voice of the church bell, calling the faithful to Easter mass, at which an interior revolt prevented her assisting, spoke plainly of her duty. But determined was she, to go to church no more, she who, before her boy's death would seldom let a day pass without paying a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Why? God, she fancied in her grief, had been unjust to her. "Surely," she often murmured to herself, "I never deserved such punishment."

If Mrs. Melville, now sitting at a bay-window of her pretty villa, had glanced in the proper direction, she would have perceived, coming up the ribbon-like track winding its way through the forest, from the main road to her very door, a tiny dog cart dragged along by a docile pony. In that same diminutive vehicle, sat two children in deep mourning, a boy of ten and a girl of eight. George and Alice were of Captain Melville's first marriage. The boy was

hardly three years old at the time that the white plague had carried off his mother. When Florence Marsh—such was her maiden name—accepted the proffered hand of George Melville, a quater-cousin, she was influenced more by the affectionate pity she took on the poor motherless children, than by the love she bore their father. Yet, this marriage was, even now, a happy one. That she really loved the children of her husband was evidenced by the motherly care she took of them. So well did she play the role of mother, that even now, at the age of ten and eight, they knew not that she was not their real mother. And when her baby-boy was born, how scrupulously did she strive not to show any preference for him ! As long as the three bright heads played and frolicked around her, her heart was, without effort, divided among the three. Why was it not so now ? Why ! The young mother, hardly yet thirty, had but to turn her gaze to the left of her house and behold a little plot of ground hemmed in by an unkept stone fence. There, back of the church was God's acre. There, under a green tumulus, lay the mouldering body of a darling son. Ever since the day she had seen the white coffin enclosing her pride and happiness, disappear under the damp earth, an ever-increasing impression of rancor against her step-children had taken possession of her soul. In vain had she often tried to subdue that atrocious and ignoble feeling ; in vain did she, day by day, attempt to banish the hideous thing from her mind. More intense was that impression on this beautiful Easter morning. She could not stand the gay and innocent prattling of her husband's children. Nay ! She could not countenance their right to be young, to walk, to speak, even to feel happy, while the other, her own sweet boy, lay lifeless beneath the green sward. Not only had she ceased to love them, but at certain moments, shuddering with remorse, she felt an insuperable hatred for them. Just as if they had been the ones to deprive her own child of joy, health, light and life. A torture to her it was, to hear them call her "nanna" ; so much of a torture, indeed, that she felt on those occasions, the passionate impulse to cry out to them : " Stop calling me your mother ! " " I am not and cannot be your mother ! " " The only one that had that sacred right is no more ! " " You are not my children ! " " Stop ! Stop ! "

On this love-inspiring feast of Easter, that same rancor against her step-children had deeply moved her, for, as in the past, she had made up her mind to give the children the traditional Eas-

ter eggs. Be it said here, to her credit, that she had had strength enough to hide her ignoble feelings from the poor innocent ones. The unsuspecting children accordingly ran to the drawing room, anxious to see what the big eggs would contain this year. How she had watched their eyes glowing with the fever of impatience ! How she had beheld them, with a feeling half remorse and half hatred, trembling with anticipated joy when their hands tried to open the gaudily painted eggs ! With indescribable anguish did she gaze upon their pretty faces enraptured at the sight of the objects which they contained : a gold cross and chain for the girl and a silver watch and guard for the boy—their long-cherished desires.

Good God ! how innocently and how cruelly they tormented her ! Their artless joy, their buoyancy of life were like a double-edged knife that rent asunder the heart of her heart ! A sob lay imprisoned in her throat ; she was suffocating ! To hide her feelings and tears fast rushing to her eyes, she left hastily the room before she had received the customary kisses in token of their unalloyed love and gratitude.

III.

“ Good heavens ! ” said she half aloud as she left the room, “ how their happiness tortures me ! ” Soon she found herself alone, having reached the large grove that flanked her home on the north. There she paused for a moment, ; heaved up a sigh that told of the tempest that raged within her breast. Yes, she envied the happiness of her husband’s children ! This frenzied aversion made her blush with shame but the feeling was indomitable. Most unjust, indeed, it was, but is there any justice in this world ? Evidently the two poor orphans did not deserve such iniquitous resentment. But herself, did she deserve to be deprived of her darling son ?

What a moral subversion had taken place in her ! This woman, once so pious, so kind, so considerate, so devoted and who was still so in her exterior bearing, was undergoing that depravation caused by a grief too constant and too keen. “ Oh ! if one of them at least were dead ! ” Hardly had she uttered these words that distant silvery voices called out : “ Maman, where are you ? ” She startled at the sound, and passing her hand over her aching brow as if to exorcise the tentation of that abominable wish, hasten-

ing her steps, all the more did she bury herself in the thickest part of the pine grove covering several acres. Where was she going ?... She knew not. Straight ahead, not following any beaten path did she go.

How quiet it was around her, save the noise made by the dry twigs and pine cones crackling under her feet. How long had she thus been walking ?...Again she could not tell ; but, as it often happens in the forest, she now found herself within a few yards of her starting place.

Her mind was now set. No longer would she play the comedy of motherhood ! She would rid herself of the children ! Had she not just as much right to treat those children as many real parents treat their own ?...Yes ! instead of keeping them around her, the boy would be sent to some remote college and the girl to a convent. Why ! Is there anything wrong in this ? Are not those children of an age when stronger hands should exercise tutorship over them ? " And withal, what moral influence can I exercise over them, when their very presence inflicts upon me untold sufferings ? " " Away from the home they love so well, unhappy will they be, I am sure ; George, so sensitive, and Alice, so delicate, would suffer in the promiscuity of a boarding school, but what of it ? " " How many boys and girls of a same age, are at this very moment exiled from home, and were none the less developing morally, intellectually and physically." And after all if they were not happy, she deemed it but just. Was she happy herself ? But how would her husband, on his return, countenance her resolution ? How ?...All she had to say, and it was partly true, that the children were fast growing out of her control ; and he, so severe, notwithstanding his kindness, would certainly approve her act. Moreover, did he not himself, before leaving on his last cruise, remark that the boy was getting self-willed and the girl rather inclined to pout and give back answers. Her resolve was accordingly framed : the two children, innocent though they are, would ruthlessly be sent away, and this, at least, would bring her peace and leave her alone with the undying memory of her dead child.

IV.

There is for every soul, an atmosphere of thoughts and ideas, so congenial and so natural, that, being deprived of it, a choking sensation is at once felt. A noble sensitiveness may allow itself to

be dragged down to resolutions unworthy and even shameful ; and, in fits of frenzy and mental aberration, attempt to put such resolutions into execution, but to maintain oneself long in such a state, is next to an impossibility.

When once, the cruelly tormented young wife had muttered to herself : " My mind is made up ; before a month they will be out of the house," she endeavored to think no more, neither of the children to whom she was so harsh and pitiless, nor of the villainy of the part she would play before their father. Instinctively she tried to lull to sleep the scruples which were rising from the innermost recess of her soul, by concentrating all her thoughts in the souvenir of the dead one. She summoned forth, from the secret recess of her heart, the sweet phantom of her Andrew, with such ardor of regret that he was present to her as if still an object of flesh and blood. Just as if she had not seen him cold and rigid in his little bed, with his poor sweet lips half-parted, his eyes closed, and his wax-colored hands grasping an ivory crucifix ! Just as if she had not seen, a few weeks ago, those dark silent men, nail the cover of the coffin over the lifeless form of her boy ! There, she fancied him, walking by her side, the rays of the sun playfully caressing his golden locks. So vivid, so precise, so besetting was the vision that she felt the irresistible desire to give tangible form to her tenderness and the imperious need of doing something with which the dead child would be associated. Unknowingly, she had by this time emerged from the grove and instead of going directly to the house, she entered the hot-house and prepared with unusual care a large bouquet of sweet-smelling flowers, muttering all the while to herself : " Poor little darling !...how fond he was of these flowers ! "

Ever since the day the mortal remains of her Andrew had been taken away from the little pink room adjacent to hers, Mrs. Melville had given strict orders not to disturb anything in the apartment. There stood the gilded brass bed with its snow-white coverlet, the same furniture and the many little nicknacks so dear to the child. There, in the wardrobe, the little man's clothes still keeping intact the form of his graceful body. There, his little chapel where he had been wont to kneel by the side of his " dear maman," to bid good-night and good-morning to his " good friend," an artistic statue of the Child of Bethlehem.

How many women, whether mothers, wives or unmarried, have thus tried to prolong the existence of a loved one by preserving

intact things once familiar to the departed one ? Let the priestess of such a shrine of domestic worship disappear in her turn and at once the relics become objects of venality.

Who should dare, then, blame one who, with a heart all faithfulness, defends and protects from inevitable destruction those priceless, though valueless articles, so personal that they seem to be persons ? How religiously, then, did Mrs. Melville enter the vacant room morning and evening ! Herself would open the shutters, dust the furniture, fold, unfold and fold over again the garments that were once worn by him, the deity of her shrine.

The large bouquet, almost an armful, which she now took to his room, was a sort of solemn rite, useless and passionate, that her distressed piety was accomplishing.

A sad and impressive sight it was to see the lovely young woman, walking demurely towards the house with an armful of flowers, contrasting singularly with her sombre dress—it was the sight of one bereft of all earthly affections going towards a grave to decorate it and to weep over it.

Mrs. Melville, having arranged the flowers artistically in a large porcelain vase, ascended the stair that lead to the shrine of her sorrows, to lay her offering on the altar of her Love. What was her surprise on nearing the door of the room to which she had forbidden entrance, to hear voices, the voices of those self-same children that had haunted her mind all morning. What were they doing in there ? What !...was not their presence there a sort of desecration of a place sanctified by her tears ? She had now reached the door of the room ; it was ajar. Unperceived she could both hear distinctly their conversation and watch their movements. " My God," said she, " see, they, a half-brother and sister, have preceded me on this pilgrimage of tenderness ! " Yes !...they had preceded her !...The two tender children had each prepared a bunch of choicest flowers and were making their Easter offering to their " dear little Andy." " Let us put the flowers here," said Alice. " Here, said George, we will hide the big eggs." " Poor little Tot," said Alice with a sigh, " how I wish he were her to-day ! " " He would be so happy ! " " But it is impossible." " He is dead, you know." " But, you know, Alice, we will see him in Heaven." " Yes," muttered Alice, " but I would like to see him before that—we won't die now, won't we ? "

—" That's true !...if he came to life again ? " See Lazarus,

the son of the...of a widow, you remember, and our Lord Himself !
" Do you know, Alice, that I always pray with my eyes shut every night to ask for his resurrection ? "

" So do I," said the girl..." and, maman too, I bet you," echoed the boy. " Say," said the boy, bracing up and staring in his sister's eyes, " that would be a miracle, that's all." Why could not God grant it ? " " After all, there are miracles." " Let us kneel down and ask for a miracle." " Maman would be so glad ! "... " And Pa, too ! "

Yes, there are miracles !... Little did the innocent ones suspect that at this very moment, a few steps from where they were kneeling in fervent prayer, God was really performing a miracle for them. Their childish but powerful prayer had been heard. A resurrection was taking place ; that of justice and piety ; that of faith and duty ; that of forgiveness and affection ; that of generous and noble virtues in the soul of her who was on the point of becoming to them a cruel and inhuman step-mother.

The two hopeful miracle-seekers had scarcely finished their sweet invocation than a gentle knock was heard at the door. " Oh ! " said the timid girl, " it's maman, and she'll scold us for being here."

The door flew open, and the mother, yes ! their mother now, smiling through her tears, extended to them her flowers, saying : " Please, darlings, to offer these along with yours." And falling on her knees, she drew the two children to her bosom, and, sobbing, half choking with emotion, she pressed them to her heart and covered their sweet faces with kisses. In vain did she attempt to speak ; all she could say was : " I love you ! " Yes, she loved them now ! She loved them in him, for him and through him. The voice of her dead Andrew was still ringing in her ears : " Oh ! My little maman, love them for loving me so much ! "

With her tears, now flowing freely and abundantly, disappeared all rancor, all evil intentions, all unworthy resolves. At each caress, fonder she grew of those dear young orphans that a moment ago she hated so much. Once more, the glorious mystery of renovation in the Church and in nature was being accomplished in a human heart:... Life had vanquished Death ; Love had overcome Hatred. Glory ! Alleluia !

" IGNOTUS."

THE ECONOMY OF MACHINERY.



THE wonderful scientific inventions of recent years are immense factors in the material revolution which has taken place in the economic world. They have simplified the process of agriculture, lessened the hardship of labor, and increased the productive power of energy and industry, and facilitated more perfect work. Even the soil is rendered more fertile under the treatment of effective machinery. The great majority, if not all, of those inventions may be classified as elements of wealth and are largely instrumental in increasing the prosperity of nations. They have not only improved the conditions of man, and raised the standard of life, but they have also stimulated labor and capital into greater activity.

To the different inventors the greatest honor is due. There is no calling or occupation more admirable than that of the inventor. He who does that which has never been done before, and shows his fellow-men how to make improved use of the forces of nature, confers an unlimited favor upon the world at large. The number and value of inventions have increased so rapidly of recent years that the people have come to accept the most wonderful innovations with readiness ; nevertheless the triumphs of those discoveries are the results of the labor of thinkers who have kept in advance of the crowd and added to the sum of human knowledge. We can easily imagine the inconveniences which would exist without the numberless labor-saving machines now in operation, and such would be the case were it not for the genius of the inventors.

A spade or a hammer, in Political Economy, is considered a machine in as much as it is an instrument to facilitate the work of production. But such simple instruments, in general, are called tools while the more complicated ones are spoken of as machines. The latter usually is applied to a construction resulting from the combination of several elements ingeniously disposed to easily and efficaciously obtain a certain result. Both machine and tools are used as a means to control the natural forces and direct them towards the accomplishment of our designs.

The division of labor has been to a certain extent the cause of inventions of machinery. Each machine performs only one part in the production of an article. When one man has to labor always to secure the same object, and his whole attention is centred on

it, he is disposed to discover the readiest and the most effective means of obtaining that end. This theory partly explains the fact that so many of our inventions and mechanical improvements have had their origin in the minds of laborers or operatives. According to Adam Smith, the greatest improvements in the productive powers of labor seem to have been the effects of the division of labor. But not all inventions nor improvements of machinery have been originated by operatives or those who had to use them. Those who have spent much time in making a certain kind of machinery, whether it was their own invention or not, have discovered wonderful improvements and applied them successfully. Then again, we have those great thinkers, with superior powers of observation, bringing into practice machines made from the combinations of the most unlike elements.

Among the important discoveries and inventions made during the past century, the development of electricity is the most noticeable. In the nineteenth century its applications were advanced to such a notable degree that this period has been called the "Era of Electricity." Since electricity has been brought under control, it has been used for telegraphic, telephonic and lighting purposes, as well as for heat and motive power. At the same time, it is generally believed, that the area of its practical applications has been scarcely entered upon. This discovery together with the numerous other labor-saving machines have aided largely in bringing about the present happiness and wealth of the people.

The advantages of machinery are evident. Its chief usefulness is found in the lightening of labor and making natural forces supplant the work of man. In ancient times the toiling requisite to produce the absolute necessities of man was wearisome and humiliating. When corn had to be ground by hand, imagine the length of time necessary to produce sufficient quantities of meal. When the soil was cultivated with the rudest instruments such as the hoe or spade, the amount of production could not have been very great. These and many other kinds of labor, which in the early ages were performed by the hand, are now worked by the ingeniously devised machinery, to a supreme degree of perfection. The force of an ordinary watermill is now calculated to be equal to that of one hundred and fifty men. Now since the work of a machine is so powerful, it naturally follows that the amount of products will be increased, and consequently their price will be

diminished and they will be within the reach of the poor as well as the rich.

Besides the increase in the amount of commodities and the diminution in the price caused by machinery, there is also a distinct gain in their perfection. Although the artist may paint or draw the most decorative designs several times, it is almost impossible for him to continue the work with the same regularity and uniformity as a machine. The printing press, for instance, can perform its work with a precision, a perfection and a speed that no reasonable person would think of rivalling with the hand. The electric machines, and the steam engine can attain the ends for which they were designed with a wonderful accuracy. Considering only the exactitude of the results of those as well as of the other machines we must conclude that they add perfection to products. Without the implements used for the cultivation of the soil, and without those machines employed in the manufacture of goods we can only surmise the difficulties and hardships that would be encountered and the time that would be lost.

The time that would undoubtedly be devoted to the production of the necessities of life, may now be spent in the cultivation of the faculties of the Soul. Education and religion may be given due attention whereas if machinery were lacking, man's almost continual labor would be demanded. All the works of art and the different luxuries we now enjoy would be, of necessity, neglected. Since one ordinary machine can, with greater facility and greater perfection, perform the labor of one hundred and fifty men, in the same amount of time, then that number of men can employ their time at something else ; in intellectual advancement, or, perhaps, in the study of sciences, or in investigations which would ultimately lead to discovery of other machines or to improvements in those already in existence, thereby increasing the wealth and happiness of the nation.

Although there are numerous advantages accruing to society in general from the use of machinery there are also disadvantages. It decreases the number of hands employed. An ordinary machine can do the work of from one to two hundred men, and therefore this number is unemployed. In order to secure employment they must change their occupation, and herein lies the difficulty which has invariably been met with upon the introduction of a machine. According to the division of labor, one man follows always one occupation at which he perfects himself, and to all other pursuits

he is usually inattentive. Then when he is supplanted from this employment by machinery, he requires time to acquire the necessary methods of another form of labor. If he is then dependent on his daily work he is reduced to poverty during his term of apprenticeship. To him, therefore, the introduction of machinery is detrimental. Of course, it may be said that depression only affects the individuals and cannot be favorably compared to the general advantages accruing to society from machinery, but society itself is defective if it does not protect the interests of individuals, and especially the poor. It also decreases the demand for intelligent labor. By the use of machinery, the work of a skilled laborer can be performed by a child, and the latter is very often employed, thereby neglecting his education and endangering his morals and these steps often lead to corruption of the child and of society also. Wages are also lowered because the children and those who are employed, can maintain their existence on a cheaper scale than skilled laborers. Another disadvantage in machinery is that it multiplies unskilled laborers, since employees can do their work with very little application or study. The low standard of wages also prevents intelligent men from working at them.

If we compare the advantages and disadvantages of machinery, we must conclude that the former preponderates. Machinery increases the productiveness and efficiencies of industry or the wealth of a country. But the more wealth the more demand for labor, and therefore in proportion as the wealth of a community is increased, so also is the demand for labor increased. Again there are machines, such as the plough, that are useful to all and injurious to none. It was once feared that the conveyances by road would be severely injured by steam-engines which are now considered so necessary for the transportation of things and people. But they resulted in an increase in both passengers and merchandise, and were consequently a source of wealth to the nation. The spinning wheel, in England, which was so strenuously opposed, resulted in a great increase in the quantity and quality of manufactured goods. By such extensive use of machines, one nation is placed in a position to compete with another nation, the necessities of life are within easy reach of rich and poor, and any suggestions to abandon machinery on account of its disadvantages would now seem most detrimental to the economic welfare of the world.

M. D. DOYLE.

WEALTH.



AMONG the leaders of the different schools of economy, a controversy of more or less intensity is still maintained as to the meaning of wealth, its cause, its constituents and its scope. Many are the definitions that are submitted to our consideration, but so widely different are they, and so diametrically opposed do some seem to be that, the student is at a loss which one to take and adopt as his starting point. But as one must have a clear idea of the subject he is about to study, and as such clear idea is embodied in the definition, I may, with the help of leading modern economists, venture to define wealth thus : the sum total of material objects, found in nature, possessed by man in excess of pure need and having the two-fold capacity of exchangeability and of gratifying a desire. So, we see that wealth scientifically considered, bears the same meaning it has in common parlance.

From the above definition we see that a thing, in order to be a constituent of wealth, must be useful and have value ; useful in as far as it gratifies a desire ; valuable owing to its power of exchange. Moreover, the thing must be in excess of pure need, for no one can be termed rich or be said to possess wealth if the things possessed answer but to the present needs. By the words, "sum total of material objects," we mean that wealth is a collective term and not a distributive one. A sheet of paper in excess of pure need would not make a man wealthy. This sheet and other articles should be called elements or items of wealth. Of course, the number of elements required to constitute wealth is relative, and what would be wealth for one might be poverty for another. All depends on the man himself, his wants and the degree of civilization in which he lives.

The taking of the collective term in a distributive sense has led to the error which consists in calling wealth any article in excess of pure need.

The economists who uphold that theory, base it on the fact that the number of items of wealth does not change the nature of the latter... "Plus minuse non mutat speciem." Hence, any item, be it ever so small, can be called wealth in the same way as one grain of corn is grain just as much as a bushel of it. The error is apparent. What they fail to see is that grain is a distributive term

which can be applied to one and many, while wealth is a collective one, like army, people, including the idea of multitude.

In those things that constitute wealth, the two main factors to be considered, are utility and value. So intimately connected are those two terms that oftentimes they are wrongly used one for the other, though wide is the difference between them. That which serves to attain an end is called useful ; thus wholesome food, ordained to the well-being of the body, is useful. Utility, therefore, is the power, the fitness, the aptitude of a thing for the attainment of an end.

Means are loved for their utility and the end for itself ; utility, therefore, is proper to means. In things that constitute wealth, utility is their aptitude of gratifying our desires. Practically, all things help to satisfy our desires, we should, therefore, distinguish between goods granted freely by nature and goods produced by man. Keeping this distinction in sight, we divide wealth into natural and artificial. Natural wealth is that which is granted freely by nature, and is either unlimited as air, light and sunshine ; or limited as water, wind and wild fruits. Unlimited wealth is not wealth proper, lacking the power of exchange, resulting from its non-appropriativeness. Artificial wealth consists of raw material transformed by labor.

From the concept of utility arises that of value, which is the capacity of a thing of being exchangeable. If a thing is useful to one it may also prove of some utility to another. In this case, that useful thing can be exchanged for other useful things, and this alone constitutes value.

From the foregoing statement, one may safely affirm that everything that has value has utility, but on the contrary, things that are useful have not necessarily value. An example will make it plain. No one will deny that pure air, sunlight have great utility, yet they have no economic value. And why ? Because, air as well as sunshine, is not appropriable, and consequently not exchangeable.

Price is another term which is generally mis-applied and misunderstood, being often taken for value. Price is nothing else but value expressed in money. A thing has value in money just as it would have in grain or other merchandise.

The value of a thing is its relation of exchangeability. The fundamental conditions of value are desirability, exchangeability

and difficulty in acquisition. But what is the real measure of value ? Surely, there should be a measure.

This is an important question and one which is much discussed. A thing must be measured by an homogeneous thing ; hence the measure of value must be a value. But to have a real measure of value and of all values, a fixed standard is required, and experience shows that all values are mutable owing to the fact that conditions of value change from time to time, hence, we are forced to admit that there is no real measure of value. The chief cause of fluctuation in value is the contact of two wills : that of the possessor and non-possessor. In other words, it is the intensity of desire which constitutes the demand, against the difficulty of acquisition which is in accordance with the supply. But the supply, and the things dependent on it are mutable ; hence we may safely conclude that there is no real measure of value.

Notwithstanding that fact, evident in itself, there have been, and still are, opinions which have respectively called money, labor, utility and scarcity, measures of value. Succinctly let us refute each theory. Is it money ? No, for money, an adopted medium of exchange, is itself a value subject to fluctuation and which must be set. Is it labor ? Labor cannot be the measure of value, for though it costs more labor to produce wheat on a poor farm than it does on a fertile one, the value remains the same. Could it be utility ? Certainly not ; for were it so, a loaf of bread would have more value than a pearl necklace. Lastly, the measure of value cannot be scarcity, for a thing may be very scarce and still have no value owing to its uselessness. Fancy a fur coat in the tropics and bright and airy Easter bonnets in polar regions.

Having now a clear idea of what is meant by wealth, utility and value, may we not ask ourselves this all important question : Which of the two, utility or value, is the cause of wealth ? At once we claim that utility, and not value is the real and only cause of wealth.

Wealth is that which serves to satisfy plentifully the wants of man. But fitness to satisfy the wants of man constitutes utility, and not value, utility, then, must be the sole cause of wealth. Moreover, as every one knows, the value of a thing is proportionate to the efforts made to obtain it ; and the efforts, in turn, are proportionate to the obstacles in the way of attaining the coveted objects. Then, if wealth was proportionate to value or depending

upon it, the best way to create wealth should be to set obstacles in the way of production ; and this is evidently absurd. Again, when a man ships merchandise to a country, he considers its utility in that place and the demand that will naturally follow. The fact that large quantities of goods overcrowd markets and find no purchasers, is caused by a want of foresight on the part of shippers who failed to inquire into the utility of such goods in those places where they were sent.

The material object of Political Economy is wealth, but it should embrace material things only. A rich man is one who owns material goods or the equivalent, money. The current expressions, "rich in virtue, rich in knowledge" are often used, but simply by analogy. A teacher, a lawyer, a doctor, do not barter their science. They receive, if you will, more or less remuneration for their trouble. The teacher, for instance, is as learned after a lecture, and even more so, than he was before. To classify material goods with the immaterial is to lower the dignity of the latter. Material things can be valued in money, but quite impossible is it for immaterial ones. Were it otherwise the brainless son of a millionaire could buy the science of a Newton or of a Pasteur. Again, virtue itself would become the object of barter, and the science of an Edison would be wealth just as a phonograph is. According to this principle, then, God would be wealth, for He is the Creator of all things ; and, I feel confident, my readers will side with me and keep wealth within its proper limit.

LIONEL JORON.

Oh, why did it always ring too soon !
But we had to obey the thing ;
If we didn't, before we had time to think
The breakfast bell would ring.

After that, each half hour bell that rang,
Showed us always a task to do,
As we practised, studied, recited,
While the hours swiftly flew.

—In *The Allisonia*.

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD.



HE pen is mightier than the sword is a somewhat hackneyed expression. The pen is said to be mightier, because its influence is more potent both for good and for evil. We intend to note only some of the mischievous tendencies of the greater instrument. Passing over the intellectual movements of a more ancient date, which the Pen undoubtedly furthered, we shall make our task easier by considering, and endeavoring to pass a fair judgment upon, its works in the sixteenth and in subsequent centuries.

From the 16th century dates the so-called Reformation, which was brought about, chiefly, by the writings and works of Martin Luther. In speaking of the causes and general features of this momentous religious revolution we may note the great mental awakening which marked the close of the medieval and the opening of the modern ages. This intellectual revival, though often spoken of, in so far as it concerned the northern nations, as an effect of the religion revival, was in reality at once the cause and the effect. It hastened the Reformation and was itself hastened by it.

The greatest factor in bringing about the revival of classic learning was certainly the Printing Press. This recent invention was a powerful agency in the formation of the new religious movement. At the same time that the press scattered broadcast the Bible, it also spread the voluminous writings of men who had begun to doubt its inspiration and to dispute the authority of most of the doctrines and practices of the old Church. These writings stirred up debate and led to questioning and criticism. Luther, when called upon to oppose Tetzel in the controversy anent indulgences, drew up ninety-five theses wherein he fearlessly stated his novelties. By means of the press these theses were scattered with incredible rapidity throughout every country in Europe. The continent was plunged into a perfect tumult of controversy. Henry VIII. of England, ably refuted the writings of Luther. However, the King's base passion for Anne Boleyn induced him later to accept these same writings as a pretext for breaking off alliance with the Holy See. The downfall of the ancient faith of Britain was soon complete ; and while England was eventually to become the foremost of Protestant nations, the country was first to be covered with ruins and pauperism and grinding despotism was to be introduced into the once happy land of Alfred the Great.

One of the men who contributed not a little, though, perhaps, unintentionally, to extend the Reformation in Europe and England, was the great scholar Erasmus. His Greek Testament was used as a mighty lever in the hands of the fomenters of that movement. It has been said that "Erasmus laid the egg and Luther hatched it."

The next great social convulsion was in the 18th century, namely, the French Revolution. Chief among its causes was the anarchistic character and spirit of French philosophy and literature. French philosophy at this time was sceptical and revolutionary. The names of the great writers, Rousseau and Voltaire, suggest at once its prevalent tone and spirit. Rousseau declared that all the evils which afflict humanity arise from vicious artificial arrangements such as the Family, the Church, and the State.

The tendency and effect of this sceptical philosophy was to create hatred and contempt for the institution of both State and Church, to foster discontent with the established order of things, to stir up an uncontrollable passion for the innovation and change.

Voltaire turned his brilliant gifts of poetry and wit into weapons of invective, slander, ridicule, buffoonery and malice to wage war against the Catholic Church. "Ecrasez l'infame"—crush the infamous thing—was the motto of his life. The dominant philosophy of both Voltaire and Rousseau undermined every existing institution and denied all authority to custom, religion and state. The reading of such works became the fashion, the rage in social and scientific circles. In their warfare against the Church, the followers of Voltaire and Rousseau were determined to obliterate the Jesuit Order, and this war against them began in the literary world.

They (the followers of Voltaire and Rousseau) founded the Merchants' Bank for the purpose of disseminating slanderous books and pamphlets. In Spain the downfall of the Jesuits was occasioned by a letter forged by the Duke of Alva.

Such writings proved that the pen had more influence in stirring up the people than the sword. So uncontrollable became the frenzy of the people that Charles III. in 1775 signed the decree banishing the Jesuits. By this (without the use of a sword) all the houses and colleges of the Society throughout the Spanish possessions were taken over by the state, 6,000 members were crowded into ships and thrown upon the shores of the Papal States.

Because of the feeling aroused against these zealous religious

by publications of all sorts, Pope Clement XIV. suppressed the Order for the sake of peace. In consequence 39 Provinces, 176 Seminaries, 600 Colleges, 359 Smaller Residences, 223 Missions (mostly among heathen nations) were given over to secular hands, and 22,000 members deprived of the happiness of Religious life. Was it not a great calamity ? The sword could never have attempted it ; it was effected by the pen, and by the pen alone.

The denial of the divine authority of the Church naturally led to the denial of human authority in the State. In France the spirit of rebellion against the Church was caused by the books of the Huguenots, and the Jansenists. The Holy See opposed all its weight but the adverse writings prevailed in the Parliaments, in the legal profession and especially in the provinces where they were profusely disseminated.

The world is aware what evil the Free Masons have done the true religion. When was this body formed ? At the time when a reaction set in against the skeptical literature of the 18th century, the censured authors retired into the secrecy of Masonic lodges and continued this nefarious works unmolested.

Joseph II., by a stroke of a pen destroyed the Constitution of the Austrian Netherlands and replaced it by laws in sympathy with the anti-religious writings of his age.

Not one of the philosophers obtained an influence in shaping future events which could be compared with that of Rousseau. His " Social Contract " published in 1762 became the model of the revolutionary state. With him, in his writings, the state is nothing but a collection of individuals. Everything that opposes an obstacle to the equality of the citizens, such as a government or a Church, must be overthrown.

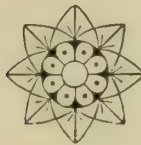
It is evident that such a theory, carried out in practice, must lead to anarchy and mob rule.

So much for the Reformation and the French Revolution, the two greatest blows dealt the Catholic Church. If now we take up the literature of the present day we can hardly find a more pernicious effect on the morality of our youth than is produced the trash daily set before it by immoral writers. Much of the present day literature is unspeakably " yellow," but feverishly consumed by the young. From the printing press of the world pours forth, day by day, a stream of pollution, poisoning the minds of the simple and inexperienced, and preparing the way by its solvent and destructive

properties for those social and political upheavals that threaten the destruction of civilization. You may see those infamous booklets endorsed by names famous in science and literature selling at nickel or a dime in any of our cities and towns ; you may see them advertised and recommended in newspapers owned by Catholics. And these books which are normally scientific, but positively blasphemous and aggressive, you will find in the hands of " the man in the street." This term includes the lady in her boudoir, the artisan in his workshop, the teacher in his primary school—every one, in a word, who has no hope of carrying an erminè or silk bow and a square cap. Thus it is that the girl who pushes the perambulator before her with the right hand takes her gospel, her code of ethics, her very religion from the cheap novelette she holds in her hands. From the fashion page the lady gets her not very exalted ideas—ranging from the price of a feather to the heights of a desirable engagement, a ball dress or a horse show. In the same way the Sunday journal replaces the pulpit for the formation of character, and popularizes irreligion and infidelity, for the ordinary reader.

It is a sad thing to admit, but the Pen is mightier than the Sword for evil. The former slays the body, but rarely the mind or the heart ; when the latter does not kill souls by millions, it too often leads them to mental and moral imbecility.

E. LETANG.



University of Ottawa Review.

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CLASS WORK FIRST.

It has been said of a certain eminent man that during his collegiate course, he never missed a recitation of his class and was never known to have his name handed in for absence. All those who have ever become influential, almost without exception, begun to be distinguished for a conscientious discharge of all appointed exercises while obtaining their education. A student feels unwell to-day. He, therefore, feels little inclination to prepare his lessons. He is tempted to offer some excuse for being absent from recitations. That student is yielding to a temptation likely to cause him serious detriment. The reason for not conforming to the daily program should be a very serious one. No friends, no invitations to social gatherings, no writing to friends should turn anyone aside from getting up the lesson that is shortly to be recited. Regular prescribed exercises have the first claim on

the student's time and should never be thrust aside for incidental things. It is the student who, during the year acts up to the resolution never to neglect any of the regular studies of his form, that forges to the front, carries off the sparkling discs of silver, sweeps the examination papers, and finally graduates with one or several sheepskins dangling at his belt.

THE CATHOLIC WRITER.

Canon Sheehan describes the iron limitations that surround and embarrass, whilst they shield, the Catholic writer. Catholic literature can never be as attractive and popular as the world's literature because it can never appeal to the two great elements of popularity—passion and untruth. Human nature, as such, seeks excitement, scenes of dramatic interest, suggestive and voluptuous thoughts, dangerous and lascivious actions. Our fiction, our poetry, our drama, our art, must be, above all things, pure. A Catholic writer would rather put his right hand into the fire than write much that passes for art and literature in our days. The true Catholic heart demands that there should not be in art or science or literature one word that could originate an unholy thought or bring to the cheeks of the innocent an unholy flame. This seems to be a serious drawback for the conscientious author while the world wantons with vice and secures popularity. Again, the non-Catholic writer is absolutely unfettered in his choice of subjects, in his quotations and authorities, in his treatment of historical, philosophical and ethical questions. He may revel in every absurdity without let or hindrance. He has a free hand, a fair field, and every favor. Attracted by his audacity, the public buys his volumes and spend the nights reading them. On the contrary, the Catholic must write in the solemn, majestic presence of Truth which he has learned to love and revere all his life. If he ignores or forgets her through ambition, or avarice, or a desire of fame, conscience will rebuke him, a hundred critics will pounce upon him, ecclesiastical authorities will condemn him. The Catholic philosopher has to draw his lines with the utmost circumspection; the Catholic historian has to be endowed with almost superhuman powers of discrimination to find the truth amid the factious misrepresentations of rival cliques or creeds; the Catholic poet must guard himself against too daring flights of

imagination ; and the Catholic mystic must be ever fearful lest he touch the bounds beyond which it is at least rash to pass. Still within these limitations there is a wide field and many new, varied possibilities. The great force to be subjugated by our writers is Style. The illustrious names in modern philosophy, science and literature, are stylists. There is a broad field for the Catholic writers untilled except by Newman, Balmez, Brownson, and a few more. Dr. Sheehan, in his later books of fiction, has worked out some of the possibilities, and shown to what eminence, the Catholic writer can attain, in spite of his limitations.

Among the Magazines.

In the *Rosary*, the "Coming and Going of the Red Man" is a very complete review of the conditions, past and present, of the Indian. It is "the story of races, as it appears written in the face of this broad continent, that of an early civilization erased by barbarism, and this in turn when it was in the full enjoyment of its simple life and happy hunting grounds, polluted by contact with the fringes of a new civilization and herded in diminishing masses towards decay and extinction." The interesting articles on "Irish Art in Olden Times" are continued.

A valuable article in *The Messenger* of New York entitled, "The Centennial of Quebec," turns chiefly on the noble figure of Champlain. The illustrations of Hadrian's villa at Tivoli are particularly attractive. One of the most readable portions of the magazine is, as usual, the "Chronicle."

"Supposing," argues the President of Stevens' Institute of Technology, in the *Electric Journal*, "a student graduated with a grade of ninety, but through one cause or another, at the end of five years after graduation, his grade in the school of practice and experience is, say, only twenty ; his combined average then is only sixty, and, as a rule, his ability is mediocre or worse. Supposing, on the other hand, a man graduates with the lowest passing mark of sixty ; that, at the end of five years, he has attained a grade in the school of practice and experience of ninety. The combined average shows a grade of seventy-five. But as a doer, the comparison is still more favorable to him than is indicated by

the difference between 60 and 75, for he is better able to cated by the difference between 60 and 75, for he is better able to put into effect the smaller amount which he has acquired in college. But now suppose we have a man who has graduated with the average grade of ninety ; and at the end of five years he has acquired in the outside school a grade of ninety ; his combined average would be ninety. And, here we have a man of high scholarship who will be able to demonstrate by results obtained that scholarship does count."

In his account of a recent visit to the east coast of Africa, as we read in the *Scientific American*, Dr. Alexander Agassiz, a former president of the National Academy of Sciences, mentioned that the general theory was that the long necks of the giraffe was the result of the stretching of the necks to reach the top of the trees. He was greatly surprised to find herds of giraffes feeding on bushes thus apparently contradicting the generally preconceived notion of the development of the necks of the animal.

According to the *Educational Review*, practically the whole of the scholars in a rural district are "short-timers," "shore coursers." A youth induced to return in any case to the lonely unattractive school-house is squeezed into a seat beside "little learners," and set at work that little accords with his circumstances. The system is admirable if it is proposed to go clear through from primary to university, but that is for those who go into the city or leave the province. Some girls and boys must remain to develop the country, to face worn-out farms and other discouraging factors, not to speak of the fact that they no longer live in community, not even in a province, but in a keen business world ; postal, telephone, transit facilities have changed everything. Denmark, and even Japan, sent their people to school again to learn the meaning of fractions and decimal points. Nova Scotia lost last season by reason of dishonest and inefficient fruit packers ; New Brunswick by reason of careless preparation for the season's crops ; and both provinces are losing all the time through keeping poor yield cows.

Exchanges.

We welcome to the fraternity of college journals a new convent paper, the *St. Mary's Angelos*. It makes its initial bow in a very

neat form, hailing from Winnipeg, Manitoba. "The Building of a Sonnet," "The Dream of Gerontius," "Where Music Was Prayer," "Madame de Sevigne," are articles that all betray a real literary workmanship.

The "Dedication" number of the *College Mercury* will appeal to others than to the students of the College of New York, which has but recently moved into its new home. The accompanying half-tone of the mural painting entitled "The Graduate," is a masterpiece rich with lessons for the youth going forth from his Alma Mater.

The April *Victorian* brings its usual tribute of a series of thoughtful articles. The writer who treats so exhaustively "The High School Fraternity"—though he is manifestly within the truth—is unnecessarily severe in his language on the tendency of societies in lower schools to "ape." It seems to be one of the most persistent needs of human beings to imitate the faults of as often the good points of models.

"Editors are melancholy men. They are supposed to run the paper they edit. Yet to see the editor collecting his contributions for his next number is a melancholy sight. In the first place nobody ever writes anything. In the next place they never give in what they do write. In the third place when anything does come in, it is promptly thrown out again, owing to lack of space."

—*The Mitre.*

Priorum Temporum Flores.

At the concluding session of the Ottawa Teachers' Convention held here at the Normal School, Mr. P. Leddy, B.A., principal of St. Patrick's Separate School, was elected president.

Hon. F. R. Latchford, formerly Commissioner of Public Works, and later Attorney-General of Ontario, has been appointed a Judge of the High Court of Ontario, and will take up his duties in September at Toronto. Mr. Latchford was born at Ottawa in 1850. He graduated from this university in 1882, taking among other honors Archbishop's Duhamel's medal for an essay in Christian Doctrine, the Governor-General's medal for the best English essay, and the Pope's medal for the best Latin essay on a subject of phil-

osophy. Mr. Latchford chose the legal profession, and was admitted to the bar in 1885. Having been a member of the Ross Cabinet in the Ontario Legislature from 1889 to 1905, he clearly showed himself a public man possessed not only of an ability of a high order, but of a most conscientious adherence to the principles of right conduct. All the best qualities of a character matured by a varied experience and study fit Mr. Justice Latchford for a useful and eminent career in the judicial world.

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

The Eighth Annual Prize Debate took place on Tuesday evening, April 28th, in St. Patrick's Hall, and Mr. Austin Stanton was the successful competitor for the Superior's medal. The subject of debate was : "That woman suffrage is just and expedient." The negative was argued by Messrs. J. C. Conaghan and A. Stanton, while the affirmative was championed by Messrs. F. O. Linke and E. L. Ginna. The judges were : Dr. A. Freeland and Messrs. E. P. Stanton and F. Grey. Mr. Stanton's speech was a forcible one and was characterized by its terseness and richness of expression. He was closely followed, however, by his leader, Mr. Conaghan, who at times showed a force and 'go' which clearly indicated that his sentiments were in full accord with the subject. Messrs. Linke and Ginna also delivered very eloquent speeches, the cogency of their arguments winning the debate for their side. We hope to hear from them again. An excellent programme of songs, music and recitations was also carried out, being contributed to by Misses Aumond, Cheney, Babin and McCullough, and Mrs. O'Driscoll, and Messrs. Kehoe, Mitchell, Marier and Rev. J. A. Dewe. Taken all in all the prize debate of 1908 was up to the standard of past years, and in every way worthy of the traditions of the Society. We take this opportunity of thanking all those who so kindly assisted in making the affair a success.

Mr. A. J. Reynolds, '07, paid a visit to his Alma Mater recently.

A rather impromptu concert was held in a well decorated room on Wilbrod one evening during the Easter holidays. It was as follows :—

1. Song : " Did Anybody See My Roof-mate ? "— John H-rt.
 2. Song : " The Letter That He Longed For Never Came " James Goll-gh-r.
 - 3.—Speech : " The Effects of X-rays on the Heart "— George R-g-n.
 - 4.—Song : " Down Where the Mississippi Flows "— Captain H.
 - 5.—Song : " I Got Mine. "—Stanton.
 - 6.—Reading : L'Oiseau sur le chapeau de Nellie—Sully.
- Wh-bbs—Why is L-cy in such good condition ?
C-rk-ry—Because he has a *Trainer*.

It is rumored that, owing to his skilful manipulation of the pipes, McD-n-ld will be engaged by the Kiltie Band in the near future.

The twenty-fourth of May is a fast day this year—No meet.

Once to every college student,
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife with Greek and Latin
If he walks or if he ride.
Truth forever used to study ;
Wrong forever used to play.
" Ponies " carry for the moment ;
But upon that final day
When there comes a test of knowledge
Ah ! the ponies, where are they ?



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THE ECONOMY OF THE DIVISION OF LABOR.



Question at the present day is more agitated than that of Labor. Throughout the civilized world it is a burning topic, setting forth many difficult problems with which the world's most learned masters are at a loss as to their solving.

Labor is unquestionably one of the world's greatest necessities, and has been since the fall of our First Parents, when God told man he would have, in future, to labor for his sustenance. Then labor began and as the world has rapidly advanced in art, science, government, etc., and with its advancement, men profiting by experiments and experience, have banded together, firm believers in the old adage, "In Union there is Strength." It is not my intention to speak of Unionism. I merely mention it as it is one of that division of that great labor question, which has in many countries caused no end of difficulties. Volumes and volumes have been written pro and con, on this all-important subject and yet its real solution leaves many of diverse opinions. We will content ourselves, for the time being, with its present situation, and devote our attention to a more important question to us, just at present, that of the division of Labor.

At first thought we are inclined to believe that the division of labor is something of recent origin, but with a little reflection we readily conclude that it has existed since the time of Adam. The

sons of the first pair, undoubtedly designed by God, took up different occupations, and thus labor had its origin of real division. Since that time it has continued to divide, as the world has advanced, until to-day it is almost impossible to divide it further.

Like every great question, it has, throughout the world, interested those who for various reasons uphold it, possibly for personal advantages, and those who for similar reasons reject it. However, all such questions are debatable. They have their advantages and disadvantages, and we are to choose for ourselves that which seems best to serve the general welfare.

The question might be asked, and quite consistently too, what is meant by the "division of labor." Well, as Political Economy is the science of wealth, it is its object to treat wealth from every possible standpoint effecting it. Now as its production is surely one of its most important objects, we must consider it from this point and discuss the aids to production. Thus the real subject of our essay lies in aids to production and we can readily see how important an aid is this division of labor. Really it is that separation of the different means of man's sustenance into its various classes. It is a natural separation designed by God, who has in the creation of man endowed him with different aptitudes and faculties. Thus the division of labor embraces all branches of work occupying man.

We understand quite clearly that this division has always existed, at least since the time of Adam, yet such division may be considered in a general way. But with the advent of machinery, which by the way is another great aid to production, a different division of labor is introduced, which division we may consider the particular. The invention of machinery has rendered man capable of producing scores of times as much produce of all kinds as he was capable of without its assistance. And when I say it introduces a new division of labor, I mean that in any particular branch in which machinery is employed men grow proficient, not in the whole branch, but in an individual or a particular portion of it. Thus in the general class, a man is a farmer, being more or less capable of performing all the operations required on a farm, but a man can scarcely be called a shoemaker who devotes himself wholly to the operation of lasting the shoe. He is considered a *laster*, not a shoemaker. Thus we have the particular class.

This division of labor certainly has its advantages. We can readily comprehend how a man who devotes his entire attention

day in and day out will become proficient in whatever branch he is employed. His very muscles become accustomed to the different actions employed in perfecting his work, and act, almost unguided, through constant use. Thus the man is capable of producing more than if he were to devote his attention to diverse things. It is consequently a great advantage.

This same division of labor which holds men to certain branches of work, from this very fact, leads to invention both in the general and particular sense. In the general sense, the former carrying out his different occupations, conceives ideas for the simplification of various difficult portions of it ; while the man in the factory strives and finds means of keeping his machine in motion unguided. By the very fact of its having so many branches it offers more opportunities for inventions for everything is capable of a greater perfection.

This division of labor is also advantageous, for by it the adaptation of strength can be very profitably arranged, thus affording boys, weak men and women, who are obliged to labor for their sustenance, a way of living. Strong men capable of doing heavy work can receive more pay for their services by being kept at the heavy work, and are of greater service to their employer. While by this division the lighter and more simple work can be done by those unfit for labor requiring strength. Thus the employer profits by the division, in the amount produced, and the employees also profit by being afforded work suitable to themselves.

Now in any branch of labor where one man or a number of men control the work of a very large number, they can by devoting their entire attention to the purchase of necessities required in all the different branches, by an accurate account of the output of each branch individually by the cost of those employed and by general allowances for different factory reasons. They can control the cost of production, so that they know within a few cents the exact cost of the articles produced, and can consequently set a fair selling price, which they may charge as the cost of material or production varies. Then again it affords better control of those employed, for by the division a man is more or less dependent upon his employer not having any complete trade ; and also as the employer can use reason with men, knowing his cost of production and profits.

Another great advantage afforded by the division of labor, but

one which does not appeal to us as to our fathers, is that of shortening apprenticeship. This is certainly a great advantage. Formerly a young man striving to become proficient in some particular branch was frequently compelled to pay from \$50 to \$500 to be taken into a factory, and was obliged to sign contracts for periods of five or six years in which he was to receive nothing for his services. He, of course, started at the bottom and went to the top of the business, but you will admit he had sufficient time. Now a young man starts, always at a salary, at some of the simpler branches, and as he grows proficient he is immediately advanced to something higher and at higher wages.

The division of labor offers many great advantages. It has been a Godsend to the world. It has saved thousands from starvation and has made millions for many more. However, like all good things it has been abused by many, until to-day it sets forth to the world a very dangerous proposition. This same division of labor has by its abused facilities for employing woman and child labor, left a disgraceful blot on the face of many a nation. The nation is to be blamed in as much as it does not enforce laws for the protection of its children. But the real blame rests upon those utterly heartless creatures who strive for gold, build up their mills and factories, and make their fortunes by child labor.

Again the constant labor of a man in one particular branch year in and year out produces a direful effect upon him. Physically he is a wreck. He is developed entirely out of proportion, and his very appearance becomes a menace to him. The undeveloped portions wear out and the man is unable, after a time, to continue his work. The abuses have gone so far that it is an undisputed fact that something should be done to prevent their further spreading. Men in such employment are every day deteriorating, and factories and mines are making graveyard material of tens of thousands, and stunted creatures of others.

Nor is this division a disadvantage from the physical point alone ; no, but from the intellectual and moral as well. Men can never hope to develop his intellect, standing for years and years in the same footprints and performing the same actions. His intellect has absolutely nothing to do and grows dull. The man really becomes a part of the machine, and how is he going to develop ? Who are his associates ? All are beings like himself whose lives are failures. They know no more than he.

The poor man is the means of wealth of the rich man who cares naught for him or his existence. He subjects him to all sorts of inconveniences, caring nothing for his physical, intellectual or moral development, so long as he endeavors to satisfy his unsatiable desire for wealth. Has not the poor man enough with which to contend? Has he not enough temptations without filling his workroom with women of weak characters. Little the employer thinks of the poor man's or frequently of his own spiritual welfare. This constant association with uncultured women is bound to have a bad moral effect upon the mind of man.

Division of labor deprives man, that is the factory man of his real independence from a laboring standpoint. He has no trade unless he starts from the lowest work in the factory, and slowly advances along each branch, really having to serve an apprenticeship in each. Where is the man who when earning fifteen dollars a week will give it up and spend a year or more earning five dollars, that he may at the end of that time receive eighteen dollars? None are found to do it. Thus few learn the whole trade and cannot leave their employer and get employment of the same character in every other city. Thus they find themselves ever at the beck and call of their master.

Another, and possibly a greater disadvantage, than we have yet spoken of is that of weakening family ties. Does it only weaken them, or does it destroy them altogether? In many cases they are completely destroyed. How could it be otherwise? What opportunity is there for family ties? The Sunday, and the Sunday alone. Scarcely long enough to establish a friendship, let alone family ties? In the factory home everybody works, and when everybody works all the time they are more or less irritable, and when people are irritable there is no concord, and where there is no concord there are no family ties. Everyone is striving for the almighty dollar, and in many cases it is a most expensive possession. The home of the factory family is the factory which is public, and where there is no privacy; again there are no family ties. 'Tis indeed a pitiable state to see thousands of homes destroyed to satisfy the desires of the world's successful men. Indeed, the division of labor has much to answer for.

But are the prevailing conditions necessary? Can there be nothing done to alter the present state of affairs? Yes, there are remedies and I am happy to say they are beginning to be employed.

First of all, remedy the moral effect and strengthen the family ties by separating the men and the women in the factories. Give each a place for their work for themselves, where they will be able to pursue their employment without distractions and discuss those questions characteristic of their sex. Then will the work of both factories be done more cheerfully, more satisfactorily, and more profitably for the employer.

Then prevent by law the employing of children under a certain age, and make the age limit sufficiently high to grant a good step towards maturity. Then will the weakling of to-day have an opportunity of developing into a strong man or woman, and of acquiring an education which will fit him or her for something higher than the common lot. Then will the world advance, when all will be capable of conducting themselves intelligently, proficient in all the necessary branches of correct instruction and education.

It is strange when we stop to consider that intelligent successful men should be so selfish. They seem to forget the poor suffering men who are really responsible for their own millions. They drive them like the slave over whom they had complete ownership. These men must be brought to a realization of the fact, that the men whom they employ are their own equal and oblige them to treat the men as such. The hours of labor will have to be shortened, the man will have to be considered freer. The hours for woman labor will have to be differently arranged, and considerably shorter than those of man. For really in this advanced age, woman should not be obliged to work at all, and particularly a woman with a family. However, if it really becomes necessary, the hours should be so arranged as to enable her to perform her household duties. Then the family ties could really exist and the homes become a home.

Last of all, a man's intellect should be developed. He should not be kept constantly at the same kind of work which deadens the intellect and weakens the human system.

With these changes division of labor would be that for which God intended it, an aid to all mankind. Then, also, would employers, if they but knew it, receive better results from their help, and then could the nation raise its head and proudly claim a thriving, unmarred, advanced civilization.

E. H. McCARTHY.

THE ECONOMY OF BANKING.

IN treating this subject, it might not at all be out of place to first explain the nature of a bank and its different functions, past and present. Since the introduction of banking institutions away back in the twelfth century, when the Bank of Venice was instituted, and in the seventeenth century, the period in which the Amsterdam bank was founded, the duties of banks have changed considerably in character.

In ancient times, when the different species of coins were more numerous than they are at the present day, and were the sole form of money employed for carrying on commerce, quite a trade developed in the exchanging of these coins, and in determining their relative values. Especially was a great business carried on in this line at bazaars, where merchants of different nationalities assembled for the purpose of carrying on trade. Money changers, or, as we may call them, goldsmiths, for in most cases such they were owing to the knowledge they possessed of the precious metals, were obliged to keep their coins stored in strong boxes for safety, and because these chests or safes were kept on benches or "banken," the money changers were called bankers. Such then was the function of the primitive bankers,—the exchanging of money. This operation, although primarily carried on by private individuals, was later adopted by city governments, the City of Venice in 1171 being the first to appropriate the privilege of carrying on banking.

Soon after another phase developed, which was the keeping of deposits, made by the public. Money exchangers were obliged to keep chests, in which to store their coin, that they might protect it against theft, loss, fire, etc. It soon became a custom among the people to bring to the bankers their money and valuables, and hand them over to the latter for safe keeping, thus eliminating the guard, which they themselves would have to keep over their property, were they to handle it. And in most cases these banking institutions reaped a revenue from their depositors by reason of the safety they ensured them in keeping their funds. However, as we shall soon see, the bankers were able to make such a lucrative use of the funds entrusted to them that they could well afford to do away with the fee, and even grant to the depositor a small rate of interest. This was brought about in the following manner :

The bankers, by reason of the receipts they issued, which

represented actual cash in their safes, were able to make payments with them instead of with gold or silver, thus keeping a considerable amount of the coin for a long period. Now since the desire for money as capital had developed to a great extent in those days, these institutions found it profitable to let out at interest this stored up cash, and so lucrative did the business become that the bankers found it better to invite deposit by giving a small rate of interest to the depositor than to charge him for the safety they granted him. It would appear to most that the bank was acting illegally when it loaned out money entrusted to it, and it really was, because by such a practise it was violating the trust confided to it by the depositor. And as a result, we are not surprised to see that such institutions were punished whenever they were found at such practises. Later on, however, an understanding between the banks, on the one hand, and legislators on the other, came about, and the former were granted the legal privilege of loaning out money at interest. Hence arose the third function of the banking system, that of loaning money.

With the advancement of industry and commerce the relative importance of these separate offices of the system of banking have become considerably diversified, and one of them, the function of exchanging money, has practically ceased. The other two functions, the keeping of savings and the loaning of money, have become the most important offices of banking, as it exists at the present day. In addition to these important functions of the modern bank there is, however, one impressive feature, which is the loan of the bank's credit. This has arisen from the ancient custom of bankers of using their receipts for the payments, which were prior to this made in gold and silver. It is, consequently, from this essential feature of every bank that we can give a general definition of a bank,—an institution which exchanges with the public its own credit for the money and security of the latter. Instead of the bank receipts, which were employed in former times, the modern institution uses in their stead bank notes, which differ from the former in as much as they are not based upon deposits of actual cash, like the ancient receipts were. We have given the essential functions of a banking system. There are, however, other requisites which accompany the existence of a bank, but as these vary in different institutions, we will be able to consider only a few of them. However, a banking system, in order that it may be held reliable by the

people, and be successful in its existence, must offer certain advantages without which it would soon lose the public confidence.

In the first place we must mention that with the existence of every bank there co-exists two kinds of creditors,—the wilful creditors or those whose money is deposited in the bank, and the unwilling ones or the holders of bank notes. Now, in order that it may command the public patronage, the banking institution must guarantee the depositor some remuneration for the use of his money, besides the safety of the latter, and it also must offer him security that his deposit will always be on hand for him to draw it out, if on any occasion he should need it. To the bill-holders a still greater security must be given, and through legislation it has been ruled that, should ever occasion arise in which the bank were obliged to cease business, the bill-holders have first lien on the bank's resources. By this is meant that for every dollar the note-holder has in bank currency, he can oblige the bank to give him one dollar in legal tender of the country in which it is situated. To the shareholders also a reasonable profit must be offered for the use of their capital. Besides these requisites the bank must be in such a position that it will be capable of offering facilities to the public in general,—manufacturers, traders, farmers, etc. Lastly, there is required by the bank elasticity. By this we mean that the institution must be capable of making its currency adaptable to the varying needs of commerce. When money is in great demand, the bank must be capable of creating, as it were, an amount of currency, which will be sufficient to the public need, and when the demand for this money has subsided, the elastic currency must be such that the bank can decrease it by taking it back into its vaults, where it will cease to be money.

Let us now briefly examine the system of banking, as it exists in Canada at the present day. Prior to the year 1890 banking existed, but not according to any fixed laws. In the year mentioned the Canadian Banking Act was passed by the Federal Government, and the Canadian banking system was placed on a firm basis. According to the Act of 1890 it was ruled that before any bank could open to conduct business with the public at least five men, subjects of the British Crown, should associate. No bank is permitted to organize before a capital of \$500,000, or more has been subscribed by the stockholders. Of this subscribed capital, 50% must first be paid up, and as the law has defined, must be

deposited with the Canadian Minister of Finance. However, this is only left with him for a short while, and he returns it all, save 5% of it, which goes to make up the Redemption Fund. Everything being carried out satisfactorily so far, he finally grants a charter to the associates, which is accompanied with the following privileges, which not only give them great liberty, but which also render the noteholders absolutely safe, and permit the greatest possible elasticity.

With the charter, permission is granted to issue notes to the amount of the paid-up capital, which thus gives the bank the right of a double productive capital. Regarding the cash reserves of the bank, there is no rule compelling such a fund to be held, but in case the bank does maintain a reserve, not less than forty per cent. of it must be in Dominion notes. Concerning the dividend there are three regulations, which must be carried out to the letter. First, the bank cannot declare a dividend, which will impair the capital; the dividend must be taken from the bank's profits. In the second place, no dividend must be declared before there is a surplus on hand. Lastly, this dividend must be less than eight per cent. per annum, except where the reserve is thirty per cent. or more of the capital. Another privilege granted by the charter is that of establishing branches—a point to be explained when we have an idea of the American banking system.

We must distinguish as regard banking in the United States to-day. There are in that country three species of banks: the national banks, which are under federal legislation; the state banks, organized according to the banking acts of the several states, and private banks, which are not under any legislative authority. We will here deal only with the National banking system, because the banks in that system are representative to a high degree of the American banking system in general. The privilege of establishing branches has not been granted, and each city or town has its own bank, existing independently of any other similar institution. As a result of this, the capital subscribed has different limits in the various cities and towns. The lowest amount which can possibly be subscribed is \$25,000, and from this it varies according to population. Of the capital subscribed fifty per cent. must be paid up before business can be commenced, and a portion of this must be invested in United States Registered Bonds, except where the subscribed capital is in excess of \$150,000 when such

excess must be invested as stated above. Regarding the issue of notes it has been ruled that their value cannot exceed ninety per cent. of the invested capital. In order to secure the safety of the creditors it is also legislated regarding the reserve to be held by each bank. Unlike in Canada, no choice is given a bank to either hold a cash reserve or not, but it is a law that in certain large cities, designated as reserve cities, the minimum cash reserve must be twenty-five per cent. of the deposits, and in small cities it must be not lower than fifteen per cent. No dividend must be declared before the surplus equals twenty per cent. of the capital, and it must never exceed the profits except when the surplus is more than twenty per cent. of the capital. To secure the rigid observance of all these rules, the government appropriates the right to examine the accounts of the bank at frequent intervals.

From the facts stated above concerning the Canadian and American systems of banking, we will now be enabled to draw a comparison between the two, and give their relative advantages. The great difference between the two systems is demonstrated in the matter of branches. In Canada, we have seen that incorporated banks have the right to establish branches in the various cities, towns and villages. In the United States this privilege is not granted by the National Banking Act, and as a consequence, a bank must be content with doing business within the municipality in which it is situated. With regard to this point then, it seems that the Canadian has an advantage over the American bank. By the right of extension, the former is in a position to carry on a larger amount of business with the public, and hence it is better enabled to grow prosperous. The several branches, besides doing the ordinary work required in banking, serve at the same time as stations of redemption. It is necessary that the head office have redemption offices in different parts of the country, where its notes may be redeemed, and by using the branches for such work they thus economize. In small towns the inhabitants are more inclined to save than city people, and hence a bank, situated in a small place, carries in most cases a larger savings account than a city bank. These are the benefits, which are enjoyed by the bank itself. On the other hand the public reaps an advantage, in as much as the inhabitants of small towns have the same banking facilities as those living in large cities. The Canadian system of banking, in this respect, may be compared to a river system, which by col-

lecting the water from various small streams, may be made to furnish great power. If the streams were to be employed separately, in the production of power, an insignificant amount would be the result. In the same manner a bank with branches in different parts of the country reaping in savings and depositing them in the coffers of the main bank, will become more powerful and do greater good than the sum-total of the different branches, working separately.

As regards the safety of the creditors neither system has an advantage over the other. For the protection of the depositor a "double liability" is enjoined both in the United States and in Canada. By this term "double liability" we mean that if an occasion should arise, in which the property and the assets of the bank would be insufficient to pay its debts and liabilities, each shareholder of the bank is liable for the deficiency to an amount equal to the par value of the shares held by him, in addition to any amount not paid up on such shares. Under both system the noteholders are likewise protected, those in Canada being guarded by the joint Redemption Fund, which is made use of after the "double liability" has been disposed of, and those in the United States being shielded by the Bonds held by the Treasury Board. We have mentioned that government inspection is required by the National Banking Act, and in this respect the American system is considered by many to be superior to the Canadian one. However, in Canada, by reason of the manner in which the Redemption Fund is contributed to, the various banks keep a close watch on one another, and hence each institution must be as careful, if not more so, than the American bank. And when one considers how easily a government official might be bribed by a bank to make a false statement, it must seem evident that again the Canadian bank offers better advantages to the public than its contemporary. Respecting the payment of a dividend the American system is a little more cautious as it necessitates the existence of a twenty per cent. surplus before any dividend can be paid.

There is finally one more point in which the Canadian banks are superior to the United States' institutions, and this regards the property of elasticity. In speaking of the general and essential requisites of any banking institution, we mentioned that elasticity includes the capability of a bank of creating money immediately on demand. It is in this respect that the two system of banking

differ, and not only by Canadian, but also by American financiers. is it admitted that the Canadian bank possesses the above requisite in the true sense of the term. According to the American system, it is enacted that a bank, before it can create any new money, must first invest an equal amount of capital in Registered Bonds. This being done, the notes are signed by the Receiver General at Washington, and then forwarded to the bank. It is evident that such procedure occupies much time,—perhaps two or three days if the bank is a long distance from Washington,—and that when the new money is ready it might be too late to make use of it. And further, the bank may have to meet a greater difficulty. Very often there are no Bonds to be had, and as a result the desired money cannot be produced. On the contrary, a Canadian bank can, whenever called upon, create new money without any delay. As the notes do not require the signature of the Finance Minister, and as the law does not demand any investment in Government Bonds, the Bank may have the notes always on hand, and, when occasion demands, spread them about on the instant. The only thing enjoined regarding this note issue is that at the end of the year the bank must forward to the Finance Minister the amount of its notes in circulation, and add to its portion of the Redemption Fund whatever it may owe on account of the increased issue. Hence does the Canadian bank possess true expansion, and in a similar manner can it contract its amount of notes in circulation.

Thus, on the whole, the Canadian system of banking excels. We must remember, however, that the Canadian bank was established when it was possible to see what defects were to be avoided, and what good points were to be retained. Yet, with their system, deficient as it in certain respects, the American people have progressed, and achieved great success,—a thing many other nations could not accomplish if in possession of the same banking system.

J. R. CORKERY.

DOCTORING A SICK BUSINESS.

(In The Saturday Evening Post.)

I HAVE a friend who has always failed in his undertakings. He has ability. He has energy. He could always convince me that the fault was not his, and I always took a friendly and a pecuniary interest in his efforts to retrieve his losses. It came to a point at last where I was unwilling to jeopardize any more of my meagre capital in further attempts to help him. We discussed his future frankly, and he was hopeful as ever.

"Why," said he, "there are a hundred ways in which I could make money if I only had a little capital. Look at all the businesses people are engaged in...and making them go, too. Have you ever read the little cards and 'liners' in the dailies?" asked he, turning the paper in his hand. "They are amusing. Here, for instance, is a man who doctors dogs by mail. I'll bet he makes lots of money. Oh, say! listen to this: 'Have you failed in business? Professor Blank can tell you why. It may be valuable for you to know. I do not promise to teach you how to succeed, but I guarantee to tell you what caused your failure. Many have succeeded, but I guarantee to tell you what caused your failure. Many have succeeded after an interview with me. Consultation, \$1.' Here's another—"

"Frank," said I, "I am interested in that advertisement. I'll pay the fee if you will go with me and see the professor."

We went. We were ushered into a neat ante-room, and presently into a neat office in the rear of it. Professor Blank had no look of a faker about him. He was a man long past middle life, but too vigorous to be described as old. His eyes were deep-set and piercing; his eyebrows were shaggy and black. A prominent forehead, thin gray hair, and one of those peculiar sallow complexions, as well as a slight stoop to his shoulders, proclaimed him a student. He received us with all the dignity of a famous lawyer or doctor.

"You wish to consult me about business, gentlemen?" said he.

"We do," said my friend. "I have been unfortunate in my business ventures, and if you can tell me why, it may be worth a dollar to me; though I doubt it."

"Before we go any further, sir," said the professor, "I wish to remark that I always insist that no offense shall be taken at what I may say to you. I shall speak plainly if I speak at all. Do you agree?"

"Certainly. Fire away."

"Now, sir, what do you consider success in business?"

"Making money."

"Why do you want money?"

"For what it will buy."

"What would you buy if you had money?"

"I would buy horses, and automobiles, and works of art, and I would travel."

"Why would you travel, and what works of art would you buy?"

"I would travel because I enjoy it, and I would buy any works of art that struck my fancy."

"Where would you travel?"

"I don't know. I would keep going until I got tired, and then go home. But you are asking me questions that I have given no thought to, and I don't know whether my answers are true or not. I do know, however, that what kind of pictures I would buy, and where I would travel have nothing to do with why I failed in the tea and coffee business."

"If you will pardon me, all these things have pointed out to me the cause of your failure, and I will proceed to demonstrate it to you."

"In the first place, you were a wholesaler, were you not?"

"I was."

"You never have gone into any business upon a small scale, or upon a scale that your capital would justify?"

"I don't know about that."

"Then I take pleasure in informing you of the fact, sir. You went into this tea and coffee business with very small previous experience."

"Yes; how did you know that?"

"A man of your nature would not be content to enter a business at the bottom and work through to the top, or to a complete mastery of it. I will further inform you of what you and your friend very well know—that you went to your office sometimes at eight and sometimes at nine. That you went to luncheon some-

times at twelve and sometimes at two, eating sometimes a sandwich, and sometimes an elaborate meal. That you introduced new and untried systems into your business, that you offended some of your best customers, without intent to do so, and that you frequently were ignorant of how and when you offended them.

"I think it will be of value to you if I tell you **how I know** these things. You want money, but you have no **definite idea** of why you want it. You would 'buy works of art that struck your fancy'—indefinite again. You do not know where you would travel; you would keep going until you got tired, then go home...which means you would sleep in the morning until you got tired sleeping, then go to your office. It also means that you would go to luncheon when you got hungry, and eat until you got tired eating, then stop. You have not one single, definite purpose in life. Do you think a man who had deep in his heart a desire for education in science, in literature, or in art, and for the travel necessary to such an education, would come to me and say, as you did: 'I am poor. Here's a dollar...take it. I doubt if you will give a dollar's worth for it' ? Do you think he would spend more money for his luncheon because he had made more money that day ?"

My friend was visibly affected. "I understand," said he, "how you have arrived at all your knowledge of my acts from what you have learned of my character, except one thing. How could you know that I offended my customers without knowing it, and lost them ?"

"Because you offended me, and did not know it."

"I certainly did not know it, and I'll apologize, if you point out my offense."

"When you said you doubted whether what I told you would be worth what I charged you, you conveyed to me the impression that you were ready to believe me a faker. In fact, your manner told me that you *did* believe it. When, in answer to a question, you said, 'All right, fire away,' you were disrespectful to a man more than twice your age who is seriously and conscientiously engaged in a work that is showing excellent results. I have never known any person to regret an interview with me, though I have seen them go storming out in anger. Have I given you a dollar's worth ?"

"You have given me thousands of dollars' worth, and I would appreciate a suggestion as to my future career."

"I do not like to make suggestions as to a man's future. Generally, when I get a man acquainted with himself, he needs no suggestions. I am a diagnostician, not a healer. In your case, the proper course is so apparent that I will advise you to go back into the tea and coffee business as an employee, not as an employer. Study the business from the bottom. Adopt certain hours, and do not change them. Treat the buyer of a small quantity with deference ; for he is a cautious man, and will doubtless some day buy largely. Let each day's work be in continuation of yesterday's, and in preparation for to-morrow's. Make up your mind what you want to do, and how much money will be required to enable you to do it. Consider each dollar as a part of the total sum, and treasure it the same when it comes easily as when it comes with difficulty. Above all, *aim* at something. No man can become a marksman by standing on a cliff and firing at the open sea. He must have a target, and that is not enough : he must know where each shot strikes ; then he can draw a lesson from his failures, as well as from his successes. These things are easy to suggest, but hard to adopt. Try them. But if you are finally taken into the firm, see to it that they do not elect you manager."



FAME.

The birds sing sweetest in the deepest glade,
Untrodden paths invite the fairest flowers,
The roughest stone, the purest gem has made,
The faintest star could swing this world of ours.
Ambition has no home in gilded halls,
Fame comes at last to those who've sorest wept.
A sage may dwell within a hovel's walls,
The King of Kings first in manger slept.
Heed not a lowly birth and humble home;
The sails ne'er feel the breeze until unfurled.
The flame of genius flutters on unknown,
Then meteor-like illumines all the world.

STEVENS.

AN ECONOMIC VIEW OF MONEY.

LET us suppose for the sake of argument that all money and all kinds of credit are abolished. You are a farmer in need of a pair of boots. What must you do? Shoulder a bag of oats, walk to the nearest town, and knock at the door of every shoemaker, or dealer. Mr. A. has the article you need; it fits your foot and suits your taste, but his place is filled with oats. He will not accept that useless encumbering bag of yours in payment, but would be willing to part with his merchandise for a barrel of apples. There remains only three ways of settling the difficulty: seek another shoemaker in need of oats, discover one willing to exchange oats for apples, or walk back home and learn to find comfort in being bare-footed. There arises another difficulty, still more perplexing. How shall the values be set? How shall such values be remembered? A pair of boots is exchanged for a bag of oats; three bags of oats buy a barrel of apples which in turn are worth an ox; several oxen are given for a rig and harness; implements such as hammers, shovels, are exchanged for so many other commodities: what intellect and what memory may boast of being powerful enough to retain all these transactions? People, from time immemorial, have set this problem before their mind, in quest of the solution. All have come to the same conclusion: the necessity of having a merchandise, or some object, which should be used as a universal term of comparison between all values. Such was the reason that led nations to the use of money, a medium of exchange, an intermediary merchandise.

The first condition of money must therefore be to serve as a means of comparison, to have the power of measuring all values, of course relatively, for no absolute value can be found. But this is not sufficient. The medium of exchange must have a value by itself, a value of its own, so that it may be substituted for any other merchandise in exchange; it must be "a common equivalent." In order to answer to this office, two conditions are absolutely necessary: It must be acceptable to every one, and at all times and in the same degree. In fact, these are but the fundamental conditions of value generalized thus: utility, desirability, exchangeability and the difficulty of acquisition. If I have a bushel of wheat in excess of my needs, I compare its value to the common medium of exchange, and say it is worth so much of it; than if

any one offers me that much of it for my wheat, I readily accept it. Extend this operation for all merchandises and for every person of a country, and even of the whole world, and you have the essential requisites of money. As we shall see, only gold and silver fulfil these requirements. But people have come to use them as money, only after long experiments and progress in civilization.

In Mexico, for instance, cocoa was used as money, not as true money, but as a common measure of value ; wampum, which is a small shell, was the money of count among the Indian tribes ; of itself wampum had evidently no value, but the savages referred all other values to this merchandise ; it served as a means of valuation. Leather, in Russia, was once money, or the common effective equivalent, while for a long time tobacco, in Virginia ; rice, in China ; furs, in Canada ; cattle, in Greece ; were articles that had the privilege of serving as the current medium of exchange.

With the progress of civilization, these objects ceded their places to metals which, now-a-days, have been universally adapted as true money. At first the baser metals were used. We read in Grecian history, that pieces of iron, stamped with the effigy of the king, circulated as money. Italy used copper ; Spain, lead ; and Russia, platinum. But all these were abandoned for the " Nobler Metals," gold and silver. In fact, only these two possess the true qualities of real money.

First of all, gold and silver have certainly a value of their own ; they are useful in jewelry works, and extensively used in the fine arts ; they answer to an inclination of man, one of the most universal and most intense of all human tendencies, the taste for finery ; they are appropriable and difficult of acquisition, and also exchangeable. They have the privileged capacity of representing a great value in a small bulk. In virtue of their compactness, large values may be transported from one place to another without too much difficulty. A man may store up in a small box, the equivalent value of thousands of pounds of hay, of wheat, and even of iron. For instance, 80 grams of gold represent 80,000 grams of wheat. Another great advantage is its unalterability. A gold brick may be kept a century, even in a damp place, without undergoing any noticeable alteration ; iron will rust ; leather decompose ; lead and copper oxidize ; not so with gold. The homogeneity of gold is also an exceptional quality. Between two ingots of gold no difference can be found. Gold brought to a state of purity is

composed throughout of gold only ; it is not mixed with other ingredients, as iron, copper, etc., which are not brought to absolute purity. So any one accepting gold is not cheated. If you divide a diamond in two, each piece will not be worth together the large original one. It loses value in being divided. Gold, in virtue of its divisibility, may be cut, and melted into one mass again without any loss. Of all merchandises, gold is the one that has undergone the least ups and downs in value. Not that we mean to say, that it is absolutely stable, but compared with other values certainly its margin of fluctuation is very small. In 1828, Russia introduced platinum as money. It lasted but seventeen years. Why ? It was too hard, and could not receive a stamp and keep it. This is of great importance. The stamp of some competent authority, as a government or a king, guarantees to the public that the piece offered is real gold, that it weighs so many grams or ounces ; consequently its value is ascertained at first sight ; the man receiving it need not have scales and testing acids by him. Lastly, gold and silver are not easily adulterated. A peculiar ring distinguishes them from all other metals, a little training enables one to detect a false coin from a good one by simply dropping it on a hard surface. If all kinds of values were examined, not one would be found to possess all these necessary qualities of money which gold and silver have. With much reason can it be concluded that only these two metals satisfy the conditions of an adequate medium of exchange.

There remains a few other questions about the property, the value and the use of gold and silver as money. The specific gravity of gold is 19.32, while that of silver is only 10.5. As these metallic coins have to circulate and be manipulated to a great extent, they would wear out quickly by abrasion. To prevent this they are mixed up with other metals in the proportion of 9 to 1 ; that is out of ten parts in weight of a coin, nine parts are gold and one part alloy. There are different types of gold coins and silver coins ; in gold the \$1 (not coined any more), \$5, \$10, \$20 ; in silver, the 5c, 10c, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 pieces. The gold dollar weighs 25.8 grains ; or more correctly, it contains 23.22 grains of gold, the remainder, 2.58-grs., being kept for the mint allowance, that is the amount charged for melting and stamping the gold, and replaced by the one part of alloy. The silver dollar (U. S. of Am.) weighs much more, 412.8 grs. ; but in fact it contains only 371.52 grs. of silver,

the shortage being 41.28, which as in the preceding case goes for the mint allowance, and is replaced by the alloy. From these figures it is easy to see the ratio between gold and silver ; gold being 16 times the value of silver : 412.8 25.8 16. This proportion is based on the price of bullion in former years.

Unfortunately it is far from being the standard market price of to-day. An ounce of gold is quoted as being worth \$18.60 ; counting twelve ounces to the pound, a pound of gold costs \$223.20. Remembering that 480 grains equal one ounce, we may easily verify the price of an ounce of gold. As it contains 25.8 grains, which are worth one dollar, 480 grains will be worth 25.8 times less, that is $480 \div 25.8 = \$18.60$. As silver is taken as being sixteen times less in value, an ounce of silver is worth \$1.16, and a pound, \$13.94. To-day silver varies between 45c and 70c an ounce, which is quite a margin from \$1.16. One may be tempted to ask himself by what right does a government force one to receive silver at \$1.16 an ounce, when its value is but 70c at the most ?

It must be added that the government is not too tyrannical on this point. The Canadian Government forces you to accept only small sums in copper and silver coins. These are called legal tenders. You may oblige your creditor to receive in payment : copper, up to 25c ; silver up to \$10 ; for higher amounts Dominion notes and British and American gold.

We have mentioned Dominion notes. These belong to the paper-money class. There are two kinds. "Fiat" money is based on the credit of the issuer, who prints a piece of paper, signs it, gives it the form of a promissory note payable on demand, and throwing it to the public says, "let this be money." In Canada, we have the Dominion notes, which are issued by the Federal Government, and the Bank notes. The United States have the Green Backs, the Treasury Notes, and the National Bank Notes. The other kind of paper money is called Representative Money. The issuer (U. S. Govt.) locks in its vaults an equal amount of silver and gold, and represents that value by an equal amount of paper-money. Canada has no such money ; the United States have the Gold Certificate and the Silver Certificate. In France this is the only kind of paper-money used.

In the former kind, a federal law regulates the amount of Dominion issue. It stipulates no limit, but for all sums over \$2,000,000 an equal amount of gold must be kept on reserve.

Such is, briefly stated, the nature of money, in its many aspects. All people use it daily, live, as to say, in an atmosphere of money ; it passes into hands of the poorest and the richest, of the ignorant and the learned, yet as a lecturer lately stated at Laval University, Quebec, how few really know what they are handling ?

From this may we not demand that the science of Economics be given more general and wider scope in our schools and colleges ?

H. ST. JACQUES.

THE GIFTS OF GOD. *

Bewitching were the gifts she proudly bore,
 As if quite truly she could not but feel
 They came from her and not from God : a peal
 Of golden bells within her throat ; a store
 Of classic beauties in her face ; still more
 In every poise of body lithe as steel ;
 A mind so strong to grasp, so quick to deal
 With heart-throbs that her tears at will did pour.

Thus, dazzling all who stopped at surface bright,
 She won from many praise to her most sweet,
 And love from none of those who gauged her best.
 Sans faith in Him who is both warmth and light,
 Sans hope in aught but worldly pleasures fleet,
 She never knew " the soul's delightful Guest."

—Lewis Drummond, S.J., in *The Angelos*.

* Sonnet on an imaginary, singularly gifted girl, who was self-centred, had no heart and never realized that she was created, with all her gifts, by God.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. X.

OTTAWA, ONT., JUNE, 1908.

No. 9.

THE RIGHT SORT OF VACATION.

"Good-bye, I wish you a very pleasant vacation." The words are beginning to echo through the corridors and out across the Campus. THE REVIEW, interested spectator in all that happens among the students, now watching them busily scratching off one subject after another from the examination lists, will be on hand at the station as they joyously answer the call, "All aboard!" and will wish them all a very pleasant vacation. In this age it is recognized that to a worker a holiday is useful, and if he spends that holiday in a proper manner or takes full advantage of an outing, he will be in a better position to render service and to do more efficient work. The vacation means essentially an outing, and a change. An old saw remarks that "a change is as good as a rest." A vacation is not at all a time for loafing or for inaction; nor it is an opportunity to plunge into excesses, or indulge in dissipation. It can never imply freedom from moral restraint and from

the correct standard of living. Vacation, of the length that students obtain, may well be passed especially in bodily activity, in a visit to friend, or if the family permits, in camp along the banks of a limpid stream or the shores of some picturesque lake ; a few day's stay in another city ; a flight to a new district ; a long cruise upon the water ; a bicycle peregrination, etc. It does not matter whether it is paddling a canoe, rowing a boat, hunting in the woods, working on the farm, cultivating a flower garden, digging in the soil, sawing wood, or breaking stone. In these and similar forms of action, mental workers have found not only enjoyment and diversion for mind completely fagged, but purity and quickening of blood, solidity of flesh, and strength of muscle. Ottawa College students, by virtue of the spirit they have been imbibing, will be prominent in athletics, each in his locality, during the summer, and they will return, we trust, in condition to " jump right into the game " next fall.

WEEKLY VISITORS.

During the year we have welcomed as constant weekly visitors to our table certain publications, which, not being classed as either magazines or exchanges, have received no regular notice till now. These are the different Catholic newspapers, and we extend our most sincere thanks to their respective editors for sending them so regularly. We further thank them that through the means of their able publications we have been kept in touch with matters of which every Catholic student should have correct ideas.

Among our regular visitors we number " The Catholic Record," " The Catholic Register," " The Central Catholic," " The Pilot," " The Irish World," " The Freeman's Journal," " The Liverpool Catholic Times and Opinion," " The Casket," " The Intermountain and Colorado Catholic," and " The Catholic Transcript."

We sincerely wish the above named periodicals a generous measure of success, and hope that our Catholic people will ever continue to appreciate the good work that our newspapers are doing in the safeguarding of our Faith.

TRIBUTES TO THE PIONEERS OF NEW FRANCE.

The Review has been favored with a copy of a sermon delivered by the Rev. James Barclay in Montreal. It is an utterance of a Presbyterian preacher, a glowing tribute to the Pioneers of New France, the Tercentenary of the founding of which is to be celebrated in June. There is philosophy as well as history in the address. "Our inheritance to-day is the result of weary toils, the tremendous struggles, the defeats and the victories of those who have gone before us." The blessings we enjoy are secured for us by Jacques Cartier, La Salle, Champlain, Frontenac, Wolfe and Montcalm, to mention only a few ; by heroic women like Madame La Peltrie and Madame Le Tour ; by devoted missionaries, Le Jeune, Daniel Brebeuf and Joques, "names that stand out conspicuous and which can never be forgotten in the history of our land." So far we gladly agree with the Rev'd. eulogist, but when he gravely states that "they (the missionaries) introduced a genuine civilization, if not altogether genuine Christianity," we think that the panegyrist is hedging to suit not the truth, but the peculiar bias of his co-religionists. Blood cannot be drawn from a stone. "A genuine civilization presupposes a genuine Christianity," says the *Catholic Record*, commenting on this very passage ; and the essence of civilization is, according to Edmund Burke, the union of all that is sacred in religion with all that is gentle and strong in humanity. The early missionaries of Canada were sons of Catholicism that laid, says Lecky, the very foundation of modern civilization ; and according to Maitland, was at the darkest periods the source and spring of civilization, the dispenser of what little comfort there was in the things of this world, and the quiet Scriptural asserter of the rights of man." Truly Dr. Barclay wishes to be fair, to be broad-minded, but there is one or two expressions, like the preceding, which jar upon our ideas of what we believe and know to be really so. It is a sort of forced fruit that fails in flavor. "'Tis easy to find a staff to beat a dog," and the charge of superstition, a word here indefinite in its import, is apparently as safe as anything else. In this connection there is in the *Ave Maria* of March 29th, an able article entitled "An Anniversary and a Commemoration," by Miss Anna T. Sadlier. It is a splendid review of "three hundred years, close crowded with vicissitudes."

Exchanges.

The *University Monthly* contains an instructive account of the "early settlement of America," in which we see the French Huguenots clashing some with the Spanish Catholics along the coast of Florida and Carolina. There is also a very useful study on "Water Purification." Pure water is preferred to purified. Still in the great majority of cases the cost of pure water is so great that we have to be content with purified. The sources of the contamination of public water supply first considered the methods that may be adopted for their purification are reduced to two : (1) the European or Slow Sand Filters ; (2) the American or mechanical system of filtration. Prominent in works of this nature is the Massachusetts Board of Health, which aided financially the Government, and employing the most skilled engineers, chemists and bacteriologists, publish reports that are recognized as the most modern information obtainable.

In regard to drinking water, Bulletin No. 149, recently issued from the Laboratory of the Inland Revenue Department at Ottawa, contains some very pertinent information. Students and city people go away to the country or the mountains and return after a month or six weeks stricken with typhoid or some other tedious ailment. The Dominion analyst who has done an immense amount of work in securing samples of water from hundreds of wells, shows that a large proportion of typhoid cases are traceable to water supplies at country resorts. In depending on a common water supply, the source of contamination is soon discovered and removed. Whereas, the country wells are hardly ever inspected, though open in too many cases to all sorts of impurities. The Bulletin, besides suggesting the advisability of legislation, gives some practical rules to prevent the access of impurities to rural wells.

It is with some regret that the ex-man of THE REVIEW contemplates the severance of the pleasant ties he has formed with the fellow ex-men. He has grown to appreciate their work more and more as each month passed. But he needs a rest, and so do they. He is thankful for the kindly feeling with which his efforts were received, and also for the broadening effect which resulted from his intercourse with them. This year's work on the exchange column will remain one of the most precious memories of life.

ATHLETICS.

The annual meeting of the O.U.A.A. was held recently in the Lecture Hall, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year, 1908-09:

Nicholas Bawlf, '09, President.
Edwin H. McCarthy, '09, 1st Vice President.
Albert Couillard, '09, 2nd Vice President.
Allan Freming, '10, Cor. Secretary.
John Corkery, '09, Recording Secretary.
Philip C. Harris, '11, Treasurer.
Charles Gauthier, '10, {
Mathew Deahy, '10, } Councillors.

E. H. McCarthy, the retiring President, was in the chair. After the meeting was called to order, a resolution was unanimously passed adopting a "College O," and which to be worn had to be won. Then the Recording Secretary, Francis F. McDonald, '08, read his report. He recalled the memorable Track Meet of May 24, 1907. He read the records of the football term, which for the first time since its entering the I.C.R.F.U. won the championship. The record of the hockey, too, we heard with interest.

P. C. Harris then read his interesting report. The Treasurer's report was indeed one to be proud of. After carrying on the sports of the year, Baseball, Football, Track and Field, and Hockey, he had a balance in bank of over \$1,200.00. The largest credit in favor of the O.U.A.A. since its inception.

There being no other business, the meeting was adjourned.

BASEBALL.

The season opened most auspiciously. The City Baseball League was organized, and so far has fulfilled all the hopes that accompanied its inception. Three other teams, the St. Patrick's, the O.A.A.C., and the Nationalists, are contending with the College for first honors.

The first game took place May 16th, between College and St. Patrick's. The proceedings were opened by a grand automobile parade in which were displayed the colors of the different clubs. When Umpire Payne called "Play Ball!" the first ball was pitch-

ed by Mr. Geo. May, M.L.A., and batted by Alderman Foran. Then the teams settled down to work with Lambert and Beecher the battery for College. The score by innings was:—

Varsity	1 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 2 — 5
St. P.	1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 2 — 4

VARSITY 8; O.A.A.C. 2.

This game took place May 20th, with Whalen and Conway for battery. For the eighth inning Linke replaced Whalen in the box, with Beecher as backstop, replacing Conway, who had a finger injured.

Varsity	1 0 0 0 0 0 2 5 0 — 8
O.A.A.C.	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 — 2

The return game between Varsity and O.A.A.C. was played on the morning of Victoria Day, and was another win for College by a score of 15-8.

In the afternoon of Victoria Day, Varsity met the crack St. Lawrence nine of Canton, N.Y., with ideal weather and before a large and appreciative crowd. Whalen, twirling for College, and Calder for the visitors, were in the best of form. Varsity were victors by a score of 6 to 3.

On May 28th College visited St. Lawrence and lost a hard-fought battle. Lambert was in the box for College until the eleventh innings, when he was replaced by Whalen. A costly error lost College the game, the score being four to five.

Standing of the City League up to June 11:—

	Won.	Lost.	Per.
Ottawa Varsity	5	0	.1000
St. Patrick's	2	1	.666
O.A.A.C.	0	3	.000
Nationals	0	3	.000

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